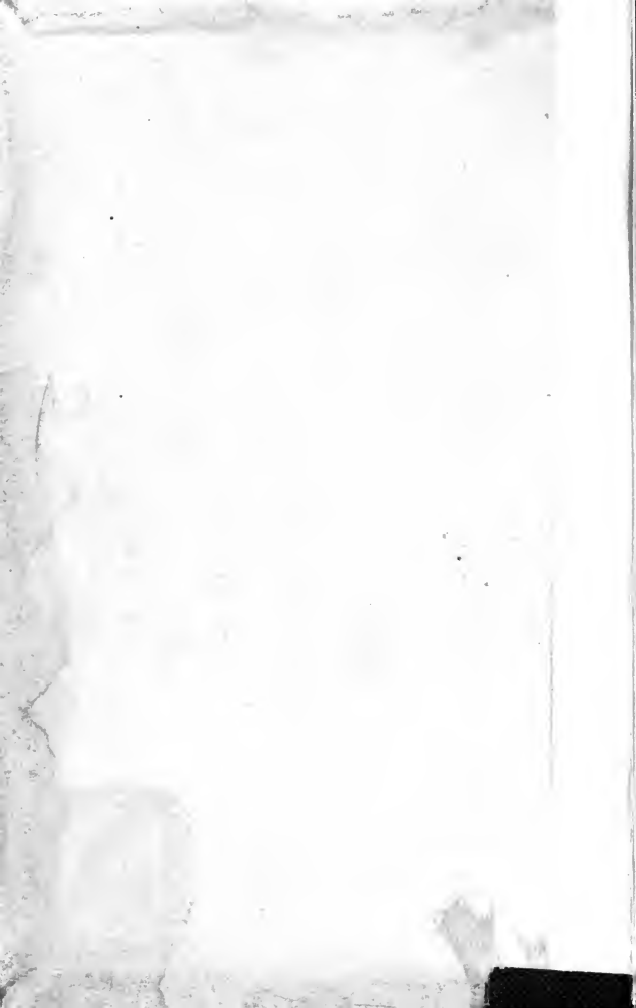




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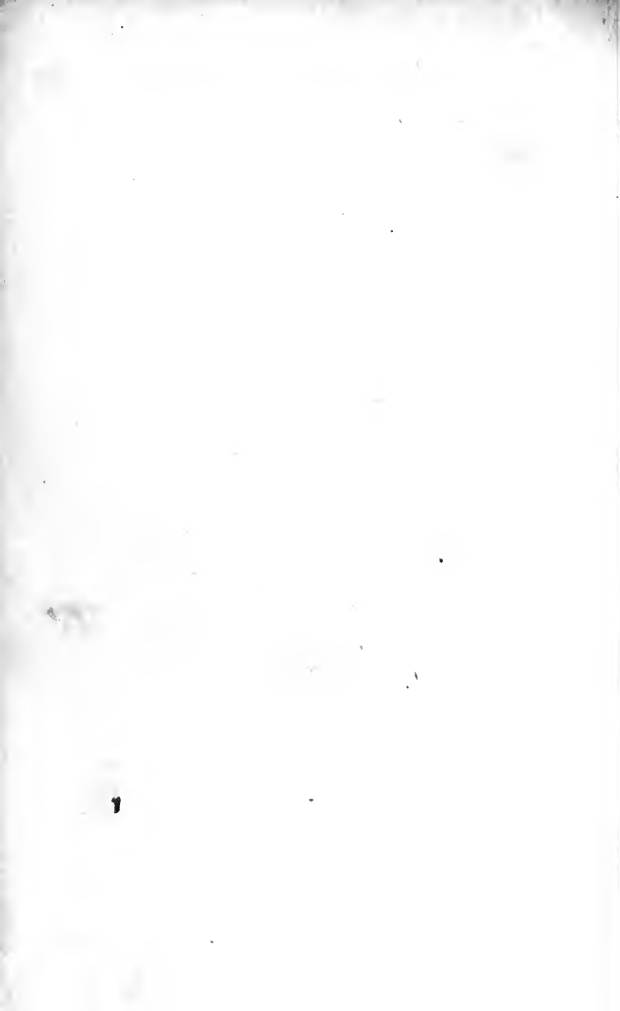
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Original & Select
chiefly collected
By
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AMBROSE MARTEN,
of Stanley Vicarage, Fecsdale.



LONDON,

Printed for W. Morgan, -33. Old Bond Street



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BY THE LATE AMBROSE MARTEN,

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Cull'd from Fancy's brightest store.

A. A. Watts.

FIRST SERIES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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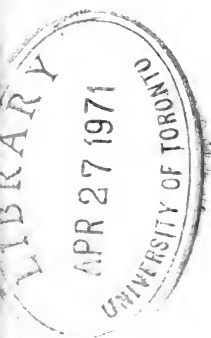
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EDINBURGH.

1827.



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CONTENTS.

	Page
THE ENGLISHWOMAN	1
THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER	16
GASPAR WESSELLING	114
THE FATED HOUR	121
MONIMIA THORNTON	149
CAMIRE AND ANGELINA	178
THE WIDOW AND HER SUITORS	201
THE SHIPWRECK	215
THE DEATH'S HEAD	223
THE THREE BEAUTIES OF DRESDEN	248
THE RIVAL COUSINS	265
THE MEADOW DANCE	297
THE NEGRO	303
A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE	331
ADVENTURE IN MANTUA	347



THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

May my song soften, as thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail ! For beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast ;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul informed, when dress'd in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Thomson.

ABOUT that period of the seventeenth century when the republican enemies of King Charles, even in the opinion of their most active leader, had medicined the parliament till they had brought it into a consumption, and reformed the nation " as a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down," Sir Bevil De Grey retired in disgust to his mansion near Worcester. He was a man

whose faults would have been very few if his Christian neighbours had judged as mercifully as the recording angel of Mahomet, who is said to register no errors committed when a Turk is intoxicated, in a passion, or not arrived at years of discretion. Though he had now lived half a century, he was very far from those years, having a high respect for drinking, as a part of old English hospitality; and for fits of passion, because as he said, a hail-storm is better than a fog. The churlish puritans of those days saw nothing to alarm them in the eccentricities of an old cavalier, whose attachment to the ancient order of things shewed itself chiefly in a superstitious fondness for half-forgotten ceremonies. He kept a falconer, a buffoon, and a decrepit Welsh musician, who understood all the songs of his ancestor Thaliessin, and especially his custom of pouring mead "into the long blue horn of ancient silver." Like passionate men in general, Sir Bevil was capable of abundant kindness—as the heavy dew in hot climates atones for the sun's excess. He had a niece, to whom, in defiance of the plain names which then prevailed, he had given the poetical one of Amaranth, promising to add his whole estate at his death. She grew up well, resembling the aromatic and unfading flower whose appellation she bore. There was in her thoughts, her countenance, and her voice, such an equal and combining sweetness, that it tintured whatever came within her influence. She was the sole conductress of her

uncle's household, and her presence always ensured that comfort for which other languages have no name, though it implies the most tranquil kind of happiness. But his seclusion and the modesty of her nature allowed her few recreations except her embroidery-frame, her virginals, and the gardens of Bevil Lodge, until her twenty-first birthday, when her uncle declared his intention to distinguish it by a revival of the ancient English May games and pastime of riding the ring. For this purpose a large square * was staked and fenced with ropes, having also two bars at the lower end, through which the actors passed and repassed. Six young men entered first, clothed in leathern jerkins, with woodmen's axes upon their shoulders, and large garlands of ivy-leaves and sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six village girls, dressed in blue kirtles with primrose-wreaths, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated by ribbons of various colours intertwined with flowers, and the horns tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters in green tunics, hoods, and hose; each carrying a bugle-horn attached to a silk baldrick, which he sounded as he passed the frontier. Sir Bevil's chief falconer personified Robin Hood, and came next, attired in a bright grass green vest fringed with gold, his hood and hose of parti-coloured blue and white. He had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, and a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, with a rich

* See Strutt's Antiquities.

blue baldrick to support his bugle-horn and gilt dagger. Ten attendants followed him in green garments, with bows and arrows. Two maidens strewed flowers before Amaranth herself, who obeyed her uncle's absolute command by appearing as princess of the revels in an antique watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground, over which she wore a white linen surcoat with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle of silver brocade formed a double bow on the left side, and her long flaxen hair, divided into many ringlets, flowed over her shoulders, covered on the top of her head by a net-work caul of gold, adorned with a wreath of violets. Two other village-maidens, in sky-coloured rockets or surcoats gilded with crimson, in the fashion of Henry the Sixth's reign, and crowned with violets and cowslips, followed the young heiress. Then entered the Maypole, drawn by eight fine oxen, loaded with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, round their gilded horns; while the hobby-horse and the dragon closed the procession. Horns sounded, the spectators shouted, the woodmen and village girls danced round it, and the chief minstrel played on his bagpipes accompanied by the pipe and tabor. Sir Bevil's jester performed the hobby-horse with great skill in ambling, trotting, galloping, and frisking. The ranger, in the shape of a dragon, yelled and shook his wings admirably; but the most exquisite sport proceeded from a light slender boy, with small bells attached to his knees and ancles, who

capered between the two monsters, throwing meal slyly into the gazers' faces, and rapping their heads with a bladder tied to his staff. This actor used these privileges of the May-game with so much activity, that Sir Bevil was not surprised when he appeared at the trial of archery which ended the pageant, and proved himself the most successful marksman. The good old Baronet beckoned him with his own hand to receive the crown of laurel and ribbons from Amaranth, and waited with some curiosity, while he untied his mask and beard of wire, to see by whom the character of "Much the Miller" had been so well performed. But joy, triumph, and other sensations, had called such new expressions into the stripling's face, that Sir Bevil hardly recollected his idiot entertainer, Deaf Archibald, whom he had cherished many years in his household as a successor to his established fool. Nobody knew any thing of Archibald, except that he had wandered alone to Sir Bevil's domain in the utmost misery of neglected childhood, half-naked, half-famished, and with even more stupidity than deafness usually creates. Notwithstanding his deplorable tatters, the frightful vacancy of his large hazle eyes, and the idiot grin which widened his elf-like face, he gained an advocate in Amaranth, who humbly entreated her uncle to allow him bread and shelter in his kitchen. There the poor boy found willing patrons among the domestics, and his fantastic gestures, joined to some good nature, introduced him to Sir Bevil's notice.

Amaranth formed a language suited to his capacity, and by very slow degrees, and most patient kindness, taught him to read and write. Though impenetrably deaf, he comprehended her least whisper : and about his sixteenth year, had begun to imitate the exercises of his rustic companions with a kind of mechanical instinct, when the birth-day of his benefactress was celebrated. At the May-games he was unanimously chosen to represent the farcical personage called " Much the Miller," and his ingenious mimicries excelled expectation ; but when Amaranth placed the prize-garland on his head, his vacant countenance was suddenly and strongly convulsed, he gasped for breath, and burst into tears. From that moment sensibility and reason seemed to have awakened together. Sir Bevil mistook the first blush of conscious pride for the common shame of stupid ignorance, and, laughing, promised to admit him among the riders at the ring. A long thick rope was stretched across the square, supported by stakes placed parallel, and a strong pole erected, about four yards high *. From it hung a ring, or small circle of brass, with two small springs affixed to the top, and thrust into a brazen socket, which gave way when the point of the lance entered the ring, and allowed it to be drawn out without damage. Two of Sir Bevil's serving-men, equipped as heralds, in tabards, richly embroidered with silver and gold, first entered the lists with trumpets, followed by five seeming knights, in tilting

* See Strutt's Antiquities.

habits of silver brocade, scarlet mantles, and striped satin bonnets, attended by as many bare-headed squires, in one livery of blue velvet and orange-tawny satin. All rode well-mounted before the pavilion, where Sir Bevil and his niece were seated, and asked permission to ride three courses at the ring. Archibald stood silently beneath it, viewing these mock candidates with a countenance in which the light of sudden intellect seemed struggling with confused and gloomy feelings. He cast a glance of shame and anger at his own dress, and retired among the crowd. But when the successful competitor struck his lance into the ring, and advanced to receive the usual recompence of an ivy-wreath from Amaranth, an uplifted hand was suddenly seen, and Sir Bevil, hastily leaning forward, received a pistol-shot in his breast. No one doubted that it had been levelled at the lancer, but cries of indignation and grief from the crowd shewed their devotion to their patron. In the first moment of astonishment, none remembered to close the entrance of the square; and, till Sir Bevil's body had been conveyed into his hall, scarcely any perceived that the five masked lancers and their attendants had disappeared. Their flight fixed upon them the suspicion which had begun to rest upon Archibald, who had disappeared also. But the search was strict, and the crowd, whose first occupation had been so mirthful, were soon dispersed to alarm the neighbourhood. Silent dismay prevailed in the Lodge itself, where the chaplain, his

patron's confidential inmate, endeavoured to secure caution among the household. Many of the elders understood his fears that some political enmity or stratagem was hidden under this seeming accident: all agreed in lamenting that a cherished whim had tempted their good master to hazard an exhibition which, however harmless and unconnected with royal pageantry, might give umbrage to the jealous republicans in power. In the dead of that fatal night, a party of the searchers returned, bringing with them the blue velvet doublet worn by one of the pretended squires at the May-game. They had found it in a lonely thicket, and traces of blood among the withered leaves had induced them to dig under some earth slightly heaped together. It covered the body of a man whose cap and under-coat bore the badge of Cromwell's party, though remnants of a silk baldrick and blue hose proved that he had been one of the May-day lancers. Conscious of the danger which might involve themselves, if this man's blood was found upon them, the yeomen had closed up his grave, and returned to Bevil Lodge with only his blue doublet, carefully concealed in a sack. The chaplain undertook to preserve it, and, when he had dismissed Sir Bevil's honest tenants, placed it in the most secret repository of the lodge, for amongst the folds he had perceived traces of fingers dipped in meal, which had adhered to the blue velvet; and he guessed, but dared not ask himself to believe, that the wearer's death had been caused by Archibald, per-

haps in vengeance for Sir Bevil's. Few, except the chaplain, expected the fortitude shewn by Amaranth on this disastrous occasion. But as iron may be found in honey, and both oil and iron in water, he was not surprised to discover the softness, suavity, and strength, united in her character. She received the counsels of the good pastor, and enforced his orders with a quiet and sober firmness which excited emulation among her servants. They had all grown grey in her uncle's service, and they deserved to be entrusted with her safety. It was soon whispered amongst them that Sir Bevil still lived, and was allowed by his family surgeon to hope for some months' existence, if not for recovery. But no one entered his apartment except that surgeon, the chaplain, and his niece, whose skilful assiduity was admirable. Archibald's name was never mentioned in her presence, and in her cares for the invalid, all remembrance of the fugitive seemed to be absorbed. But the chaplain, who had seen the gradual unfoldings of his character, thought of the unhappy young man with fatherly tenderness, and of his probable fate, with deep regret. Fearful to preserve an evidence against him, yet unwilling to break the clue of justice, he stood by his hearth alone at midnight, holding the ill-fated doublet in his hand, over the flame, to which he had half determined to consign it, when the gate bell rung loudly. Sir Bevil's mansion had no moat, no garrison, no means of resistance ; and while the frightened servants gathered together, to warn

him that armed horsemen stood round the walls, the old man, defended only by his white hairs, and the surplice which he hastily put on, stationed himself opposite the door, and seeing it burst open by the assailants, advanced to meet their leader. He was a young man, in the uniform of a Cromwellian lieutenant; and when he saw only an aged priest, and a few trembling servants, he ordered his soldiers to file peaceably into the hall. Then shewing the Protector's order, he demanded the person of Sir Bevil de Grey, which he was instructed to convey in safe custody to London, where a trial awaited him, for outraging the Commonwealth by a profane pageant, and by causing one of its soldiers to be massacred. At this last intimation the chaplain trembled, as he remembered that he had left the soldier's tunic half-consumed upon his hearth. But he walked up stairs with a steady step, followed by the young commander alone, till he reached the first corridor near Sir Bevil's chamber. There he paused, and was going to speak, when Amaranth came forward to meet them. Her calm air, her beauty, and the gentle sound of her voice, touched the commissioner with respectful pity—"Sir," she said, "my uncle's sick bed never had any other attendant except myself, and many hours have passed since he lost all hope of life, The Protector will not think it amiss that he should die under his own roof in your custody. Permit me to consider you my honourable guest this night, and to-morrow, if you desire it, I will accompany my uncle's body to

London.”—“If he is dying,” said the lieutenant, in an agitated voice—“If,” added the chaplain, “if the living expect honour, they will show it to the dying—we are all your hostages.”

Cromwell's officer looked earnestly on the silver hairs of the chaplain, still more earnestly on Amaranth, and was awed by the holiness of age and of innocence. He bowed, and stepped back with that compassionate kindness which few men are unwilling to shew if they are told that they possess it. But he declined either refreshment or repose; and directing his sergeant to place vigilant guards below and round the mansion, he announced that the gallery before Sir Bevil's chamber-door would be his own station during the night. Amaranth retired submissively into that chamber, followed by the chaplain, but not by the young lieutenant, to whom she offered the key with a grace that forbade him to accept it. He only laid it on the ground at her feet, and placed his sword upon it, signifying that her confidence was guarded by his honour.

When Amaranth found herself alone with the chaplain near her uncle's bed, her glance informed him what was most necessary. He was going to raise the trap-door which lay concealed near the hearth, when it slid from beneath his hand, and Archibald presented himself—Archibald, no longer gazing with the sullen indifference of idiotism, but pale as death, with fierce eyes, and two pistols clenched in his hands. “Shall I kill

him?" he said, in a stifled voice, with a look towards the door, which needed no words to explain it. Amaranth forbade him by one of those gestures so full of eloquence; and he, resigning his weapons to the chaplain, held her in a long and passionate embrace. But suddenly pointing to the curtained couch, she whispered, "*He must go to night, and instantly! lead the way.*" "Let the chaplain shew it," replied Archibald, "I must stay here to guard you." "He will need you both," she answered; "I need but *One.*" "May the blessing of that Almighty One rest here!" said the chaplain, laying his hands on Archibald and Amaranth as they still clung together. The occupier of the couch stepped from it, covered completely by a large dark cloak, and followed his two guides down a secret passage, leaving Amaranth with no living companion.

When day-light had begun, the door of Sir Bevil's chamber was opened by his chaplain to Cromwell's commissioner. "Enter, Sir," said Amaranth, with a countenance terribly pale and calm; "your prisoner is ready to attend you." The lieutenant looked between the curtains of the bed, and saw Sir Bevil in his shroud. He drew back shuddering, cast his eyes on a couch which stood near, and exclaimed, "You have deceived me; this room has had another inhabitant, or I should have been admitted sooner to witness this. Many days may have passed since Sir Bevil's death, and some secret reason has caused its concealment." Archibald

sprang from beneath the couch; "There is no longer any concealment—I was the living prisoner in this room—I am her brother, and the punisher of that vile soldier who destroyed our uncle."

Perceiving the confused astonishment of the lieutenant, and Amaranth's speechless agony, the chaplain attempted the dangerous task of explanation. "This young man," said he, "is the natural son of a proscribed and unfortunate father, who perished on the scaffold. Even his uncle did not know him. I feared Sir Bevil's eccentricities, and trusted only his sister with the secret. Her kindness rescued him from idiotism—her courage has sheltered his life; if your duty requires you to sacrifice it, remember, I am her accomplice."

The republican officer was confounded by a scene so new and beautiful. He looked at the sister lying senseless in the arms of her brother, whose life seemed her's, and at the aged chaplain, who loved them as a father. Tears, perhaps the first he had ever shed, escaped from his eyes, as he gave his hand to Archibald. Words were not necessary to tell that he intended to befriend them. He easily conceived into how much peril the young man had plunged himself by sacrificing his uncle's assassin, and supposed it a sufficient reason for his mysterious concealment in this chamber, where he never suspected that another fugitive had been hidden. It was agreed that Archibald should remain secreted, while the lieutenant returned to certify Sir Bevil's death to Cromwell.

For that purpose, he departed instantly, but before his arrival in London the Protector had expired, and in the confusion which followed, Amaranth's inheritance escaped confiscation. When Charles the Second made his first public tour through England, she still lived in Bevil Lodge, with her venerable chaplain. Charles supped at her table; and while he pledged her in a full bowl of wine, said, with his usual gallant gaiety, "I wear this suit of forest-green, madam, to remind you of the May-day when I first appeared in it. No one knew, except yourself, that your good uncle devised the pageant to favour my secret visit here. I hope you have preserved your white tunic and watchet-coloured mantle, to be worn as a bridal dress, when I give you away in marriage." Amaranth replied, that she should always keep with honour what she had worn on that day of good fortune to England."—"And this," added the graceful monarch, "ought to be a fortunate day for one of my subjects. The lieutenant, who would not leave old Oliver without a just cause, will not leave Charles for a bad one. I was not his king when he was my enemy; and now I am his king, I am bound to be his friend. I have appointed him my ambassador to the court of Spain, and promised him the noblest woman in England."—The sovereign's will was obeyed, and his nuptial gift was a gold box, containing a wreath resembling the violet-crown she had worn on May-day, but composed of precious stones; and the patent of her brother's peerage, as

a recompense for the faithful escort he gave his king from the death-chamber of Sir Bevil. How wisely and how happily Amaranth performed the duties of a wife and mother, appears best in her own words to her son :

“ Be innocent as a dove, and wise as a serpent in all affairs that concern your estate and reputation. Be charitable in thought, word, and deed, and think no time well-spent which tends not to improve your mind, health, or honour. Remember your father, of whom I can draw no just picture, unless God shall bless me with his likeness in yourself. We had but one soul between us, and we so studied each other, that we knew our loves and resentments were the same. He used to say I managed his household and servants wholly, yet I always governed myself and them by his commands. His judgment was perfect in every case, except when he judged his enemies, whom he never punished ; and his memory perfect in retaining every thing but injuries.”

This happy and virtuous pair were buried in one grave in Ware church, and their honourable epitaph was, “ He was a brave Englishman, and his wife an *Englishwoman*.”

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

By T. E. P——.

“Would I
Had somewhat by myself apart to do;
I have no genius to these many counsels:
Let me kill all the senate to my share;
I'll do it at next sitting.”

Ben Jonson's Catiline.

CHAPTER I.

“Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart;—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again.”

L. E. L.

NEAR the summit of one of those rocky hills which line the coast of Hastings, rose the neat but humble dwelling of Herbert Jackson. A small well stocked garden, fenced in by a thick and flourishing quickset,

with a limited and hardly-earned income, comprised the total of the honest farmer's wealth. His youth had been employed in the cultivation and improvement of a little property, which had descended through three generations to the present possessor ; and now afforded the old man those necessary comforts which the remaining days of an arduous life required. Left a widower at the age of sixty, Herbert Jackson had found comfort in the society of an affectionate son and daughter. Seated in the corner, by the side of a blazing pile of fagots, he had, with fixed and full dark eye that had not yet lost any of its original fire, attentively dwelt upon the props of his declining years, and at times shed a tear unperceived, in the overflowing fulness of his heart.

To those, whom religion and industry have accompanied from childhood to this venerable period of existence, contentment seldom fails to add tranquillity of mind. It is the gift of virtue only ; and rarely, if ever, is it found, save in the lonely cottage, or peaceful dwelling of the unnoticed and unambitious. But where is there an instance of perfect happiness ? or, who can boast a life which has not, in its morning, noon, or evening, been darkened with the clouds of calamity. This was Herbert's case, and yet, he was resigned. The past had no terrors for him,—conscience could not discover, from the first morning of his spring, up to the autumn of his hoary years, a serious sin wherewith to tax him ; but his heart was susceptible of pity and forgiveness, and could his young and

smiling Emma have been restored to his arms with all her frailties, to close his eyes, and water the flowers on his grave, every wish on this side heaven would then have been gratified. Still there was a solace left in the dutiful and attached Roland, who, feeling for the loss a parent had undergone, and not unmindful of his own, endeavoured to soothe the sorrow, while he attended to the wants, of an ailing father.

It was now the fulness of summer, and nature smiled around upon all the works of fallen man. A spirit of the halcyon days seemed to diffuse its influence over the animate and inanimate things of the present: the hill and the hillock rejoicing together, while they charmed the eye with the wealth of their varied scenery, with a fragrance sweetened the air, more refreshing than the perfume of Arabia. The rock and its fragment, with their scanty allowance of verdure, had something about them to attract the passer-by; and the innumerable shells and pebbles, glittering on the sea-shore, after satiating the idle and curious, as though by some magic influence, bade them turn to the world of waters from whence they came.

Here, indeed, was a subject fit for contemplation: the awe-striking and immeasurable ocean, that acknowledgeth only one master, whose wrath the shore cannot bound, and whose foamy mountains of anger appal the stoutest heart, still and tranquil as the surface of Thames. As its playful waves pounced upon the beach, hundreds

of vessels, from the puny pleasure-boat to the majestic man of war, danced lightly and merrily over its bosom ; and, ere the distance mingled the upper and lower element together, the eye was relieved by thousands of masts, that like spires shot from the billows.

But in the very midst of this calm, and quiet, and serenity, a storm was collecting, which before the dusk of evening gave warning of its approach, by a few pattering drops that fell from some clouds which were rapidly forming into one vast body, " I wish Roland was returned," said old Jackson, "'tis eight months, come to morrow, that my poor Emma quitted her father's house, and never a word of good or ill has reached my knowledge. 'Tis a fearful evening, and storms are no friends to the houseless wanderer. Heaven bring my boy home safe and hearty."

Here he paused, and resting his head on his hand, regarded with anxiety the coming storm, as he smoothed aside his white locks, and wiped away a drop that trickled down his furrowed cheek, at the remembrance of his daughter. Suddenly rising, and opening the parlour door, he called to a young and sturdy lad, who, regardless of the weather, sat comfortably housed in the corner of the kitchen fire.

" What, snoring whilst such a work as this is going on," said old Herbert, somewhat sharply. " Harkee, Garth, wrap up thyself in this jerkin of mine, and with the lantern seek the top of the hill, and try

to send thy voice down to the stones that the sea is washing. "Hallo loud and lustily," continued Herbert, "and here," tapping him on the shoulder with an old stick that had been his companion for many a day, "take this to warm thy young stomach against the wind and rain." Garth waited not for a second bidding, but yawning, as though he meant to swallow the glass as well as its contents, folded the garment close about him and departed.

And now the elements tumultuously warred together; the rain poured down in torrents; the hail, aided by a brisk wind, swept like a desert pestilence the face of the earth; and the rumbling thunder muttered over the tops of the surrounding mountains. Every now and then, betwixt the intervals of the storm, might be heard the agitated ocean, while occasional and vivid flashes of lightning assisted to disclose the terrors of the scene.

The agitated mind of Herbert Jackson would not suffer him to rest, and closing his Bible, notwithstanding the violence of the weather was increasing, he ventured to open the door, in the hope of catching a glimpse of Garth's lantern. At this moment, a bright flash of lightning indistinctly exposed two figures ascending the hill, one of whom appeared to carry a cumbrous burden on his shoulders. "'Tis he," exclaimed the old man, "'tis Garth,"—and tottering to a chair, he dropped into it exhausted with anxiety and excess of joy. Garth and Roland now entered, the latter bearing a human being,

to all appearance lifeless. No sooner, however, did he perceive the state in which his father was, than briefly commending the inanimate form he bore to the care of the faithful Margaret, he hastened to the relief of his senseless parent. Having, by such means as the house afforded, revived, and, in some degree appeased, the perturbed spirit of Herbert, and after seeing him comfortably disposed of in bed, Roland directed his attention to the state of the stranger. Margaret had grown grey in the service of the family ; and was, or would be, occasionally its mistress. Plain to a proverb in her dress, and an alien to the love of ornament, which so strongly prevails amongst the order of old women of the present day, she resembled them only in *one* thing, namely, the gift of loquacity, which she possessed to an unusual extent. Of a figure almost dwarfish, but masculine in the extreme, and blessed with a pair of little grey eyes, which sparkled as occasion required, on each side of a nose whose outline exceeded the most liberal conception of any son of Apelles, she had long been the theme of wonder in the neighbourhood. But, devoted to the interest of her employers, she disregarded the impertinent curiosity of the idle ; and did a fellow-creature supplicate for relief, he never solicited in vain. To these qualifications and disqualifications, this singular woman added one no less extraordinary. She conceived herself to be endued with a power of foretelling events,—yet existing among our wandering

gipsy tribes, at least, so they profess to believe. And this she would suffer (did an opportunity offer) to gain such an ascendancy over her reason, as to frighten many into a belief of what she uttered.

"Well Maggy," said Roland, (for by that name he was wont to call her), "how thrives your patient? I must go and take a peep at him; he'll wonder into what hole the storm has blown him."

"Rest ye here, Maister Roland," she whispered, "would ye break the vessel just as it's mended? I have beaten the salt water out o' him, and cured him for a snug nap; and now you wish to stir up another storm, when this is scarcely hushed. The cook to the ladle, and the whip to the fool's back. Rest ye here, Maister Roland, and when the candle burns dim, and your eye winketh, then for a peep and a blessing."

"To your liking, Margaret," replied Roland, "but fetch us the family bottle that stands on the shelf opposite. A sip of the sailor's comfort will do me good, after the weathering such a tempest."

In an instant the action was suited to the word, and the grey eye of Margaret brightened as she watched Roland replace the bottle; for she dearly loved a drop of the exhilarating beverage in *moderation*.

"Why, so modest, Margaret," observed Jackson, with a smile, "every one in his turn; a good work merits an equal reward, and all share alike under the roof of Herbert Jackson."

"But where's Garth?"

"Snug on his pillow," replied Margaret, "with a glass of this blessed comforter of melancholy to keep him company, and frighten away all goblins from his dreams."

A short pause succeeded to this answer, for Mag was prone to contemplation over her cup; and Roland had enough to occupy his most serious thoughts. At last, rousing from his reverie, he broke the silence, by asking the old woman what she thought of the stranger.

"As comely a youth as ever was ill-used by salt-water; but he's a little bit o' tenderness in him, for look here Maister Roland," observed Mag with an arch smile, "what think ye o' this for company out at sea," holding up a picture that exhibited the likeness of a young and beautiful female. Her companion replied not: but attentively fixing his eye on the portrait, uttered a deep sigh, and exclaimed—poor Emma!

It was not Emma's resemblance, although it recalled to his mind days for ever past. Roland, though a young and gallant tar, possessed tender feelings, and discovered but indifferently the character of a British sailor, so far as it was linked to that boisterous spirit for which our seamen are so remarkable. His was the soul to weep and reflect in private, for an early introduction to the path of rectitude had invigorated a natural inbred love of independence.

"I loved her," continued Jackson, as my own soul; aye, and I do at this moment. She was an angel before

that cursed villain stole her from her parent's roof, and she is now—but, come Margaret, another glass, and then to rest, for I can't bear to think of poor Emma.”—

“Ah, Roland,” said Margaret, “she would laugh when I warned her of the lynx's eye, and the crocodile's tongue; but the vengeance of Heaven is making ready, and sooner or later 'twill fall on the seducer's head.”—

“Would that the fellow were here, that with this hand I might strike him to the ground, and demand a brother's satisfaction. And the time will come, Margaret,”—“Live on the hope,” ejaculated the old woman, “its fulfilment approaches.”

This was a *finis* to the dialogue, for Mag.'s eye began to wink, and her companion seemed no way inclined to persevere in a subject, that added another melancholy picture of human wretchedness to the already full compliment.

“Come,” said Roland, rising, “I will go and see that the stranger wants not, and then return to my father. A quiet conscience, and a soft pillow, may, perhaps, drown for a while my troubles. Do you see that bolt and bar are fast, and that all is safe within.

The old woman clasped her hands together, and implored a blessing on Roland: then casting a scrutinizing eye around, retired to her homely, but snug retreat.

CHAPTER II.

“ And so have I a noble father lost ;
 A sister driven into desperate terms ;
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections ;—But my revenge will come.”

Laertes.

It was a fine cloudless morning that succeeded the storm, which, comparatively speaking, had done little damage to the shipping. No lives, as yet, were reported to have been lost ; and round the precincts of Jackson's cottage, a few scattered leaves, and here and there a shattered branch, were all the relics it had left.

But within, the case was different ; a dying parent, and enfeebled guest, demanded the care of Roland. The rays of the rising sun, which now gilded the pellucid welkin, and streaked the apartments of old Hubert, were as messengers of some heart-rending tale.

Their magic power commanded the beautiful children of the valley to unfold their charms, and bade the wild offspring of the hill and mountain, to send forth their fragrance abroad. At their coming, the lark sprung from her nest, and circling to the spotless regions above, sang her song of gratitude : the groves resounded with har-

mony; the rainy drops, like diamonds, spangled on branch and briar; the sea, tranquil as before her commotion, allured on her Syren bosom the fragile skiff and heavy collier, and man, busy plodding man, was engaged in his customary labours.

All nature presented one joyous jubilee, and serenity hung her wizard veil of enchantment o'er the scene.

But sorrow darkened one little spot; there was a face that smiled not—a heart sick even to despair; one, on whom this fairy prospect failed to impose;—and that was Roland Jackson.

In the outward frame of Herbert, no visible change had taken place; it was secret grief inwardly working, which, with sixty years, and the late over excitement, now stretched the old man on the bed of death. Roland would have sent for assistance, but the old man positively objected to such a step; and having heard a recital of the overnight's adventure, he insisted on his son's attending on their unknown guest. Young Jackson obeyed in silence, and proceeded to the stranger, who, by the diligent attention of Margaret, was rapidly recovering from his weakness. As he approached the bedside, the invalid stretched out his hand, and inquired of Roland, to whom he was indebted for his preservation, and in what house he was thus intruding.

"You are welcome, sir," said Roland, accepting the offer of friendship, "to what this roof affords; and as for saving your life, a mightier arm than mine pre-

served you from the wave. Chance alone did not send me to the spot, and humanity taught me to assist a fellow creature in distress ; but you are come to a miserable hovel," continued Roland, squeezing his hand, " for this is a house of mourning only." As he uttered this, the big tears rolled down his manly cheek ; and sighs, deep and broken, spoke a language that went home to the heart of the interested stranger.

" I can brave the battle, nor fear to die for my country," resumed Roland. " I have, unmoved, and without a tear, seen the heaps of dead and dying, when this heart beat not, and these eyes were strangers to pity ; but I cannot behold a dear father the victim of anguish, and sent to an untimely grave. Oh ! just Heaven ! that thou would'st place before me the dark seducer of innocence, and "——

" Forgive this intrusion on your grief," exclaimed the stranger, more tightly compressing his hand, " Deprive me not of every means of making some return. Already I guess your hapless story, and pledge myself—" Here Roland raised his head, and steadfastly regarded his guest for a moment, then raising his hands to an attitude of ardent supplication, exclaimed,

" Then will my Emma be restored to me again !"

" If human power," rejoined the unknown, emphatically, " with divine assistance, can restore the lost, and redress the wrongs of injured innocence, this arm shall never rest until my debt of gratitude be paid. And thou,

Eternal Power, to whom the secrets of the heart are as the open day, from whom proceedeth every good, and on whose word dependeth the universe itself; thou great and awful being, in whose sight the humblest of earth's creatures is valued, and who regardest the tortured worm, by tyrant man unheeded, hear and accept my vow."

"From this moment my services shall be, with thy permission, to avenge the cause of injured innocence."

"Amen," ejaculated Margaret, who, in spite of her imaginary qualifications, was at a loss to decide how this sudden but impressive scene was to terminate.

"Hold!" cried Roland, who felt as though influenced by some superior agency, and kneeling, stretched forth his hands, while the tears trickled down his face:

"Thou father of the fatherless, and avenger of the poor man's cause, grant me to share this self-imposed task of humanity, and participate in restoring a lost child to a father's arms."

"Amen," answered the old woman and the stranger fervidly.

Unpremeditated, unlooked for, and instantaneous as was this singular conference, the sentiments and actions of Roland and the stranger were tuned on the same chord, and similarly excited, though totally different in their causes. They both inclined to one point, however, and foreign as they were a few moments ago, in an acquaintance, the stream of brotherly love and grateful friendship mixed freely with each other. In the hour of

impassioned ardour, when the soul of man is awakened into action, and the incentive to honourable undertaking is stimulated by the fervour of manly grief and exalted confidence, enthusiasm sweeps away the cold reserve of formality, and leaves the native disposition a free and active spirit. The coldest heart then feels a glow, the eloquence of genuine unshackled sensibility springs from a source concealed before by the dry and unpruned briar of an uncultivated soil, and spreads its fairy waters over the astonished and barren waste. A star sometimes will shoot its brilliant glory athwart the opaque regions of night, when clouds obscure the sky, more resplendent from the darkness that veileth the heavens; and, concealed within a form of modest moulding, there has been known to dwell spirits of the finest and most animated powers.

But to our story:—

Roland now felt eased, as of a weight that had long oppressed him, and promising as soon as possible to return to Margaret's patient, hurried to his father. There was a manifest change for the better in the old man, but Roland feared to tell him at present of the plans and engagements which in so short a space of time had been determined upon, lest a relapse should take place. After remaining for some time with Herbert, and watching him sink into a placid slumber, he repeated his visit to the stranger, who had so much regained his strength as to walk down into the parlour.

It was not until now that Roland and the industrious Margaret felt somewhat abashed. Illness or misfortune will quench the fire of nobility, emaciate the frame, and disguise the commanding figure. This escaped not their guest's notice, whose unaffected and open conversation, nevertheless, at last succeeded in removing their modesty. But some affair, requiring Roland's presence, Margaret was left to play the part of physician, nurse, and companion, which she performed with her wonted ease and agility. Nor would she have waited for a stimulus to break silence, had not the stranger paved the way by asking the name of his host, and the circumstances that led to Emma's unhappy fate.

"My maister's name," replied the old domestic, "is Herbert Jackson; as honest and frugal a soul as ever walked the earth; and this house and garden he can call his own, by the voice of a great-grandfather. There's not a weed without, nor a mouse within; and my young Maister Roland, God bless 'un, can rise with the lark to a bellyfull, and open his eyes in the dark without fear of seeing a white sheet, or red-eyed goblin."

"And what pursuit does he now follow," asked the stranger.

"None;" replied Margaret, "but he's a resting from his honest labours. There was a time when Roland could leave father and mother, home and sister, for a white deck and blue jacket; but times have added the dove's softness to the lion's fierceness."

“ And how long may you have been with this family,” asked the stranger, whose interest was now more than ever awakened, “ for the badge of longevity, I see, is on your forehead ?”

“ That’s a bold question to be axing an old woman,” quoth Meg, “ but I’ll answer it, though it is sore against the grain.”

“ Eight-and-thirty years,” (here she paused for a moment, and adjusting something near at hand, which did not exactly please her, appeared to forget the answer she had commenced)—“ Eight-and-thirty years,” suddenly returning to her subject, said the old woman, “ have I served, with soul and body, Herbert Jackson and his family, nor flinched from a single duty—but there’s nothing in this to pride me on. Well and kindly has old Margaret been treated, and eight-and-thirty years again would not be too long a service.”

“ Would to heaven,” cried the stranger, “ that such sentiments actuated the general race of mankind ; but tell me, Margaret, poor Emma’s fate, as yet unknown to me.”

“ Stop,” exclaimed the old woman, clasping together her bony fingers, and tremulously uttering, “ the Lord be merciful ! I wish, for the sake of my old, dear maister, that the poor child’s misery could not be believed.” Then whispering, in one of her deepest under-tones, she entreated silence, and fixing her hand upon the chair wherein the stranger was seated, thus commenced her story :—

“ Oh ! how well I remember the evening ; ’twas clear and bright above ; not even a single cloud, not a leaf moved ; no, the woodbine in yonder hedge, and the honeysuckle over the door, the pride of the poor young creature, seemed without life. I had spread one of my best cloths on that round little table in the corner ; and the old jug foamed and sparkled with some of the best ale within a day’s journey round the country. My old maister was housed in his favourite chair ; Roland sat on the right, and Emma on the left, and Margaret knew her proper place ; when a sudden and loud knock laid our knives and forks upon the table, and made the blood tingle to our fingers’ ends. At my maister’s bidding, however, I went ; and opening the door, was met by a stranger, who, with face as pale as death, and marked with clotted blood, implored piteously for a little rest and a glass of water. All were up in a moment, and Herbert Jackson was the first to assist in relieving his distress. He spoke as gentle as a child, and again and again thanked us for what he then said he never could repay. His figure was tall, and many locks of raven hair were about his forehead ; his face, although dark, was stern and manly ; but his eye—I could read in it the fatality of an unsuspecting girl like Emma ; there came forth a poison deadly to the sight, and my heart trembled within me whenever the poor daughter of Herbert talked of the stranger. But who can search the ways of heaven. The serpent’s venomous eye lured the

dove from her nest, and a false face and false heart tore Emma Jackson from a roof of blessedness, to be the shadow of what they promised to make her. Not long after we missed her ; nobody could tell whither she was gone ; and a father's almost broken heart was at last insulted by a letter, which plainly told us the triumph of a wretch over fallen virtue." As Margaret concluded, she turned away to conceal the tear which the short and self-told tale had produced ; then recollecting herself, with a composed countenance, not dreaming that in the present state of affairs, apologising was necessary, she rose to attend her master.

" Poor Emma !" exclaimed the stranger, " thy misfortunes are early and heavy, but thy trials will soon be over, and thou restored to a peaceful home. Yet where dost thou rest thy head ? On the pillow of thy seducer, who ought to have been thy protector ? Or perhaps discarded from the wretch, already satiated with thy charms, thou wanderest, the outcast of heaven." Gracious God ! thought the noble-minded man, black as the sin of ingratitude is in thy sight, what punishment on earth or hereafter, is severe enough for the fiend who can abuse the confidence of unsuspecting innocence ; bruise the hand that applied the balm of comfort, and reward hospitality by despoiling a parent of the prop of his old age.

Into this train of thought their guest had fallen when Roland and Margaret returned simultaneously : the one

from her patient, the other from his occupation abroad. There was a glow of ruddy health in the open countenance of the young man, mixed up with a tint of deep anxiety, as he entered, that threw a lively animation into the features of this gallant fellow. But they soon changed to a pallid hue, for Roland in a moment caught the eye of Margaret, who evidently wished to avoid the question she well knew he was about to ask.

“Is my father worse, Margaret?”

There was no reply.

“Is my father worse?” repeated Roland, in a louder tone than he was wont to address the old woman.

“Softly, child,” answered Margaret, coolly, “your father is now sleeping.”

“I will go and see him then,” sighed Roland, “sit by his bedside, and watch over his slumbers.”

“Pray, Maister Roland,” said Margaret, “for the love you bear him, do not stir from here; if you should disturb him, what may not be the consequence; be patient, there’s a good dear child, for a short time, and all may yet be better.”

Roland could not repose; he seated himself in his parent’s chair, and, covering his face with his kerchief, gave unrestrained vent to his grief.—

“Cheer up,” said the stranger, “cheer up, Roland, all may end happier than the present promises.”

“’Tis hard,” cried the poor fellow, “to loose both father and sister; to look right and left on the remains

of two, nearest and dearest to my heart ; but what am I saying. Would to God it was so ; would to heaven my poor Emma was in her grave, rather than in the arms of the basest of mankind." Then bursting into a flood of tears, Roland rushed out of the room.

This was too much to witness, and remain a quiet spectator ; and the stranger, notwithstanding his weakness, would have accompanied Margaret to watch Roland in his present agitated condition, but she prevailed upon him in the end to remain quiet, while she went to observe her young master's movements. Left again by himself to reflect on the sad scenes which had occurred, the guest of Herbert Jackson reverted to the singular, though dangerous adventure, that now made him a participator in the woes of this honest family ; then would his thoughts stray as he gazed on the picture of his long promised bride, to the sunny fields of hope, wherein he had sown his seed of promise, and ideally roam with the harvest of ripe affection through the mead, on whose flowery surface, with light and jocund step, friendship first united their affections. The picture was coloured by the liberal pencil of ardent and attached affection ; years had passed on in their circle, and changes would ever take place in this sublunary sphere ; but the devoted of his bosom—the hope of his future bliss ; she who had so often reclined upon him, asking, with her eye, for the time when they might be one ; she who had vowed and promised fidelity

must surely now be faithful. He could not doubt it, and yet what will not imagination suggest to those who are only midway to their happiness. A thousand suppositions, creations of the unsettled mind, annoy us with incessant torture. The time that has been passing may have strangely changed the past ; and the future beaming full of joyous welcome, may conceal beneath its mask of smiles and merriment, a face of wintry care.

Margaret at length returned with Roland, to whom the stranger intimated that it was his intention to bid them farewell on the morrow.

“ And will you leave us in this distress ?” asked young Jackson.

“ I would willingly and cheerfully remain,” replied his guest, “ could it tend to alleviate, or divert these severe trials of Providence ; but my affairs are urgent, and when I tell you long absence from home increases my desire to depart, you will cease to wonder at my eagerness to quit your hospitable roof.”

There was a mildness in the stranger’s manners ; a suavity of disposition, that endeared him to his hosts, notwithstanding to them he appeared of gentle bearing.

The shades of evening were now rapidly falling upon the landscape, Roland and Margaret complained how fast the moments glided away ; the morning had in prospect but a dull promise, and neither seemed inclined to arouse from the melancholy torpor to which they had given way. They appeared to forget that night had

made no little progress on their meditations, when the clock roused them from their reverie.

It was eleven ; a late hour for such humble folk, and they retired to their separate apartments. Roland sought the bedside of his father ; the stranger was left to his pillow and his thoughts ; and old Maggy, after paying her usual visit to the locks, bolts, and bars, coddled herself up in her homely covering, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

“ Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way ; thou would'st be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.”

Shakspeare.

THE reader, perhaps, will pardon me, if (forsaking the characters and subject to which he was lately introduced) I abruptly transport him into the midst of a scene, replete with sorrow, business, and pleasure.

“ And are they indeed resolved,” said Greenville, in a quick whisper to his companion, as they hurried along a narrow alley in the city.

"They meet to-morrow evening," replied the other, "and midnight is to be the hour when the means are to be concerted."

"And will they, think you?"—

"Soft," interrupted his companion, "know you not there's an echo in these walls may tell a tale against us."

"I see no one," answered Greenville, looking around ; for he was startled at the sudden caution.

His companion made no reply, but glanced his penetrating eye in every direction, to be satisfied that no one was moving, in a moment unlocked a door they were about passing, and thrusting Greenville in first, as quickly closed it.

"We are safe enough now," said Rookwood, with a contemptuous sneer, "and his most gracious Majesty may amuse himself with his blood-hounds until he's tired, ere he will ferret the vermin out of their burrow."

"Is this his satanic majesty's worldly residence, then?" asked Greenville, "that it can defy all surprise and detection ; but I suppose your most important regulation is, a wax taper, a dark room, and a whisper."

"And it is not a regulation of one or two only," answered Rookwood, "the whole may be complimented in this respect ; and know, young man, (letting fall his large and heavy hand on Greenville's shoulder), fair faces have not always the purest hearts."

The former now led the way into a low and confined

room, which presented but a miserable appearance. The shutters were closed and barricaded, nor was any light allowed to intrude on the dismal apartment, but just sufficient to prevent total darkness. A few books lay scattered on the table, which, with four or five chairs or stools, for they had evidently dwindled into the latter, and some relics of what was once tapestry, comprised the whole of the articles under the title of furniture.

"What think you of my apartment, Greenville?" asked his associate, who perceived some signs of uncomfortable apprehension in his countenance.

"It will not bear reflection, Rookwood."

"Humph!" muttered his companion in a low tone, evidently not over delighted with this reply; "but I suppose you will not fear to see yourself in a glass of what my cellar affords," exclaimed Rookwood, more vehemently, and at the same time drew a pistol from his girdle, and with the butt end, knocked three times softly and slowly on the floor.

Greenville stared at his companion.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared out Rookwood, unable to restrain his laughter. "I believe you fancy their majesties are at your elbow, with a whip ready flourished to flog you to the scaffold; but, come, be more yourself, man. I love a little eccentricity, 'tis a good shift in a bad scene, and not always useless." Then, changing his tone, "however, young man," he continued, drawing forth another pistol, and at the same time a dagger,

both of which he cast on the table; these are my fellows in the next act, when Rookwood's heart, as well as face, will undergo no trifling change."

"Will blood be shed?" asked Greenville,

"Some," replied Rookwood, indifferently.

"And what will you gain by this step; a poor recompense, I fear," said his associate.

"We shall command our rights," observed Rookwood, with a look that would have chilled the boldest heart.

At this moment a man of gigantic stature entered the apartment with some refreshment, and placing it on the table, retired in silence. Nor was his height his only attraction; for on a pair of shoulders nearly twice the common size, nature had fixed a head from which half a dozen artists might have selected some peculiar feature. A profusion of long yellow hair flowed about his lofty forehead; his eye was far buried under a thick and lowering brow, and the rest of his features were equally remarkable.

"That's a useful man," said Rookwood, as Glenwyn closed the door; "and, though in appearance uncommon, and perhaps, sluggish, he could meet the d—I without any inconvenience to his tender nerves."

"If he's the same in spirit as in body," observed Greenville "the relationship must be very near."

"Come," said Rookwood, "let us drink success to the enterprise; and may you win Ellen Wilford."

"I heartily thank you for your good wishes; but name not one so fair and innocent, when deeds so terrible engross our thoughts."

"Well, well, Greenville," said Rookwood, "as you like, while your humour lasts; but, at any rate, pledge me for a favorite issue to our scheme, whatever it may be."

Greenville looked his companion ardently in the face, paused for a moment, and then seizing the arm of Rookwood, as he snatched one of the pistols from the table, exclaimed, while the tears trickled down his cheek,

"Rookwood—can I use this, unjustified by God or man; can I deliberately place this to the ear of a slumbering parent, and send him, with all his frailties, before the Everlasting Judge!"

"A curse upon the fellow that took such a puny schoolboy by the hand," exclaimed his associate.

"Hold! Rookwood;" said Greenville, "nor—"

"Are you a man, Edmund Greenville?"

"Dare you ask that question, Dan Rookwood?"

"Dare," replied Rookwood, knitting his dark brow, and trembling with passion; "aye, and prove the truth of it; but this is not a time for disputing, Greenville," resuming his former serenity—"the trial will tell."

"Am I a man?" muttered Edmund, in an agony;—"there was a time when that name was not without its honourable accompaniment; but now,"—

Here he broke off; and seizing his glass with trembling hand, drank success to the undertaking.

"Give me your hand, Greenville," said Rookwood, "never was a nobler conquest gained; I am sorry I offended you."

"Nay, Rookwood," replied Edmund, "forbear to congratulate me on a victory over the appeals of virtue; wound not a fallen victim—Greenville is no longer a man; but replenish the glass. Ah! Ellen Wilford! could'st thou behold me now, thy cold repulses would turn to bitter reproaches; but why reflect—it is, it is too late."

"Shall we drink in silence, Edmund."

"We lack not for a toast, Rookwood; will you drink it?"

"How can I refuse you," said Dan.

"Then here's a quick repentance, and future pardon."

Again Rookwood sprung from his chair, but not as before; a ghastly hue took possession of his countenance, his eye balls rolled wildly, and staggering to the wall, he exclaimed,—

"To you, Edmund Greenville, I must pledge your wishes: to myself, I dare not; no, I cannot; a fearful doom awaits me, and the thunderbolt of heaven will soon be hurled against me. Rookwood's grave will be without a stone, without a tear. But, come, another bumper will cure this schoolboy's sickness."

"No," said Greenville, "you will excuse me; re-

member my engagement this evening ; if I indulge any more, it will be impossible for me to attend ; and, you well know, a weighty heart and light head are unfit, when a trial of affection is to be made."

"As you like," replied Rookwood, "I will not press you ; but remember we meet"—

"My word's enough," said Greenville, "is it not?"

Dan made no reply, but offered his hand. Edmund, with some reluctance, feebly squeezed it ; and Rookwood, as he turned the heavy bolt, repeated to himself, "he must be ours."

Greenville felt relieved, and more composed, when he regained the street, and once more exhaled the free air. Still he shuddered on reverting to the scene he had but that moment witnessed—not only witnessed, but in which he had also been a party concerned.

Should the plot be discovered, what will become of me?—me!—for such a wretch as I am, no punishment can be too severe. Oh, my father ! little dost thou think thy son is such a villain ; could'st thou believe the block awaits me ? Would'st thou, Ellen Wilford, credit, if I told thee, although thy bosom beats faintly at the name of Edmund Greenville, that a common executioner may soon, perhaps, with cold indifference, extinguish for ever the spark of honour, life, and virtue ?

Thus did he commune with himself, regardless of what was passing about him, until he reached the street wherein his father resided.

He now endeavoured to compose himself ; and assuming an air of cheerfulness, with burthened heart, knocked at the door.

It was opened by old Jacob, who would have given a license to his surprise on seeing Edmund, had not the latter, putting his finger to his mouth, enjoined silence : but it could not escape the old man's notice.

"Are you unwell, Edmund ; you look very pale ?" was his father's first question, when he reached his presence.

"A trifling indisposition, Sir ; occasioned, I conclude, from over exertion. I have been strolling some considerable distance."

"You had better not join Lady Bolton's party," said Sir Robert ; "I will plead for you to all assembled whom it may concern." Here he indulged himself in a smile.

"I think it will divert my attention," said Edmund with a sigh ; "loneliness is for the most part a poor companion to indisposition."

"If you think so," rejoined Sir Robert, "we had better make ready, for there is little time to spare."

They accordingly retired, each to his toilet : in a few moments these preliminaries were dispensed with, and the carriage, to Edmund's fancy, was more than usually expeditious in conveying them to Lady Bolton's.

Lady B.'s was the Almack's of the day, within whose walls thronged the mingled group of rank and fashion ; even in those times a spirit of folly almost equal to that of the present period, crept into the pockets and ideas of

mankind ; and, did you wish to see variety in all its grotesque shapes and figures, you had only to obtain a ticket of admittance to the farce of the World Assembled. Gay and giddy, volatile, and a slave to the praise of others, my lady could waste an evening in this way “ with all appliances and means to boot.”

She was of a commanding figure and easy address, and her pleasing countenance was improved by a simple good-humour, that often found its way to her cheek in a smile. Her disposition was as fickle as her taste, excepting when exasperated by an indifference to her charms ; and her qualities of mind and body were attractions to which those who would gain her favour, were obliged to do homage. But her mental qualifications exceeded not mediocrity, for they were confined to the narrow circle of unambitious elegance : to alphabetically enumerate the heroes and heroines of a novel ; to pity and admire the dignified villain ; to remember a few love verses, selected here and there from some popular poet ; and to accompany the world, right or wrong, down the tide of uncertain opinion, were the few acquirements indispensably requisite for so great a personage.

Sir Robert and his son, on arriving, were ushered into the drawing-room with all due form, according to the rules and regulations of etiquette ; not a little rejoiced, however, to find themselves among the more early of the company. Lady Bolton received them courteously,

introduced them to such rarities of high life as were foreign to their acquaintance, and left them, with some trite remark, to play their part amongst old faces. Sir Robert was soon at home, but Edmund felt himself a stranger in the very society to which he was so accustomed.

This soon became the observation of the evening ; and "how ill Edmund Greenville looks," was whispered from ear to ear.

"The poor fellow's in love," said one.

"*Membra disjecta amatoris*," cried another, a little louder, who prided himself on Latin phrases.

"*Quid non sentit amor*," sighed forth a third, who wished it to be known that he was a lover of taste and neat application.

"One would really think," observed a fourth, who sat in a retired corner, at the same moment sending forth some noise like a half-moan, "that people took a delight in making themselves miserable—foolish fellow ! but I pity him."

This was one of those creatures usually denominated maiden ladies, past the age of beauty, not quite fifty, but assuming all the gravity and pertness of a wise old single lady.

"Do you know him, then ?" asked some one near.

"Very well," said Miss —.

"Ah!" she continued, "do you not see him with

Miss Ellen Wilford, making grimaces, and talking the most ridiculous nonsense man ever uttered. But he's like the rest of sons without consanguinity—all self."

To these and many more similar observations, Edmund Greenville paid no attention ; nay, he did not conceive these pointless arrows were aimed at him. Open and generous in disposition, he knew not the misery of being a slave to suspicion ; his passions were rather warm, but his affections and philanthropy were not of an interested world. They sprang from a source clear, deep, and weedless to the bottom. He paid little or no attention to compliments, bon mots, or witticisms, if any there were ; to salutations he made such a return as friendship and civility required, and then passed on. Ellen Wilford captivated, and at the same moment made him miserable. She respected, admired, but did not love. A mystery appeared to involve her actions in obscurity, and her whole demeanour was such as to give him little hope of success ; and yet her denial was productive of a mixture of pain and pleasure.

" Why make us both miserable, Mr. Greenville," she would say, " your affection is honourable, and your behaviour open ; but we must look upon each other as friends only. Circumstances hereafter may elucidate more clearly my conduct, and induce you to judge more leniently of my behaviour. I shall ever respect you ; my hand is yours, but my heart—"

Here she would pause, and a tear might be seen to steal down her fair and blushing cheek.

Edmund was also ill at ease, on not finding Sir Everhard there—he had promised to that effect—had pledged himself to speak favourably in his cause—excited hopes; nay, almost vowed he would win his suit. This preyed upon his spirits, and made him wretched, whilst all were gay around.

Greenville was a favoured one of nature, and therefore had admirers; fortune made rich promises, and rank even might one day fall to his lot: and have these ever been known to exist without advocates, suppliants, petitioners, and many more, in the convenient disguise of a wounded heart. Nevertheless, there was one, long banished from Edmund's memory, that dearly loved him; in whose guileless heart the seeds of young affection had been perhaps too early sown. But time, parental authority, and other incidents, had effected a strange reformation in Greenville's sentiments; at times he would venture to indulge in a thought of what his youthful days were; it was, however, momentary only, and he considered, perchance, that souls so young and inexperienced, were doomed of necessity to turn from the straight road on which at first they had started.

Time was on the wing; and the lateness of the hour had separated the company one by one from the bustling and animated scene; Edmund beheld this with satisfaction, for in the midst of a full assemblage of joyful faces,

he appeared as a cheerless blank ; and when the carriage was announced for Sir Robert, the youth's heart beat lighter, and for a moment the hectic flush of sudden excitement seemed to animate his countenance.

From the conversation which had passed at Lady Bolton's, and Edmund's previous indisposition, the father of young Greenville easily and readily decided the nature of the malady. He therefore said little but what might call for a smile, or withdraw the attention from those subjects during their return home. They were soon at the end of their journey, when Edmund sought his room, and found some relief in being able to meditate, undisturbed and unseen, upon those events which had given him a cause for so much uneasiness, as well as others which wore a more serious aspect, and threatened the vital spark of all which renders life desirable. There is an opiate in misery itself, which at last overpowers our senses. Anguish, and care, and grief, may for a considerable time disturb our tranquillity, and render us a prey to dejectedness ; but there is a sediment of good in the cup of evil ; when the bowl of woe is emptied, ere it be quite drained, there is a drop left at the bottom to support and relieve ; and thus it is with our spirits. Worn out and exhausted, they find relief in that very extreme of wretchedness ; and this was the case with Edmund Greenville, who at last, from an over-excess of excited passions, sank suddenly into a sound and unbroken sleep.

Upon some, the late occurrences would have had a very different effect, and betrayed, when they least suspected it, the dark revolvings of their heart. But, as there is a wonderful difference in the construction and strength of the human frame, so is there as great a diversity in the powers of the mind. Our immortal poet, Shakspeare, says,

Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

His philosophy, though good, is not applicable to every argument; a disease, however violent, may have (comparatively speaking) little effect upon one; whereas, in another, it might be the cause of death. Some are driven to madness; but in others we find the identical malady assuming a different power, and overcoming the patient with intense torpor.

CHAPTER IV.

What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies—
My own—my own fire-side!

A. A. Watts.

SOME time may be supposed to have passed since our first acquaintance with Herbert Jackson, up to the pe-

riod when my readers were introduced to the late transactions. October had taken his farewell ; a sudden and heavy fall of snow ushered in the succeeding month, and John Bull once more with delight beheld a cheering fire.

There is a pleasing sensation produced in us on undergoing the transition from one season to another ; for this change is not only accompanied with a train of fresh objects, but it operates upon our animal and physical powers so as to effect a novel and not disagreeable incentive to action. Man can never be satisfied ; he is a restless animal, and fond of perpetual change. But there is a delicious thrilling thought that animates and exhilarates the breast of an Englishman at the approach of winter. " My home," with all its little comforts, fills his imagination, and he smiles as he sees collected around him his acquaintance and relatives.

With feelings not dissimilar to these, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford and their family circle drew nearer to the enlivening blaze, to enjoy a chit-chat after dinner. The shutters were closed, and the shadows flitted to and fro on the wall, and the smile of cheerfulness might be seen on the faces of the company. Their conversation was light and merry, and passed chiefly on what took place the preceding evening. Nor did they find the subject irksome. Indeed, there is matter enough in an evening assembly to supply a fund of amusement and instruction for a week ; the humours and whims, the follies and ex-

travagant notions of individuals who appear to live only for the sake of rendering themselves ridiculous, would be sufficient to the attainment of this end ; but more, alas ! more is to be discovered in this apparently harmless assemblage ; a spirit of evil unthought of, disregarded, or unseen, roams amongst, and feeds upon these creatures. Yet the smile of Ellen Wilford was not from a sorrowless bosom ; for there was centered many a pang ; and it was with difficulty she stifled the sigh that laboured to escape.

“ Come,” said Mr. Wilford, who alone was well acquainted with his daughter’s state of mind ; “ you are indulging in your old mood of meditation. Surely you cannot have forgotten last evening.”

“ No,” replied Ellen, “ I wish sincerely that I had.”

“ Pugh ! child,” exclaimed Mrs. W., “ do not think of such nonsense. If you cannot feel an affection for the young man, why torment yourself ? You really appear to live upon what most annoys you.”

“ I esteem him,” observed Miss Wilford, “ and therefore pity the cause which renders him unhappy ; his principles are worthy, I am sure, of respect ; and the affection to which he is a prey, no less honourable ; but you know, although I would, that I must not—cannot—”

Here she burst into a flood of tears.

“ Behold the effects of your philosophy and nonsense,” exclaimed Mr. W., addressing his wife, and taking his seat by his daughter.

"No one," retorted Mrs. W., with vehemence, "can feel a greater interest for the welfare of your child than I do, Mr. Wilford; but never will I, like a fool, yield to the caprices of a girl."

"Pray, madam," rejoined Ellen's father, "if you cannot feel for the distress of others, make not a mockery of their misfortunes—this is not a time for argument."

Mrs. W. had received a liberal education, and was formed and moulded by native manners for genteel society; but who can mollify or subdue the neglected passions? Moreover, she was a mother-in-law; and, though somewhat acquainted with the long-cherished hopes of Ellen, was very much averse to their fulfilment. She had long cherished an admiration for the fascinating manners, noble deportment, and title of Sir Everhard Digby; and had in vain tried every means in her power to effect a union betwixt him and her daughter-in-law. He favoured her vanity; called her extravagancies little irregularities, pardonable in these times; and now and then with a well-timed sigh secured the further exertions of Mrs. W. to the accomplishing his hopes. We sometimes find the duties of a real mother discharged by their successor, but this is seldom the case. This woman was a step-mother in her heart; her outward actions and high-coloured sentiments of morality were assumed; and, while she concerted plans in secret, her witching charms and demeanour assisted to aid the deception which her eye could look. To the reproof of Mr. W. she made

no observation : but soon after quitting the room, retired to her apartment. At the moment of her debut the servant entered, requesting to speak to Mr. Wilford. He accordingly left the party, but soon returned to inform his daughter that business of considerable import required his immediate attention.

Sir Everhard, though not a favourite of Mr. Wilford, was yet on terms of common acquaintance ; and would now and then, as he termed it, " drop in by accident," to pass away an idle hour. Unfortunately for poor Ellen, he made his appearance soon after her father's departure, and his name being announced to Mrs. Wilford, she came down from her room, and introduced him to the little group. Astonished and mortified as Ellen was, she confined her surprise and regret in its proper bounds ; and, though reservedly, yet civilly received Sir Everhard.

" You will not leave us directly, I hope Sir Everhard ; Mr. Wilford is absent, but I suppose he will soon return ; he will be glad to see you."

After many excuses, compliments, and modest fears of intrusion, " how could he refuse himself the pleasure of their company ?"

He accordingly took his seat by Miss Wilford ; admired, said a thousand pretty things in the *lover's whisper*, removed aside his luxurious black locks from their high and marble resting place ; and even hinted, with modest submission, the wish of his heart. Sir

Everhard possessed the power of fascinating—in his dark full eyedwelt a wanton fire, the useful accompaniment and necessary weapon in warring against young and unsuspecting females. Ellen admired his exterior qualifications, and felt the poison of his eloquence stealing through her veins ; she wished him often away, yet regretted when he went. Then would her plighted vow, her honour and virtue, warn her of the danger ; then the self-suggested idea of “ may he not be extinct—why so silent—Ellen Wilford must be forgotten !” Again would she recollect the past, and the reflection that “ he doted, most fondly loved,” was bitterly painful. It was not possible for a being of so frail and slight a nature, one who was all passion, all sentiment, and formed in beauty’s mould, to be thus afflicted, without suffering inwardly and outwardly from this the worst of maladies. And this was too apparent. The conversation was now becoming insipid ; and Ellen, desirous of diverting her attention, inquired of Sir Everhard if he was present when the king rode in procession through the streets of London ; whether he knew Sir Francis Goodwin, or Sir John Fortescue. Sir Everhard answered in the negative, and endeavoured to turn the discourse on some other topic.

“ I should like to see his majesty,” observed Ellen, “ but he’s very averse to public shew, is he not ? It must have been a gratifying sight to have beheld the father of

his people riding with his queen, surrounded by affectionate subjects."

"A very gratifying spectacle," replied the man of title, with a suppressed groan of contempt, vexed at the repetition of a theme so pungent to his conscience.

"What a dreadful affair the late conspiracy was," resumed the unconscious girl; "poor Raleigh! I really pity him; but, what a villain that Lord Cobham was—don't you think so?"

Sir Everhard pretended not to be listening. Ellen continued, "You are in a thoughtful mood this evening, Sir:" for she now began to feel and enjoy the society he at first was so much disposed to loathe—so soon our mutable nature can transport itself from sorrow to joy, from mirth to melancholy.

"Come, Sir Everhard," said Mrs. W., "you must rally; Miss Wilford fairly challenges to a good soil for opinion and argument. I can assure you she is an excellent politician, and can wield with dexterity a *pro* and *con* of state."

"You greatly honour me, madam," replied Sir Everhard; then turning to her daughter-in-law, he continued, "Miss Wilford's generosity and politeness will, I hope, excuse this seeming inattention and rude return; her good heart will certainly overlook what is the effect of indisposition."

"Are you ill?" asked the innocent girl.

"Have you been long afflicted?" added Mrs. Wilford.

"Oh no," replied Sir Everhard, "it was sudden, and will soon pass off."

"Hark!" cried Ellen, suddenly, "surely I heard a voice."

"A sweet one, too," observed Mrs. Wilford.

"And close to the window," rejoined Ellen; "I will half open it. I adore music, and a female voice at night is so ravishing—don't you think so, Sir Everhard?"

"Certainly, Miss Wilford, I agree with you."

She then opened the window, and returned to her seat—all were silent—Sir Everhard sighed.

For a moment the voice ceased; footsteps were heard near the window; again all was still, when thus the beggar sang:—

O cease thou vital stream to flow,
Or cease with Friendship's fire to burn;
For what is there can sooth below,
The heart that meets with no return.

A smile I see in every face,
And read a tale in every eye;
But in mine own I only trace
The signs of grief and misery.

There is a remedy for care,
A ready cure for worldly ill;
But what can mitigate Despair,
Or raise again the broken will.

They've little known, and felt it less,
Who for relief the world would rove,
On earth there's only one redress
For bosoms broken down with love.

Sir Everhard turned pale, and requested permission to take his farewell ; pleading increased indisposition.

“ No, no,” said Mrs. W., “ you must not leave us yet ; Mr. Wilford will soon return ; besides, you would like to hear another song from so sweet a songster.”

“ And bestow an act of charity on the poor creature,” added Ellen. “ You shall be collector,” she continued, smiling, “ and donor also.”

“ Will you permit me *then* to retire,” said Sir E.

“ Oh, yes,” replied Mrs. W. and Ellen.

He sat down again in anguish.

A few moments elapsed, and then the melodist resumed, with a feeling exquisitely sensible, heightened by the nature of the composition, and the pervading melancholy of the air :—

O should'st thou pass by, where wildly doth yave
The thistle and grass o'er my lone narrow bed,
Drop a tear of regret on my premature grave :
'Tis a tribute thou owest the heart-broken dead.

Remember, tho' vainly, yet fondly I lov'd thee,
In solitude nourish'd the cank'ring sigh ;
And let the same cause that so early remov'd me,
From the fair summer field, and the blue cloudless sky,

Invite thee to where thy once lov'd one reposes,
Forgotten by all in the realms of the dead.
A sigh, and a tear, and a few scattered roses,
Will suffice to embellish the slumberer's head.

“ Poor creature !” exclaimed Ellen, as she finished her song : “ hard for one like thee to roam a wanderer,

and destitute of the common necessities of life. Do you not think, Sir Everhard, that one possessing such powers of melody, which can thus affect the heart, must feel acutely the privations of a desolate condition, to which, perhaps, she was not born."

"There are few whose sympathies equal yours," was the reply.

"Ought we not all to commiserate a condition that may one day fall to our lot. But, come, you must keep to your agreement;" and at the same moment she placed in his hand a piece of silver. This example was followed by those present, and Sir Everhard increased the charity.

He approached the window, and opening it, was in the act of bestowing the collection, when Emma Jackson presented herself before him.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed the conscience-stricken man, staggering to the nearest chair, which, with difficulty, he reached—"is my hour so soon come!"

It was the moment, indeed, not only of retribution to the sinner, but even intense anxiety to those who were spectators. Still they attributed the cause to illness, some over excitement; and very probably, the cold air and the pitiless object whom he went to relieve. Little did they think the houseless and suffering wanderer now before them, was the once promised wife of Sir Everhard.

Ghastly, even to horror, was the countenance of the distressed man; his whole frame trembled, the brightness

of his eye in a moment vanished ; and he wildly gazed upon those who were busy in relieving and assisting him.

The shutters were now closed on the mendicant, who thanked and blessed them for the donation.

Poor neglected outcast ! dost thou walk the cold and snowy stones of penitence, without a morsel to relieve thy hunger ; without a shelter against the pitiless storm ! Art thou forsaken in thy misery, and disregarded or insulted by the passengers whom thou implorest for a little bread ? Poor Emma, sad is thy fate !

But, thy prayer is not unheard ; thy repentance is accepted, and the bitterness of the cup of thy calamity is almost at the dregs.

There is a downy bed of rest preparing for thee ; a pillow of peace, whereon to rest thy head ; thy broken spirit shall be healed, and thy sorrow changed into calm resignation.

Emma ! a little while, and thy tears shall cease to flow, and thou shalt repose in peace.

Sir Everhard had now so far recovered himself as to be able to take his departure, which he was allowed to do without further commands to prolong it. He endeavoured to convince them of the cause, by repeating again and again, that he felt indisposed before he left his house ; made as many apologies as he was able for trouble, fright, and other extras ; with no little satisfaction suffered their footman to accompany him, and finally took his farewell.

When Mr. Wilford returned, which soon followed Sir Everhard's departure, he was not a little astonished at the recital of what had passed during his absence: and, though apparently he treated it as accidental, and the effect of some sudden seizure: yet, within his own breast, he attributed it to some deeper and darker cause.

To Ellen, her father had scarcely ever appeared so animated, so cheerful, as at present; indeed, to all present, it was visible he had been summoned upon some favourable suit.

"I have heard from a friend," said Mr. Wilford, "whom by chance I met, that a very intimate acquaintance of yours, Ellen, is on his return home."

Ellen blushed, for she guessed in a moment the individual. Mrs. Wilford attempted to smile, but it ill accorded with the tone of her inward predictions and fears; and, though a good wife in some respects, and a civil mother-in-law from necessity, for Ellen was the admiration of all, she nevertheless felt mortified at the result of what she already foretold. Thus it is with natural and nominal parents; they will too often sacrifice the interest and happiness of their children, for the insignificant consideration of wealth, or empty and uncertain splendour of title.

"Have you any idea who it is, Ellen?" said Mrs. Wilford, with a half look of pleasure

"I will not keep you in suspense," observed her father, here is a letter to me from"—

“Rodomond ——!” exclaimed the distressed girl; “then he has not forgotten poor Ellen Wilford; oh! it is his own, own writing; his hand and heart are still—yes, still the same.”

Overcome by excess of delight, she buried her face in her kerchief, and indulged in an unrestrained effusion of tears. How pure must be this feeling, how satiating this joy, which can even make us weep!

Mrs. Wilford could not refrain from sharing in the general sentiment. Could there be an eye dry at so interesting a spectacle? the tear was not the offspring of a joy that was to be chilled by some wintry reflection; it was the genial, warm, enlivening drop of more than earthly happiness, flowing from a spring too full.

“What, does my sight deceive me!” exclaimed Ellen, as her fine blue sentimental eye devoured the contents of this rich present; “is he so near? what—my father, why, Rodomond is here, in this very town—in London.”

“And in the arms of his faithful, lovely Ellen,” exclaimed the lover, opening the door, and rushing to the embrace of his precious inestimable treasure.

When the lovers had abated the first violence of joy, and could, with tranquil composure contemplate each the face on which, a few years ago, they had dwelt with the warmest hopes and predilections, an equal, but less painfully overwhelming transport succeeded. Question followed question, too quick for reply. Amongst

many other circumstances, Ellen related the ardent, but unfortunate esteem and prepossession of poor Greenville, in her favour; and as she told the story, dropt another tear. True love delights in candour and sympathy. Far from envying, the generous Rodomond sympathised with Ellen over the misfortunes of his rival. Many a day had time engraven on the pedestal of eternity. Moments and hours and days, had passed in quick succession; years had sped away rapidly, and the recollection started at reviewing the irrevocable past.

Rodomond forgot not Edmund Greenville. Memory, regardless of what absence might have effected, traced the fresh and lively colours of the retrospect in their native purity; and, already wandered over the thornless mossy paths of happy boyhood; but it enhanced his pain to think, that the completion of his happiness must be the stroke of misery to his friend. Hand in hand, and with hearts, light as the verdant meads they tripped, did they pass too quickly the dream-like days of youth; and it was painful to reflect, that the companion of his infancy should thus be afflicted. Ellen also related the comical tragical drama, (for such it was, all circumstances considered), of that evening. This last event sent a chill to Rodomond's heart, and scarcely was he able to remain master of his feelings. The hour, however, being late, Mr. Wilford suggested the necessity, as well as the propriety, of retiring. It was a proposition agreeable to all, particularly to Mrs. W., who, in spite of a noble

figure, handsome countenance, and suavity of manners, still clung to SELF, and the valuable consideration of a titled companion for better or worse. All, nevertheless, shook hands, and parted with elevated spirits ; even the lovers relinquished each other's company, content with a blessing, and a privilege we are permitted in cases of this nature.

Indeed, it was a parting of happiness, unmingled with any pain : and night drew her curtain of sleep around the pillow of beings, to whom the morrow made promise of further delight.

But the ingredients which made up Rodomond's joy were not of themselves pure and unmixed : is it possible, he thought, this can be the seducer—Emma ! it could not be—no, no—then the vow—the blessing, and more than all, the affliction of honest Herbert Jackson. Again he fancied his friend before him ; despair, and grief, and agony, in his looks. In this manner he passed the greater part of the night ; his slumbers were broken, and these thoughts continued to succeed one another, until nature, overcome by fatigue, joy, pain, and anxiety, yielded to a refreshing and sound repose.

CHAPTER V.

Jaffier.—What can I can do?

Pierre.—Canst thou not kill a senator?

Jaffier.—By all my wrongs, thou talk'st as if revenge
Were to be had! and the brave story warms me.

Pierre.—Swear then!

Venice Preserved.

BLESSED with affluence, and honoured by title, Sir Robert Greenville might have made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable and high circles of life. His understanding, unimpaired by age, was fitted for reasoning and decision: quick in thought and prompt in action, was the ruling maxim of this patriot; it had been the theory and practice combined, upon which he founded his public and private actions. Besides, integrity of principle, and virtue not of this world, drew down upon his house respect and admiration. But he preferred the peace and quiet of his own reflections, to the bustling, plodding, care-stricken man of notoriety: the society of his only son and sole surviving relative, to the sinful luxury of a court; or the dissipation, and thoughtless folly, of a crowded gala. Yet, he was not an egotist in these matters; for he appreciated the utility and valued the better purposes of mixing with the world. His loyalty was pure, and his politics were founded in the sincerest wishes for the good of his country. But he de-

spised the ranting, insinuating, cringing spirit, that could stoop to degrade the dignity of man ; and, under the specious plea of having the welfare of a nation at heart, suggest and support measures and resolves which might be honey in the mouths of their supporters, but hemlock to the rest of mankind. He loved the king with the open disinterested affection of a staunch subject ; but detested hypocrisy, and could not, consequently, read the acts of the reigning sovereign without regret and pain.

This was the father of young Greenville, and what men of the present day should be ; especially those who profess themselves anxious for the liberty and happiness of their nation. Whether many are so or not, I leave for my reader to determine ; more competent than myself, doubtless, to decide.

I have thus lightly sketched Sir Robert's character, in order to prepare him for a fair reception and welcome in the hearts of those who can sigh for, and commiserate the condition of, virtue, oppressed by severe and heart-rending trials.

To one who has been a prey to bodily or mental affliction, and still labours under some secret consuming thought, nothing is so reviving, or has such power to master the sense of sorrow, as the clear sky, the refreshing incense, and wild harmony of a fine morning. Although November cannot afford us luxuries such as these, yet, a bracing air and cloudless welkin can cheer and man us for exertion. But Edmund Greenville rose to a cheer-

less, murky, and inauspicious day ; without all wore the appearance of melancholy, and the fire within burnt dull and heavily.

In vain Sir Robert endeavoured to rouse him : a settled pensiveness appeared to root him to himself, and render him indifferent to all that was passing. Attributing it, as before, to indisposition, and his cold reception on the part of Miss Wilford, he tried every means to rally him into a cheerful humour.

“ My affection is slighted, and my offers refused,” said Edmund ; “ some happy being engages her affections, and I will—nay, I must renounce all hopes, and with them the image even of that amiable girl for ever ! I will endeavour to divert my thoughts, however,” he continued, “ by a stroll through the city.”

“ Do so,” said his father, “ it may be of benefit ; and as I am engaged until a late hour, dispose of your time accordingly.” At that moment a whistle, shrill, and thrice repeated, rung through the ears of the father and his son.

The former startled at the sudden sound, went to the window—but no one was there.

“ Who could it be,” said Sir Robert.

“ ’Twas loud enough,” said Edmund, who sickened at the summons ; for he then remembered his fatal engagement. The devil is come early enough for his prey, he thought : well, be it so, the sun may not shine any more upon—

Again the note, more prolonged, and even louder than before, irritated the old gentleman, and accused the remissness of Greenville.

"For curiosity, I will go and see what it means," observed Edmund; and throwing an Italian cloak over his shoulders, he quitted the room.

He looked around, but there was no one: proceeding on, as he passed a narrow alley that branched off from the main street, some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned round, and there, to his horror, stood, wrapped closely about with a cloak, and muffled so as to prevent being known, the daring companion of that fearful evening.

With difficulty he supported himself, as he staggered to where was his evil genius.

"You are punctual to the letter," observed Edmund tremulously, "but deeds of darkness require not a monitor. All are not so—why was not Sir Everhard at Lady Bolton's?—I have resigned my pretensions; and given up so fruitless a task as"—

"'Tis well," rejoined his companion.—

"What!"—

"'Tis well," he repeated in a deep low tone.

"What do you mean? For heaven's sake explain."

"Invoke not heaven now," replied his companion; "it is an unfit season: and you had better forget this subject till our business is transacted."

"Business call you it?" sighed Edmund, "say cool"—

“Hush—no more—as you value your life be silent.”

They proceeded, therefore, in silence, from alley to alley, and through the loneliest ways of the metropolis; when Greenville's attention was invited to a good looking building, which formed the termination of the street.

“That,” said his companion, “is my friend's residence, we shall receive a warm welcome.

“Warm enough, no doubt,” replied Edmund; “but are we not near the water side?”

“You guess rightly,” answered his companion; at the same instant opening the door, he was hailed by the identical fellow he met the other evening.

As it closed upon them, Greenville's companion, throwing aside his cloak and hat, and seizing him by the hand, exclaimed, Mr. Greenville; behold me in my true colours; it is time to discover whom I am; before you stands Henry Garnet.”

“The traitor!” exclaimed Edmund.

“The avenger of insult and tyranny,” said Garnet.

“Come,” he continued, “you will not be disgraced by the company to whom I shall introduce you.” Accordingly, he led the way down a winding flight of stairs, the darkness increasing as they proceeded, until they at last reached a low and narrow door.

“Where will you lead me?” said Edmund.

“To no harm,” replied Garnet.

Young Greenville trembled.—

His companion gave three knocks, pausing between each salute.—

All was silent.

Garnet pronounced in a hollow tone, “Memor promissor.”

There was no reply.—

Greenville grasped the arm of his companion.

“Memento,” whispered Garnet.—

Slowly grated upon its heavy and time-worn hinges, the massy door opening just sufficiently to admit the Jesuit and his companion. Instantly it was closed, and before Edmund could remove his apprehensions, which were now worked up to terror, Garnet touched a spring, and a casement flying back, as by magic, presented to the astounded victim, a cellar brilliantly illumined and filled with a numerous party. At their approach the company arose: but without uttering a word, saluted them as friends, by a smile and nod. “Do not tremble Mr. Greenville,” said Garnet, “we have a trifling ceremony or two to perform, and then an overflowing glass to the success of our undertaking.”

To Edmund this man appeared more than human; Sir Everhard had introduced him to a wretch, he now clearly felt convinced; and, though his situation was appalling, his reason and a quickness of thought which often attends us in moments of trial, made him suspect the intention of that villain from their first interview. At present it would have been madness to attempt re-

sistance, or obstinately oppose the plans of these demons of destruction, he therefore quietly awaited the result.

The brilliant light which irradiated the pit served only to render this Pandemonium in miniature more gloomy. The roof was arched, and considerably higher than the generality of wine cellars : on each side were recesses cut out to some depth in the wall, in each of which was placed a large taper. At the top, a more spacious niche presented the rude preparations for the administration of the most awful of our religious ceremonies ; I ought to say, for the *mockery* of this solemn engagement ; nor will the reader, I hope, censure the introduction of so sacred a subject when he remembers the transaction is historical and that the author at present embodies it with fiction, for the purpose only (if it be possible) of throwing a darker shade on that infernal transaction. To this spot did Garnet walk with a measured and stately step : his gait was lofty, and his bold deportment such as to impress a beholder with awe. In the centre of the cellar stood a table, on which were placed some slight refreshments and choice beverage : around this were ranged the wretches, who now formed a half circle opposite to where Garnet had placed himself. The Jesuit beckoned to Edmund, who unwillingly advanced to the summons : at his approach the villains divided, and admitting him to the centre again, resumed their stations. They were clad in various garb according to the fashion of the times, differing in dress, nevertheless, as their rank and

circumstances varied. But *all* were armed with dagger, sword, and pistol ; and a mind resolved to succeed or perish.

For a moment there was a pause, and each man fixed his eye on Garnet.

“ Are you resolved,” demanded the Jesuit.

“ We are.”

“ To slay the slayer with the sword, and exterminate the race of tyrants ?”

“ We are.”

“ Will you solemnly pledge never to betray, forsake, or abandon the followers of this enterprise, though torture and death await you ?”

“ We do.”

“ Who shall be the successor ?”

“ Elizabeth.”

“ Will you defend her ?”

“ With our heart’s blood.”

“ Spare you those unconscious Puritans ?”

“ Their sins upon their own heads.”

“ How ?”

“ They must die and perish.”

“ Are you all of one mind—all united ?”

“ All.”

“ Shall your enemies be punished with fire or sword ?”

“ The act must be prompt, and short the pain ; let us not torture,” said a low, deep voice.

“ Is the torch ready and the match prepared—is the

fuel of death disposed, and the hand nerved for destruction."

"Yes!" was the dreadful reply.

"Who will undertake the bold and perilous task?"

"I," said one, who till now was unobserved; and he stepped forward and knelt before Garnet.

This was no other than Fawkes.

And now the Jesuit performed the two offices required at his hands: the oath of secrecy was administered, and the other nameless ceremony enforced. The man then retired. All was hushed; their breathing being scarcely audible. Every eye was fixed, though not a word was uttered; and Edmund awaited, in painful agony and horror, the moment when this dreadful task would be imposed upon him. In vain he endeavoured to keep collected; the horrible idea flashed across his mind, of traitor and murderer; and "oh, my father," baffled every trial he made to devote his thoughts and commend his fate to the Supreme Being.

Garnet now descended from his rudely-constructed seat, down two or three large, unshapen stones, which had been placed there to serve for steps. On each side of the niche two feeble lamps glimmered, whose flames waved to and fro as the Jesuit descended. For a moment he scrutinised the assembled body, walked to the right side of the semi-circle, and called upon Sir Everhard. To the surprise of Edmund, the man came forward, for he had not previously observed him, and

followed Fawkes's example. In this manner did the Jesuit act with every one present, omitting, however, Greenville; this relieved Edmund a little, but soon the hope which elated him fled, when he perceived Garnet take a dagger and pistol, and advance to where he was stationed.

"Edmund Greenville," exclaimed the Jesuit, "approach." The big, cold drops of remorse and agony rolled down the poor fellow's face as he obeyed the wretch's summons. In an instant there flashed from the scabbards of every man, like the vivid lightning of the muttering storm, the sparkling steel; and as quickly were their weapons and pistols crossed one over the other around the Jesuit and his victim. Greenville could no longer bear up against the tide of anguish; his brain, long feverish, became insupportable; he reeled, staggered, and fell into the arms of Garnet. On recovering, he found himself stretched upon a couch, and the Jesuit by his side.

"Ah!" he stammered, "wilt thou never forsake me,—away, thou blood-thirsty fiend, nor disturb my tortured mind."

"I cannot leave you now," was Garnet's cool reply; "but will see you safely conducted home, when you command. Yet know, young man, before you stands one not lost to every sense of honour. I dare conspire against and destroy the public oppressor—the private friend is sacred; nor will Henry Garnet demean his

manhood in ensnaring innocence into favouring a cause, when the reasons that actuated him are discovered to be false—

“ You mistake me, Mr. Greenville.”

The Jesuit pronounced this deliberately and emphatically. Edmund was astonished; it seemed to rouse him from his despondency; he beheld in the countenance of this man, as he concluded, a stern but manly resolution; the bravado had vanished, and his eye shot forth the expression of high resolve.

Edmund expressed a desire to go.

“ Be it so,” said the Jesuit, and he accompanied him as far as his residence. Before they parted, Garnet offered his hand, which Greenville accepted. The Jesuit looked him fully in the face, and then whispering in his ear, “ I am not your enemy,” was out of sight in a minute.

CHAPTER VI.

Fly! Fly! for even now, in search
Of traitorous culprits, the stern fiends of law
Do pace the city round! Your plot is known;
Your names discovered; and an ignoble end
Is your's if you delay.

Old Play.

It was a relief to Greenville, on returning home, to find a note from his father, informing him of some unex-

pected delay, which would detain him till the following morning. An additional comfort and pleasure was a letter from Rodomond, to whom an early acquaintance and friendship had closely cemented him. In youth they had been united by that free and impassioned affection, which seldom looses any of its warmth by the fulness of years. Perhaps absence and misfortune may rekindle the long smothered flame, and bid it glow with increased fervour.

In our misfortunes the slightest apprehension of evil increases our fear, and threatens like the louring thunder cloud, the hapless victim beneath it; and the feeblest ray of sunshine peeping through a stormy welkin, revives our hopes, and seems to cheer with promises scarce its own.

Greenville's spirits, however, could not be otherwise than depressed, on reflecting into what a predicament he had fallen. The net had been too carefully spread, to discover before entrapped, the fatal snare; but he flattered himself with being secure from the fate of those who had with heart and hand resolved to devote themselves to the accomplishment of the undertaking, when he conned over the parting assurance of the Jesuit. There was in this man, he thought, less ferocity and villany than at first appeared to influence his actions; yet he trembled at the horrible plot in which he had engaged, and well knew the danger he risked, in being an accomplice in the plans and meetings of this traitorous

convocation. Which ever way he directed his reflection, the painful accusation stared him in the face ; and held to his view in glaring capitals ‘ you should have repented and disclosed.’

“ Be it so,” he exclaimed, in an agony, “ the die is cast—were it not for an affectionate father, what of the last pang—but, oh ! the shock—the bitterness of disgrace.” Wrapped up in his own cogitations, and musing with anxiety on the result of the late awful proceedings, he beheld with surprise the shades of evening dropping by degrees upon the hemisphere. Having paced to and fro, and endeavoured by every means to banish reflection, he threw himself on the sofa ; and tried to compose his spirits. Exhausted nature was yielding to the balmy potency of sleep, when a soft knock at the door, thrice repeated, startled Greenville.

“ ’Tis he.”—good God ! what has happened—the blow cannot be struck—.”

Garnet entered, pale as death ; his locks of dark hair hung dishevelled loosely around his forehead, and a quiver agitated his lip.

“ ’Tis all o---ver,” ejaculated the Jesuit ; and he flung himself on the sofa from which Edmund had risen.

“ Then I am ruined,”—said Greenville.

Garnet uttered a heavy sigh.

“ Tell me,” said Edmund, “ are we discovered, be-

trayed, what—what, for heaven's sake, makes your lips so to quiver?"

"Greenville," said the Jesuit, "told I not a tale of truth, and prophesied I not, that when Henry Garnet brandished sword, and presented pistol, the day of woe would be near at hand; that his heart should chill and voice falter, and his days be as the few which are numbered to the wretched felon——Fawkes is taken."

"Taken," said Edmund!

"Aye, and shewn to the rack ere this," replied Garnet; "two ruffians, black as himself, seized the poor fellow, and that fox, Kennet, pointed with his finger, and grinned with his mouth at the happy discovery. A curse upon him! would that this had been near enough," he continued, drawing a pistol from his belt, and smiling, as Greenville retired from the unenviable acquaintance.

"And told he truth, Garnet, I thought his soul was ——"

"Soft, and as fickle as that crowned baby; the rack frightened the child into a confession; he told all he knew, every name."

"What! Edmund Greenville's, Sir Everhard's?"

"Even so," said the Jesuit.—But observe; on the last I depended; he has deceived me; woe to the two-faced traitor. You, even you, I had devoted to the cause; but not from mercenary, not from unmanly mo-

tives ; my soul is, and was, and ever shall be, the same upon the scaffold as it has been in dreaming of it ; firm and unbiassed. It may be softened, but not to tremble at a resolve, aroused and fixed from reason—but, why this idle converse, enough to tell you freedom and honour and happiness, will yet be yours. Think me not a villain, a wretch without any humanity, devoid of the common feelings of man. For yourself fear not ; for me a prayer to heaven, if not too late, may snatch my soul from hell. The fiend-like Garnet will not close his eyes without discharging one duty, one farewell act of honesty in this world. But I must fly, the bloodhounds are on the scent, and even at this moment they may be waiting to seize their victim. Farewell—fear not.”

“ Ah, but the oath ! ” cried Edmund.

“ Can never hurt you ; once more, farewell.”

Wrapping his large and dark mantle around him, and screening his face as well as he could with his hat, he grasped the hand of Greenville, convulsively shook it, and rushed from the door.

Edmund retired to his room and gave a free indulgence to the dreadful thoughts which now arose in his mind. Oh, my father, what will he feel : perhaps it is already known ; yes, now his ears are dunned with “ Edmund Greenville is a traitor ; ” this hour may pass o’er my head and leave me the associate of the most common wretches. At this moment the report of pistols

were heard ; Edmund hurried out, unconscious of what he was doing ; “ ’tis Garnet,” he exclaimed ; he would preserve me from disgrace, but cannot.” True, indeed, it was the Jesuit, but not attended as Greenville expected ; at his feet lay Sir Everhard to all appearance lifeless, and over him stood Edmund’s late companion. A mob, however, collecting, soon secured the Jesuit, who attempted, though in vain to fly, while the victim was carried by order of Greenville to his house.

The truth, of what at first was listened to but as an idle report, with little or no foundation, had now fully established itself in the belief of every one. The daring attempt was told with fear and terror, and spread like wild-fire through all ranks of society ; it was soon whispered that young Mr. Edmund Greenville was concerned. This could not escape his father’s knowledge, who hastened on hearing the rumours which were circulated about, to ascertain the truth from his son. Edmund little dreamt of such a severe trial being so near : nay, had almost forgotten, so perturbed was his mind with the present affair, that his parent was not to return that night.

The knock, however, though quick and tremulous, pierced like a dagger the heart of Edmund ; he was ready to sink to the earth, as the well known steps of the old man were heard along the passage. Immediately he opened the door, Edmund approached with

downcast looks and fell upon his knees before his father, who clasping his boy, wept over him, whose demeanour already declared a foundation for the reports abroad. For some time neither were able to break the silence : and both dreaded to name the reason of this unexpected return. But it was told in the sigh of the heart, and the tear of the eye ; and Sir Robert groaned as he anxiously gazed on the now blasted hopes, which so long had been the food of life.

“ Oh Edmund, Edmund, you have brought your poor old father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave ; what fiend, what more than demon has led you into this pit of destruction and disgrace.”

Young Greenville pressed the hand of his father, and bitterly weeping, indistinctly pronounced his name.

“ Oh, my son ; these tears of penitence are drops of comfort : they have won thy father's pardon, and will thy sovereign's, if mercy yet on earth has power to raise.”

“ Mercy,” ejaculated Edmund ; there is no mercy but above : there, there alone can thy abandoned, wretched son hope for a moment's peace—oh, my poor heart ; but where is Sir Everhard—oh, I had forgotten : see father, will you go and comfort a dying sinner.

“ Compose thyself, my son, he is not here.”

“ Up, up stairs,” rejoined Edmund. “ I heard the report, hastened to see what had taken place, and found him lifeless to appearance on the cold earth, and Henry Garnet over him.”

" Their names are on the roll of traitors."

" Be it so," said Edmund, now rising and assuming a serious, melancholy air. " Sir Everhard was mine enemy, yet I could not see him perish ; he has stamped eternal infamy on my character, still he is a human being, and humanity should ever dictate mercy."

" Oh, Edmund ; into what a labyrinth of misery you have plunged, a strange report is current about this man."

" My father, let not worldly malevolence induce us to leave a fellow creature in distress to perish ; whatever may be his crimes, their bitterness is tasted in the cup of remorse. And, oh, thou good and gracious, thou awful Power, whose habitation is in the realms of eternal day, look down with an eye of pity on my abject fallen state, and suffer humanity to alleviate the throes of excruciating misery.

How few the hours of life : they pass never to return : no, no—they are stored up in the cares of reflection, food for a future moment : they may be lost in the past, but futurity hoards them for the hour of probation.

Sir Robert had thrown himself into a chair, and Edmund was yielding to the various passions which agitated him, when old Jacob entered with a letter for the latter.

The father trembled as his son perused the epistle, but when he beheld the paleness of Edmund change to a more pallid hue, as he closed the letter, starting from

his seat, he requested to know if the case was even worse than reported.

“Rash fool that I was,” cried Edmund, “to become the slave of a faction, to yield to the snares of false regard, and to insult that which is most sacred on earth. Cursed, horrible rebellion ! that, under the guise of revenge, dictated and authorised by violence, dost skulk about at night, when sleep intoxicates mankind, to rob the unsuspecting, perhaps unprepared, of life, and send the spirit unpurified before a terrible tribunal. Oh, monster of hell, it chills my very life’s blood to reflect I’ve been a slave to thee.”

“Compose yourself, Edmund : Heaven and man may yet pardon thy misdoings.”

“That can never be,” “replied young Greenville ; “here, read this, look.”

“Fly, my dear Edmund, for the love you bear me ; if you regard my life fly, nor delay ; your enemies may now be at your door.”

“Fly,” ejaculated young Greenville ; “never, oh, never ; where can I hope for mercy, if forfeited in my native land ?”

“Edmund, Edmund, for Heaven’s sake be advised ; listen to a parent, to a fond father, and haste to a concealment until things wear a more favourable appearance, and pardon is secured. Do not bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

“Oh, my father! thou hast been ever kind, and fond, and affectionate; my latest prayers shall ascend for thee; but ask me not to add shame to shame—to wander an outcast—to sneak from hole to hole, like—but hark!”

Suddenly the door burst open, and a posse of men with one of authority at their head, entered the apartment.

“Mr. Greenville,” said the principal officer, “my duty is a painful one, but my orders are imperative; you will excuse this abrupt intrusion.—Edmund Greenville, I apprehend you as a traitor to his most sacred majesty, king James—you are my prisoner.”

“Traitor,” said Edmund, knitting his brow, and unsheathing his sword, “name not that word of infamy again; your prisoner; do you hear him, my father? True, I have violated the laws of my country, but I am not the blood-thirsty, unsparing villain, the rebel who can kill in sleep, surprise the unconscious innocent, or sweep off with ruthless hand the unsuspecting and unoffending.”

“Guards,” said the leader, “do your duty.”

“Forbear,” said young Greenville, throwing himself into an attitude of defence, and drawing forth a pistol, which he presented at the advancing foreman, “force me not to murder.”

The guards drew back.

“Enough,” cried Edmund, “I am now a willing prisoner, do with me as you will. And thou, Almighty power, oh, spare my poor old father; and if a death

awaits me, oh, let it be a soldier's ; unshackled, and inflicted by a soldier's arm.—Father, my father, will you, can you pardon the wretch, the fiend before you ; on his knees thy wretched offspring implores but one, and that a last forgiveness and blessing."

As he pronounced this, he sunk into the arms of Sir Robert, who, scarcely able to command his feelings, hung drooping over the prostrate form of his son.

The father could not resist the swelling affection which inflated his bosom, and bursting into a flood of tears, he raised his clasped hands to heaven, and feebly implored the divine favour and protection on the unhappy suppliant.

"I am satisfied," cried Edmund, starting up, as his father concluded, and rising to his former condition ; "I can now endure the worst, death is deprived of its sting, and I shall meet my fate with resignation."

"Edmund, once more, before we part—"

"Farewell, my father, remember in thy prayers that once thou hadst a son, and that eternal happiness is not denied the repentant sinner ;—farewell. Now, gentlemen, away."

Sir Robert stood rivetted to the spot : his eye rolled wildly, his whole frame shook, nor had he the power to move. Edmund, with downcast head and broken sighs, hurried from this severe trial ; but just as he was about to quit the once blissful roof which care had never

entered, or horror profaned, old Jacob knelt before him.

“Your old servant,” said the faithful fellow, “beseeches you will not part without suffering him to kiss the hand of one, whom he long has daily revered ; oh, my poor young master, God deliver thee ; for, sure I am, thy heart is good. Plead for him, oh plead for him, Sirs ; these arms have supported him, these eyes have dropped a tear upon him, this tottering worn-out frame once with him roved the fields and climbed the mountain’s side ; he then was tender, mild, and merciful ; he would not rob of life the smallest insect ; he loved humanity ; oh, he was kind and gentle.”

“Oh, that all men, Jacob, had thy heart,” exclaimed Edmund ; “Ye who are bound to execute the law’s decrees, to chain the free, to bind with slavery, to tear from life and all that is honorable ; here, learn the noblest virtue, hereafter practise it, and soften your authority with mercy.”

The breast of man is not always, or altogether insensible ; affliction and distress, though grown familiar, happily retain a charm to influence the passions, and preserve his nature from total insensitiveness. The blackest tyrant is but a man, and the fallen sons of Adam, from the highest to the lowest, from the most abandoned to the most virtuous in every station, and in every circumstance, are subject to the eloquence of worldly misery. Greenville took an affectionate farewell of old

Jacob, and recommending Sir Everhard to the care of his father, for the last time cast a melancholy and wistful gaze on the object he was about for ever to resign.

When Sir Robert had sufficiently recovered from the shock, and was in a state fit for communication, old Jacob informed him of his son's request. "And is the man dangerously wounded?" Sir Robert inquired.

"He cannot live long," was the old fellow's reply.

"I will see him, then," resumed Sir Robert, and he proceeded immediately to where the individual was lodged.

Every comfort and convenience which the suddenness of the act and bustle of the time would permit, was afforded: attendance was not wanting—but what earthly creature of perishing mould, or what human art, can blunt the arrow of death, or avert the inevitable decree.

The moment Sir Robert beheld the victim, (even then the picture of one in his long last sleep), his blood chilled, and his step faltered, as the dying man with difficulty raised his head and turned to see who approached his bed-side.

Sir Robert made himself known, and offered his services to the dying sinner, who stretched forth his emaciated arm, and unable to speak from excessive weakness, made signs that he wished for paper and pens. Occasionally a feeble sigh was heard to escape, scarcely audible; but sufficient to shew the state of mind in which the patient laboured. With difficulty he en-

deavoured to commit his wandering thoughts to the sheet ; having effected it, he enjoined by signs, that it should be delivered to Edmund Greenville, enveloped. The pen which he now held, dropped from its hold ; a sudden and a burning flush glowed for a moment on his cheek, it departed ; the hour of dissolution was at hand, his eye fixed unsteadily on those around ; again he raised himself up, pointed to the eternal world, heaved a sigh convulsively, drew his withered form together, and closed his eyes for ever.

For a moment all was silence ; then the last sad melancholy rights of the dead were performed, the curtain was closely drawn around, the taper of silence and mortality gleamed dimly on the table, and the house was wrapped like the world, in night and forgetfulness.

CHAPTER VII.

What form is that, and whose that look,
In silent trance to Heaven appealing,
His nervous limbs in tremor shook
By some convulsive feeling.

Wiffen.

It was a beautiful morning, bright, serene, and undisturbed by the gentlest breeze. Nature, even in this dreary season, shot forth an unusual brilliancy ; and the

animate and inanimate world appeared to overcome the spell of wintry loneliness. Much as the late conspiracy had been talked of, the theme was yet fresh ; and curiosity, unsatisfied with having witnessed the last duty of the law enforced on the victims of her vengeance, thirsted for the moment when that dreadful spectacle should again be renewed. The sun, though wanting his full and glowing splendour, still shone brightly on the transitory habitation of man ; and its rays feebly pierced through the massy and close-barred window of the Jesuit. Here and there, on the damp walls, hung broken fragments of rusting chains ; and the light of day's glorious luminary served only to increase the horror and dismal dreariness of the arched ceiling and hollow niches which formed this apartment. Garnet had been put on his trial, and condemned : his miserable cell was the threshold of the grave ; and he looked into its gloomy cavity, and upon the fresh mould around it, with the collected and composed spirits of one who has associated for a length of time with the terrors of annihilation. But, however resolved the mind may be, and whatever superiority the physical system may possess over the attacks of mortal trials, there is fixed in our nature that which revolts at the thought of being untimely ushered into eternity. We are unwilling, and dread to resign existence in the bed surrounded by sorrowing friends and relatives ; when the retrospect bids us hope for an approaching and eternal happiness. With

what reluctance then shall we step into the tomb, that has been too early prepared, and into which we must descend? The heart, cold and insensible, or daring as it may be, recoils at the precipice, and shudders at the unfathomable depth that gapes before it.

The morrow, ah, that dreadful morrow!

The culprit's heart beat quick and heavily, his wild eye roved around his lonely prison-house; and, rising from the miserable straw bed on which he had been lying, he raised, as far as his chains would permit, his hands to heaven, and thus exclaimed:

"Dost thou yet shine, light of heaven! sheddest thou thy beams on a convicted criminal—on one who must soon expiate his crime on a scaffold—cease, ah, cease to reproach him who is dead to remorse.

"With thee, man risest to industry, thou cheerest his labours, and thy setting is to him a welcome of repose. Thou that smilest on the sons of liberty, smile not on me, for thy smile is the warning of vengeance. Oh! that the lightning would consume me, and the thunder utter my knell. Death, and worse than death,—disgrace and infamy, summon me to the grave. Forget to rise, thou that melteth the drops of morning: clouds of night, linger on a little while, until I am no more. The damp sod soon will conceal me: yet, why do I fear to die? One pang, and then all his over: in death man is forgotten; in the grave there is no reproach. The worm crawls feasting in silence and darkness: the thistle

waves its hoary head; in the morning the daisy rejoiceth, in the evening she foldeth up her beauty. The robin perched on the head-stone of my rest, shall sing her story, and the green grass wave to and fro. Will not the wind howl? it will, but not to be heard; nor shall the lightning be seen when it flashes o'er the dead. The swain stands on my green grass bed, and whistles as the merry bells ring: man proudly strides over my bosom, and indifferently pointeth to the felon's grave; but all passeth unnoticed, unheard by the sleeper below."

In the Jesuit's breast, the sparks of noble feeling and sentiment yet survived, though smothered by the mad and violent passions of a misdirected enthusiasm; and he contemplated without dread the few hours of life now numbered to him.

So deeply was he buried in meditation, that he regarded not at first the entrance of a stranger, who, with a minister of his persuasion, had come to commune with, and solace him.

The grating of the heavy door even was unheard.

Suddenly awakening from his reverie, he lifted up his hollow eye; and seeing the individuals before him, angrily asked, why they dared thus to intrude on his sorrow? then recollecting himself, he stretched forth his arm, and welcomed the minister and his friend.

"Do not despond," said Mr. Wildon, "mercy is not wholly banished."

"Ah," said Garnet, with a sigh, "what has the world left for me to covet, who so long have played the villain. Even granting my life could be spared, that mercy would be ill bestowed, when name and fame, respect and honour, have ceased to uphold the character of man. Can a few years of miserable servitude and contemptuous existence, render me happier or better than one short pang, and an unenvied tomb; or make atonement to that Being, whose wrath I have so grievously provoked?"

"Garnet," replied the minister, "I mean not worldly mercy; that you cannot expect; but repentance is never too late, if purely sincere, and proceeding from a heart humbled and truly penitent."

"Mercy here," resumed the Jesuit, "I do not expect; nay, would not solicit; nor ought I to waste the few hours of life in idle speculation and useless conjecture. I am resigned, and prepared to meet my end."

"Think not, Garnet, I would distract your attention from futurity, to terrestrial vanity; no, let religion and heaven prevail; but suffer not your situation to freeze the better qualities of your heart at this moment."

"I have forfeited every claim to the comforts of the one, and promise of the other; in life I renounced their doctrines and commands, and cannot, although now dying, expect they will afford me comfort and assurance."

"But thou mayest obtain forgiveness hereafter," said

Mr. Wildon, "although on the brink of eternity: sincere and deep contrition for offences committed, and the resolve to sacrifice in word and deed to the Omnipotent, if permitted to survive, will wash away many a crime, and strongly influence Divine Mercy in thy behalf."

"I respect thy generous endeavours to solace a dying wretch, but now we must be brief; the light of life is fast burning to its end, already has it commenced to flutter, and soon for ever it will be extinguished."

Then turning to the stranger, he asked him if he had wherewith to consult, or commune with him.

"I am come not to intrude," replied Rodomond, "to interrupt the precious moments of the dying, or disturb the abode of sorrow and misery: my message is brief." "Here is a letter from Edmund Greenvile's hand," exclaimed the Jesuit, as he perused the letter. "Mr. Wildon, this young man is innocent: he must not die the death of a traitor; he must not untimely plunge into the grave, disgraced and dishonoured. My soul is yet darkened with one crime, she must be lightened of her load ere the trump of death command her to leave this tabernacle, and wing her way to the dread Judge of all. Will you grant me the means of performing this last duty? a few words written and signed in your presence, will rescue from an ignominious punishment, one whose heart I know is loyal, and fired with honourable feeling." To this Mr. Wildon with delight acquiesced, and Rodomond and himself beheld with unspeakable plea-

sure the signature of Henry Garnet attached to what would, in all probability, preserve the name, and fame, and life of young Greenville.

"I can now die yet more contented; man, tyrant man, dare not stain my memory with this, in addition to my other glaring offences!" exclaimed Garnet. "And mark me, ye who are present; mark and attest it, when the Jesuit, the wretch, the dark conspirator, shall be no more, bear witness to the crowd that shall see me die, and to those who would stamp eternal infamy on my memory—that Henry Garnet is no murderer. He dies for the cause he espoused: his sovereign he loved, but detested his vices, and those pampered wretches that swarm around his empty greatness. I have one more request," said Garnet, "and that is a word with Greenville; then, farewell for ever to all sub-lunary things and thoughts—farewell to man!"

Unable any longer to bear up against this touching scene, they left the prisoner, and proceeded to Edmund, whose situation, though far from comfortable, was by no means threatening, or so distressing as the other's. The reflection that virtue once excited him to manly pursuits, and that loyalty predominated in his heart, upholden by correct principle and firm integrity, chased away the tear from his eye, and banished abject despondency.

His was not the soul to yield to despair, or indulge in an overrated assurance; he practised not the bravado

who assumes outwardly what inwardly he cannot support. A confidence, arising from a consciousness that he was tempted into an undertaking, at which his heart ever should, and did then revolt, induced him to repose in an all gracious Maker, and to cherish the hope that his past life, and penitence for this enormity, might be a token of mercy betwixt him and his sovereign. But other thoughts, to him equally interesting, occupied his hours of solitude. The late events had been too quickly and collectively mixed together, to suffer each to be singly reviewed; now he traced them distinctly, from their origins to the present moment. Garnet's bold and bloody measures, his singular behaviour, the fatal attack on Sir Everhard, and the promise he made that an honorable acquittal awaited him, were topics ample enough to engage his most serious attention. Then his poor and broken-hearted father; the amiable and lovely, but lost Ellen; the dark, deceitful character of Sir Everhard; the return of his old acquaintance, the companion of his youth, whose actions appeared to be somewhat enveloped in mystery; and, last of all, the cold return he made to the fond, affectionate attachment of Angelica. Now he cursed his mad ambition, his cruel rejection, his folly, in not securing to himself one who, not till now, appeared the *woman* in every light, blessed with faithful endearment and modest merit. His life might have passed, if useless, at least unshadowed with a crime like this. He had then spared himself many an uneasy and unnecessary

reflection, nor subjected himself to the cruel indifference of those he could not but love.

The reader, perhaps, will pardon a digression from the immediate objects to the general circumstances and personages connected with this my uninteresting tale. We have remarked, that this horrible and singularly daring conspiracy had excited a national interest, and the curiosity of thousands had been gratified in the execution of some, and desperate self-destruction of others. Three or four only remained to satisfy the ravenous hunger of justice, and appease the cravings of the insulted and violated laws. Among this number was Garnet. Edmund Greenville's extensive acquaintance, his high and respectable connection, the beauty of his features, and his elegantly formed person, besides an amiability of temper, rendered him a general object of interest. All wished him well ; those who were intimately known to him, sincerely sympathized with him ; but one there was who wept in silence, and offered to heaven her prayers for his deliverance. The hardy, cold, unfeeling gaoler, grown familiar with scenes of woe, relaxed his usual severity, and yielded to the softer impulses of humanity. At this period Angelica chanced to be in London, and it was known to Ellen Wilford. Although a previous attachment had forestalled her love, yet she respected and admired Greenville ; and she now resolved, if possible, to effect an interview between Edmund and Angelica, and accordingly communicated with her faithful Rodo-

mond, who promised his aid to further her generous plans.

“ Angelica — still indulged a warm regard for Edmund, and her young and promising days would crowd upon her mind, with all their attendant delights. Ellen Wilford she had long known, and their friendship was pure and lasting ; to her, therefore, with confidence she might have entrusted her wishes and disclosed her projects. But the bosom of Angelica was stimulated by romance ; it was not the golden wand or glittering title, the dazzling wealth or alluring pageantry, that awakened a desire to obtain the affection of Edmund ; her love was of a nature unborn in sordidness, and not to be venally purchased ; she resolved to visit unknown to all, and, concealed from him, to gaze on that face she had so often ideally pictured, whose intellectual expressiveness yet haunted her daily walk, and formed the subject of her dreams. She did not even mention the project to Aunt Susan, whose demure and sober gravity would have been too daringly assailed by such a communication. This old lady supplied the place of a father and mother ; the respectable age of fifty recommended her to the friends of Angelica, as a person duly qualified for that arduous and responsible charge, and she certainly discharged her duty to the very letter of the engagement.

Edmund Greenville had forced her, unwillingly, to hope for much ; but his apathy, his apparent indifference, made her almost regret having yielded to so pure a pas-

sion ; for now she found little to cheer her despondency. Resolved, however, to execute her determination, she disguised her face and figure as much as possible, and hastened to the prison in which Edmund was confined. Previous to her visit, Mr. Wildon and Rodomond had been with Edmund, and he experienced a relief in hoping that a lasting disgrace might yet be averted from his family. The balm of pure religion, sincerely administered, rarely fails of effecting a reformation in the abandoned, and elevating the drooping spirits of the less obdurate criminal ; the genuine consolations and sympathy of friendship dispel the gloom of slavery, shed a light of hope on the dreary loneliness of a prison-house, and with cheering and animating assurances, qualify and empower the soul of man to bear with manly patience the trials of life, and exalt him above the abject servility of despondency.

Thus fortified and strengthened, Greenville almost forgot the inconveniences of his situation ; and the satisfaction in reflecting he was an unintentional abettor in the scheme of destruction, raised him nearly to a level with innocence. Edmund had not seen his father since the unfortunate occurrence, nor did he solicit the interview until some decisive step had been determined upon. The latter, however, had not been unemployed ; every means was adopted, and every interest united to extinguish the fire of sovereign fury, and quench it in the waters of mercy and forgiveness. Young Greenville

was anxious for the issue, whatever it might be ; he had received no intimation of a trial, and a mysterious uncertainty appeared to involve his fate. In misfortune and disgrace we wish for the arrival of that which, dreadful as it may be, is able to put an end to solicitude, and terminate our miseries with existence. The day was fast passing away, the shades of evening would soon prepare the world for the more sombre colouring of night,—and then, oh then, the awful, fatal morrow ! Garnet was to suffer—that daring, resolute, enthusiastic, and yet not unmanly character. Though his enemy, he pitied him, notwithstanding he had violated his promise, having neither written nor seen him since his confinement ; he could not refuse the tear of pity to a fellow-creature, whose talents, if otherwise employed, might have adorned his brow with an unfading wreath, and ciphered his name in the rolls of immortality.

He had been informed of Sir Everhard's death, and it gave him additional pain, on the Jesuit's account, for to the offence of rebellion was attached the crime of murder. The evidence appeared sufficiently strong and powerful to justify the most dreadful of human verdicts, and the unfortunate man, in the eyes of most people, was considered guilty.

Edmund could not divine the silence and neglect of the Jesuit ; his letter was unanswered, and in conferring with Rodomond and Mr. Wildon, they gave him to understand that no reply had been made to it. Thus per-

plexed, he wished for the hour of rest. The hour was now stealing upon nine, and all was silent, save the clank of a chain, or the heavy grating of the massy doors. Perchance, occasionally, the step of the warden might be heard at intervals along the narrow passage. But this was all that broke upon the stillness of slavery. The wearied and harassed powers of man are incapable of long sufferance ; exhaustion produces inactivity of mind and body, until the visible works of creation and the dreams of fancy yield to that drowsiness which at last ends in sleep.

Edmund had closed his eyes, but his thoughts continued to linger on those things and objects which had, when awake, engrossed his attention. A confused assemblage of events crowded his dreams, and the last sad scene of Garnet's fate, yet uncompleted, worked upon his brain, until, tortured with the imaginary reality, he awoke.—Garnet was by his side.

"Edmund Greenville," said the prisoner, an enemy stands before you, to ask forgiveness before he dies."

"You have my pardon, Garnet," exclaimed Edmund, grasping his tendered hand, be the past forgotten. Since initiated in these miseries, I blamed your silence only."

"Silence!" replied Garnet, astonished at the declaration. "Mr. Wildon and Rodomond beheld me write, promised to bear the letter to you."

"Are you ready, Mr. Garnet," muttered the old gaoler at this moment, "'tis getting late, and you have exceeded your indulgence."

"A few minutes more," said the Jesuit; "time flies fast when death is near, and more demands an utterance then, than in our life before. Edmund, to-morrow Garnet will be no better than the dust: yet, in this wretched dungeon, as before, in the presence of Rodomond and Mr. Wildon, I disavow the blood of Sir Everhard. But, what avails it to lament; doomed am I to die, and after life is extinct, it signifies not how our remains are disposed of, for perish they surely must."——

"Pardon me," broke forth the old gaol bird, popping his head half hid by an old slouch hat, into the apartment, "'tis growing late, you will have little rest, Sir."

"See you," said Garnet, "the kindness of this fellow; but, perhaps he wishes me well. Think you Edmund, we need much repose when death is so near? Edmund, farewell, remember my fate, and let that call forth some pity for one accursed of heaven. When thou dost hear the morning bell, think between each pause, and say, 'the Jesuit is no more.' Farewell, once more, farewell, for ever."

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid :
 Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head !

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Moore.

UNCONNECTED and uninteresting as the incidents of this tale must seem ; I may nevertheless, with the reader's indulgence be able, at least, to throw an appearance of consistency on the links which connect the story. To touch therefore on the principal characters : soon after Rodomond's departure, old Herbert Jackson paid the debt of nature, and Roland, after arranging his affairs, and committing his humble wealth to the care of old Margaret, resolved on seeking the abode of his guest : yet hopeful that the fate of poor Emma might be known.

Thus determined, he bade farewell to his faithful servant ; who forewarned him, with all the gravity of an old enchantress, of the dangers and evils which

were to befall him. Despising these fancies of an old woman, he proceeded to London, but, unacquainted with the name of his object, and ignorant of his sister's abode, he despaired of success; and though with indefatigable zeal he pursued the motive of his journey, yet the reward of his trouble appeared to fly the farther from his exertions. In the meanwhile Rodomond had not been neglectful of his solemn engagement; nor would his exertions have been fruitless, but for the events, which thus suddenly breaking forth, and in some degree involving the means connected with his pursuit, for a time checked, and, finally in the death of Sir Everhard, baffled his success. Since the apprehension and commitment of Edmund, the mystery of a greater part of young Greenville's conduct had been unravelled. The letters from Sir Everhard and Garnet had been kept back from Edmund; and little communication was permitted him with his friends or relatives. But all the exertions of those who laboured for his acquittal appeared to be on the eve of being rewarded. The young ladies' plans were altogether frustrated by the previous strict injunctions; but, the humanity of the Greenville's to one, who from the current account was the principal author of their calamities, raised them in the estimation, while it called forth the pity of the public.

Misfortune and disgrace, however justly merited or unprovoked, are the favourite topics of the world; and

seldom fail of being improved upon to the sufferer's cost. In the fashionable circles, at Lady B——'s, particularly, the principles and fate of Sir Everhard were the stimulus to polite and entertaining conversation ; while Edmund escaped not being reprobated for rashness of conduct, undutiful behaviour, and a cruel, unmanly pride in rejecting the amiable affection of Miss Angelica. From the splendid drawing room of fashion, through the multifarious gradations of rank and wealth, these affairs were over and again discussed. The wisdom and mercy of an unprecedented monarch was extolled and applauded ; the sin of rebellion held up as unpardonable in this, and damnable, without a shadow of forgiveness, in the next world ; while regret for young Edmund, and curiosity to behold Garnet suffer, worked up many almost to a pitch of frenzy. Some blamed because others censured and the law condemned ; the current of opinion generally blows in one direction ; and we praise because men praise, pity because men pity, and despise if the rest of mankind contemns. Is not this the case ? A third part of the world would be unable to answer why they so judged, despised, or pitied.

There are, however, exceptions in this, as in every other case ; but the examples are rare, and like other virtues, are with difficulty discovered amongst, and detected from, the rubbish that surrounds them.

To account for Greenville's sudden introduction to

Digby, without entering into that villain's previous plans and measures, it may be sufficient to inform the reader, that in the first instance they were advocates for the same fair hand and lovely face; and that a slight acquaintance enabled Sir Everhard to enforce his projects with a greater chance of success. Sir Everhard's acquirements and fascinating manners, were not sufficient to remove his rival, who was equally distant from the prize for which he so ardently contended; she was to be denied to both; but, notwithstanding Ellen Wilford admired the fashionable perfections of the one, she with pain delighted to dwell on the easy and endearing manners and devoted persecution of the other. The man of title saw this with jealousy and rancour, and vexation suggested to him one way to remove the hated opponent of his schemes. By what measures he effected this, to what means he resorted, and how the judgment and virtue of Edmund were duped, may excite the reader's curiosity, but it would be of little gratification to him to enter into a detail of those manœuvres. No one, I imagine, will long be at a loss to conceive what the disposition of man so quickly can fabricate. The open violator of the public peace, and the artful and insinuating serpent, that smiles while he entwines around our vital part the slimy poison of his arts; in a word, the accomplished villain, is never at a loss to find instruments for his purposes; and who is there amongst the best and most guarded that is not open and vulnerable to these attacks? Reason and

foresight, and virtue, are but human engines, bestowed by heaven to guard against the attacks of evil, and protect the advances of good. To the prevailing weight of the one, and slow progress of the other, may be attributed the victory of the first and the defeat of the second.

The preparations for, and journey to the scaffold, are more agonizing than suffering itself; for the torture of suspense, I think, must be infinitely more dreadful than the short pang which so soon is over. Many may have experienced this in their passage through life: that the anticipation of some expected evil, is equal to, if it does not exceed the sufferance. It is in vain, or to no purpose, that men assume outwardly what their situation forbids them inwardly to feel. He who is on the bed of death, or on his way to the block, must tremble. The most virtuous part from life with reluctance, and the sinner, hardened or penitent, cannot but shrink from the dubious future.

Garnet exhibited not signs of pusillanimity; displayed not like many of his fellow sufferers, a hazardous, careless indifference; his intrepidity and resignation, were founded on the basis of sincere remorse and penitence. Once an enthusiast in the worst of causes, he now started with horror at the scheme of destruction he had premeditated with the rest of his associates. Calm and composed, however, he expected the officers of justice; and prepared to meet his fate as became a man. He received them courteously, and conversed as though

he had been making ready for a marriage, rather than his end. But this with decency and humility. Every thing was soon arranged, and the procession moved forward. Through the long, narrow, and gloomy passages, whose windings occasionally were lighted by a miserable taper, did the slow and silent body move. Above the others, Edmund could hear the heavy, measured step of Garnet; the mournful bell now tolled; and, as the Jesuit passed, Greenville fancied he heard a long protracted groan escape the victim. It was so. It is a solemn scene, and ought to impress us with awe: death is familiar, and visits us under various circumstances, and in different situations. But, how much is his power magnified, and terror increased, when arrayed with the insignia of offended justice! To die in the presence of thousands—to kneel—to touch the fatal block—to behold the funeral pall—to look into our grave—to hear the prayer for the departing soul—to drop the signal, for a moment to shudder, and then to be no more.

Garnet had taken a farewell of those around: his last sentiments and advice were worthy of the world's examination and consideration; and the arm already raised for death dropped at the fatal signal, and ended the existence of the Jesuit.

At this moment a man was seen to force his way through the crowd to the foot of the scaffold: his attire was neat and simple, his countenance open, and whole

deportment unaffected and resolute. On being permitted to ascend the platform, to the astonishment of all, he declared himself the murderer of Sir Everhard.

“Behold,” said Roland, “the instrument and the hand that inflicted destruction ; but I have only avenged the murder of a father, and the violated innocence of a dear sister. I took away the life of one, who could share the loaf and bed of hospitality, and profane the unsuspecting confidence of beauty. I have punished the wretch, who plucked the rose to throw it among nettles ; who has ruined my peace, and degraded my kindred, after having shared my bread, and reposed under my roof. Garnet is innocent, I am the offender. You may now bind these blood-stained hands, and make me share the fate of him before me ; for death has no terrors for me. My poor old father and Emma have been revenged.” The wondering multitude gazed on the self-devoted criminal ; but the officers had no occasion to use their authority ; the scene of horror being over, they proceeded home with Roland, who quietly and silently accompanied them. That same day was Edmund unexpectedly restored to happiness and liberty ; and all his past sufferings appeared as trifles, when compared to the exquisite joy he experienced in again embracing his beloved parent. The silence of the wretched Jesuit was explained ; and the apparent neglect of those, from whom he expected consolation in the hour of distress, satisfactorily elucidated. At the hand of the Sovereign

did Edmund receive the most inestimable of treasures, the devoted heart of Angelica ; who not only pardoned his folly, for crime it scarcely could be called, but with true kingly generosity presented him with a present of exceeding rare value for a marriage gift. He was now acquainted with the circumstances attending his situation before the fiendish assembly, when remorse and agony overcame the feelings of nature, and left him to the mercy of his enemies. To his delight and surprise, he found that the oath had not passed his lips : the Jesuit, pre-informed of the motives which led Sir Everhard to desire the association of this youth in their projects, with all his failings owning a nobleness of spirit, at his own hazard resolved to save the life and reputation of the one, at the same time determined to punish the deception of the other.

Ellen Wilford and Rødomond were not long in fixing the day of their union, and Edmund, with his bride, readily consented to join their hearts and hands in the same hour. And, oh, how superlatively raised was Greenville's wonder, how exquisitely enhanced his love and respect, when the unintentional visit and secret anguish, nay, the whole conduct of Angelica was unfolded to him. As a boy he had played with her, when but a prattling child : as a youth, he had admired her, but unaccompanied with that delight which so often begets affection ; the riper years of manhood had introduced him to more artful beauties, and separated him

from the objects of earlier days : but affliction and trial, disgrace and sickness, had aroused the noblest passions of woman in her breast, and Greenville could not refuse to love. This is that affection which alone can purify us for the mansions of bliss, and soften and qualify our rough nature for the domestic virtues of life. Too often, alas ! do we behold the sacred altar of this heavenly union polluted by the sordid and profane approaches of interest and rank ; men disgrace their nature, and voluntarily make themselves miserable, for the sake of an empty title, or a profusion of perishable wealth ; as though the vain display of heraldry could confer true happiness, or the treasures of a Plutus preserve from mortality, or pave the way to immortality and peace. My Lady B——, like many of the present day, was the first to make Edmund's failings the fashionable subject ; and the foremost in congratulating, and declaring they were pardonable, because the errors of youth.

There was nothing wanting to complete the happiness of all parties ; yet, Greenville could not altogether obliterate the past as connected with Garnet ; and Rodmond felt for the situation of poor Roland and Emma. He left not, however, any means unemployed or unessayed, to procure the liberation of the former, whose late generous conduct demanded of gratitude some powerful return. Nor were his efforts fruitless ; much as there was to condemn Roland in the eye of the

law, there was in all the circumstances of this affair, a strong foundation for sympathy and mercy.

Roland had, by some clue, gained intimation of Digby's intended visit to Greenville ; and he determined at once to obtain immediate satisfaction and redress, or revenge his wrongs at the hazard of his own life. Accordingly, he watched for Sir Everhard, met him, and immediately declared his commission. Indignant at the accusation, and, kindling his too conscious guilt into a paroxysm of anger, he would have spurned the wretch who dared to insult his title and virtue ; but Roland insisted upon justice, although from his superior in life, and placed it in his power first to remove the advocate for justice. But Providence presides over the actions of men, and Sir Everhard fell. Shocked in the moment at the deed he had committed, Roland fled, when Garnet passed by, and being accoutred as he was, and under such suspicious circumstances, was without ceremony pronounced to be the offender.

The letter of Sir Everhard, the clear statement and authentic recital of this ungrateful man's return, the unhappy and degraded situation of Emma, were sufficient to wave the capital charge. But the mind of Roland Jackson was broken ; grief, and the recollection of his sister's fate, preyed upon the spirits of this noble, though unfortunate young fellow. Peace had fled his mind, and health his cheek : the brightness of his eye faded, and the robust frame, formed for athletic exer-

cise, dwindled into an emaciated form. He strayed back to his cottage, broken-hearted, and a prey to insanity; nor did sensibility appear to stimulate him, but on the turf which covered his parent. Here was he found by old Margaret, who ceased not to watch his motions; she gently raised his head, his limbs had become stiffened in death; she endeavoured to excite his attention. Once he looked on her, upturned his hollow eye to heaven, sighed forth the name of father, and closed his career for ever.

When Greenville and Rodomond were fathers, they visited the sacred spot, where Herbert and Roland slept together; endeared to their wives by sincere and impassioned devotedness, they thought on the tender objects which now increased their attachment.

It was the fall of evening, and about the period when the autumn begins to scatter the leaves of summer over the face of the earth. Silence reigned, undisturbed by a single whisper; it was a cloudy night; suddenly the moon broke forth in all her effulgent glory, they heard footsteps approaching, and retired.—It was the living shadow of poor Emma, that came to pay her wild homage to the sleepers; she was unlike the Emma of former years, when innocence and happiness made up her days, and tranquillity and contentment accompanied her to rest.

Poor Emma, thy troubles are now over, and the bleak winds of misery no longer assail thee. Sleep

on, in peace undisturbed ; there is one to whom thou art dear ; in whose bosom thou shalt yet repose. Many a sigh and tear has been indulged in by memory on the graves of the Jacksons ; in life they were loved and pitied, and in death remembered.

GASPAR WESSELING.

I NEVER saw so lovely a morning: every object was tinted with a clear yellow light—the thousand pinnacles and buttresses of the cathedral were sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and the tarlizans of the old fortress seemed to lose their harsh grim outline in most holy illumination. On the one hand rose the ponderous masses of the ancient city, with here and there the tower of a monastery or a church rearing its battlements amidst the confusion of uncouth chimnies, and fantastic smoke-wreaths. On the other, the giant oaks were casting long streaks of shade over the yellow corn-fields, and the winding river was seen at intervals, till it was lost in the dark masses of wood that skirted the distance. Oh! all was fragrant and refreshing; it was like that blessed morn, when the voice of the angel proclaimed to Saint Magdalene, that the Lord had arisen from the sepulchre.

The bells were tolling dismally in their turrets, and I could hear the chaunt of the monks, rising at times from the neighbouring minster. Those bells were tolling to

announce my execution ; that song was raised to speed my soul on its long, long journey.

But I was not allowed to enjoy this fair prospect in peace. They spoke, but I did not hear what they said ; they pointed to the car which stood ready to drag me round the ramparts to the gibbet. I comprehended their meaning, and mechanically obeyed them. The priest took his place beside me, and the executioner, masked and muffled, sat in the back part of the vehicle. The car rolled along slowly, while the bells chimed and tinkled in unison with the dead sound of the drums ; and the song of the mouks rose into a fuller diapason, as we approached nearer and nearer. The father-confessor prayed fervently and long ; with streaming eyes and tremulous voice he implored me to give but one sign of repentance,—he told me of heaven,—he told me of hell,—he reminded me of him who had died by a more shameful death than mine, that I might be saved. In vain his words fell upon my ear, but I sat in almost idiot listlessness. I bowed, and crossed myself in imitation of his action ; but I was gazing on the gilded towers, so fearfully contrasted with the ghastly implements of death and the solemn pageantry of the procession. Alas, heaven and earth were smiling in mockery of my sin and of its punishment. The swallow twittered carelessly over our heads ; the very dog snarled in derision, and laid him down to bask in the sunshine in undisturbed felicity.

The priest guessed my thoughts ; he foretold the time when the gigantic battlements should crumble into dust, when not one stone of the proud temple should remain upon another, when the sun himself should wax dim and be extinguished. But *I* should remain eternal, immortal. *How* I was to exist, depended on this moment. Alas ! conviction came too late.

We had now reached the termination of our fatal journey ; we descended from our vehicle, and advanced to the scaffold, which was erected on the ramparts, and commanded an extensive view of the plain below. I looked down on the almost numberless multitude of heads. At my appearance they rose and fell like the waves of a troubled sea ; they shrunk backwards in loathing and abhorrence, as if from some hideous reptile that was about to dart among them. I remembered many a face that I had known in my better days. I looked stedfastly at them ; they buzzed like a swarm of hornets—a smothered groan spread from man to man ; they moved, they nodded, they grinned at me. Oh ! as I live, every lip in that vast multitude is curled in scorn, every eye is glaring with a horrible defiance. I now experienced that dreadful thirst which is said to indicate approaching death. Thirst, can I call it ! my very vitals were scorched and consumed. Water, water, oh ! what is the wealth of the Indies compared with one drop of the pure, cool element.

I retain a painfully distinct recollection of the whole

scene—the executioner—the platform—the ladder—the gibbet and the noosed halter---the solitary raven that had perched on the gallows---the despairing countenance of the confessor---and the pale, livid faces of the spectators, that darkening wilderness of eyes, all concentrating in me. But what horseman is that ? He is covered with dust and sweat ; he is tottering on his horses' back with very fatigue. He comes from Dresden ; the crowd make way for him ; he has a paper in his hand, he dismounts, he presents it to the magistrate ; ah ! I see the Elector's broad seal. It is, it is my pardon. Oh, joy, joy ! the sad preparation is at an end, life is restored ; I am freed from the very jaws of death, to pass years of virtue, of happiness, of preparation for eternity. Alas, no, he hands it to his secretary, for it relates to other matters. He now reminded me that the appointed time had passed, and that I must prepare to ascend the ladder with the minister of public justice. I prayed, I knelt, I grovelled on the earth, I would love him, I would worship him, for one hour, one minute of delay. I wept, I pleaded, I had but one request—but one. I implored him to grant me time for preparation for another world ; would he kill my soul as well as my body ? No ! but his orders were peremptory, and he must comply with them. He told me, in a mournful voice, and with averted eyes, that if other measures failed, force must be resorted to.

Slowly and sullenly I suffered them to conduct me to

the foot of the ladder. The executioner stripped me of the upper part of my clothing, bound my passive hands behind me, and clipped off my long hair, of which I was once so vain. Fool, fool ! I was angry with him ; even at that moment I was weak enough to be angry.

Slowly and sullenly we reached the top of the ladder. I felt them fasten the fatal noose about my neck ; Oh, God ! I was horridly sick at that moment. What followed I know not ; I only remember, half unconsciously, giving the appointed signal. I fell some feet perpendicular, and at the same time the executioner leaped upon my shoulders to tighten the noose with his additional weight. A thousand, thousand lights, brighter than the sun, danced before my eyes ; my ears rung with a tumultuous mixture of sound, in which my own gaspings for breath, the shuddering groans of the spectators, and the cry of the boding fowl that sat above me, were joined with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and the harsh yelp of a thousand wolves. I writhed in my agony, to free my arms from the cords that bound them, and my shoulders from the wretch who still adhered to them. The lights danced, and flickered, and multiplied ; the sounds increased tenfold in loudness and variety. I felt as if I were red hot ; my blood churned in my veins, my pulses throbbed and fluttered, and were still. I grew cold as ice, darkness, and silence, and insensibility succeeded.—

I started from the bed on which I lay. The apart-

ment was large and gloomy; and instruments whose use I could not comprehend, were ranged on shelves along the walls. Was I in the regions of the king of terrors? Ah, no! for the good priest was seated beside the bed, in company with a venerable old man, and pronounced his emphatic benediction.

The story is short and simple. The priest had obtained my body of the magistrates, under pretence of burying it privately, but with the intention of conveying it to the chambers of a friend, a learned alchemist, whose labours had been rewarded by the discovery of an all-powerful elixir. The panacea had been applied to me while yet I was warm, and had succeeded in restoring me to life. Under the instructions of the good father, I had leisure to repent of my sins, and from his friend I learned the secret of his art.

It is now many, many years since my two benefactors have been removed to a better world. Alas! the boasted medicine was no specific for the lingering encroachments of age. The one bequeathed me all he had to leave, his blessing; the other a less important legacy, his apparatus and his library. I continue to inhabit his retreat.

I have now attained an extreme old age. Two generations have passed away within my remembrance, and I now wander in safety through the streets of Wittenberg, in the midst of those who have heard their grand-sires tell of the daring exploits of the noted Gaspar Wesseling.

From my prodigious age and secluded habits, I am regarded as a sacred and mysterious person. They implore my blessing for their children, and my prayers for the sick and afflicted ; they crowd around me to touch the hem of my garment. Poor people ; I tell them that I am frail and sinful as themselves, but they will not believe me. Could they recognise, in this hoary and decrepit form, the malefactor with whose wicked life and miserable death they are well acquainted ; with what different feelings would they regard me.

THE FATED HOUR.

“Wan the maiden was,
Of saintly paleness, and there seemed to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly.”

Southey's Joan of Arc.

“The clock has toll'd; and hark! the bell
Of death beats slow.”

Mason's Elegies.

A HEAVY rain prevented the three friends from taking the morning's walk they had concerted: notwithstanding which, Amelia and Maria failed not to be at Florence's house at the appointed hour. The latter had for some time past been silent, pensive, and absorbed in thought; and the anxiety of her friends made them very uneasy at the visible impression left on her mind by the violent tempest of the preceding night.

Florence met her friends greatly agitated, and embraced them with more than usual tenderness.

“Fine weather for a walk!” cried Amelia: “how have you passed this dreadful night?”

“Not very well, you may easily imagine. My residence is in too lonely a situation.”

“Fortunately,” replied Maria, laughing, “it will not long be yours.”

“That’s true,” answered Florence, sighing deeply, “the Count returns from his travels to-morrow, in the hope of soon conducting me to the altar.”

“Merely in the *hope*?” replied Maria; the mysterious manner in which you uttered those words, leads me to apprehend you mean to disappoint the Count.”

“I?---No; but how frequently in this life does hope prove only an untimely flower?”

“My dear Florence,” said Maria, embracing her, “for some time past, my sister and I have vainly attempted to account for your lost gaiety, and have been tormented with the idea, that possibly family reasons had induced you, contrary to your wishes, to consent to this marriage which is about to take place.”

“Family reasons! am I not then the last of our house, the only remaining one, whom the tombs of my ancestors have not as yet inclosed? And have I not for my Ernest that ardent affection which is natural to my time of life? Can you think me capable of such duplicity; when I so recently depicted to you, in the most glowing colours, the man of my heart’s choice?”

“What then am I to believe?” inquired Maria. “Is it not a strange circumstance, that a young girl, handsome and witty, rich and of high rank, and who, inde-

pendently of these advantages, will not by her marriage be estranged from her family, should approach the altar with trembling?"

Florence, holding out her hands to the two sisters, said to them:—

"How kind you are; I ought really to feel quite ashamed in not yet having placed entire confidence in your friendship, even on a subject which is to me, at this moment, incomprehensible. At present I am not equal to the task; but in the course of the day I hope to be sufficiently recovered. In the meanwhile let us talk on less interesting subjects."

The violent agitation of Florence's mind was now so evident, that the two sisters willingly assented to her wishes. Thinking that the present occasion required trifling subjects of conversation, they endeavoured to joke with her on the terrors of the preceding night. However, Maria finished by saying, with rather a serious air;—

"I must confess, that more than once I have been tempted to think something extraordinary occurred. At first it appeared as if some one opened and shut the window of the room in which we slept, and then as if they approached my bed. I distinctly heard footsteps; an icy trembling seized me, and I covered my face over with the clothes."

"Alas!" exclaimed Amelia, "I cannot tell you how frequently I have heard similar noises. But as yet nothing have I seen."

"Most fervently do I hope," replied Florence, in an awful tone of voice, "that neither of you will ever, in this life, be subject to a proof of this nature."

The deep sigh which accompanied these words, and the uneasy look she cast on the two sisters, produced evident emotions in them both.

"Possibly *you* have experienced such proof?" replied Amelia.

"Not precisely so : . but—suspend your curiosity. This evening—if I am still alive—I mean to say, that this evening I shall be better able to communicate all to you."

Maria made a sign to Amelia, who instantly understood her sister ; and thinking that Florence wished to be alone, though evidently disturbed in her mind, they availed themselves of the first opportunity which her silence afforded. Her prayer-book was lying open on the table, which now perceiving for the first time, confirmed Maria in the idea she had conceived. In looking for her shawl, she removed a handkerchief which covered this book, and saw that the part which had most probably occupied Florence before their arrival, was the Canticle on Death. The three friends separated, overcome and almost weeping, as if they were never to meet again.

Amelia and Maria awaited with the greatest impatience the hour of returning to Florence. They embraced her with redoubled satisfaction, for she seemed to them more gay than usual.

"My dear girls," said she to them, "pardon I pray you the abstraction of this morning. Depressed by having passed so bad a night, I thought myself on the brink of the grave; and fancied it needful to make up my accounts in this world, and prepare for the next. I have made my will, and have placed it in the magistrate's hands; however, since I have taken a little repose this afternoon, I find myself so strong, and in such good spirits, that I feel as if I had escaped the danger which threatened me."

"But, my dear," replied Maria, in a mild yet affectionate tone of reproach, "how could one sleepless night fill your mind with such gloomy thoughts?"

"I agree with you on the folly of permitting it so to do; but had I encouraged depressing ideas, that dreadful night would not have been the sole cause, for it found me in such a frame of mind, that its influence was not at all necessary to add to my horrors. But no more of useless mystery; I will fulfil my promise, and clear up your doubts on many parts of my manner and conduct, which at present must appear to you inexplicable. Prepare yourselves for the strangest and most surprising events. But the damp and cold evening air has penetrated this room, it will therefore be better to have a fire lighted, that the chill which my recital may produce be not increased by any exterior cause."

While they were lighting the fire, Maria and her sister expressed great joy at seeing such a happy change

in Florence's manner; and the latter could scarcely describe the satisfaction she felt, at having resolved to develope to them the secret which she had so long concealed.

The three friends being alone, Florence began as follows :—

“ You were acquainted with my sister Seraphina, whom I had the misfortune to lose, but I alone can boast of possessing her confidence; which is the cause of my mentioning many things relative to her, before I begin the history I have promised, in which she is the principal personage.

“ From her infancy, Seraphina was remarkable for several singularities. She was a year younger than myself; but frequently, while seated by her side I was amusing myself with the playthings common to our age, she would fix her eyes, by the half hour together, as if absorbed in thought; she seldom took any part in our infantine amusements. This disposition greatly chagrined our parents; for they attributed Seraphina's indifference to stupidity, and they were apprehensive this defect would necessarily prove an obstacle in the education requisite for the distinguished rank we held in society, my father being, next the prince, the first person in the country. They had already thought of procuring for her a canonry from some noble chapel when things took an entirely different turn.

“ Her preceptor, an aged man, to whose care they

had confided her at a very early age, assured them, that in his life he had never met with so astonishing an intellect as Seraphina's. —My father doubted the assertion : but an examination, which he caused to be made in his presence, convinced him that it was founded in truth.

“ Nothing was then neglected to give Seraphina every possible accomplishment ;—masters of different languages, of music, and of dancing, every day filled the house.

“ But in a short time my father perceived that he was again mistaken ; for Seraphina made so little progress in the study of the different languages, that the masters shrugged their shoulders ; and the dancing-master pretended, that though her feet were extremely pretty, he could do nothing with them, as her head seldom took the trouble to guide them.

“ By way of retaliation, she made such wonderful progress in music that she soon excelled her masters. She sang in a manner superior to that of the best opera-singers.

“ My father acknowledged that his plans for the education of this extraordinary child were now as much too enlarged, as they were before too circumscribed ; and that it would not do to keep too tight a hand over her, but let her follow the impulse of her own wishes.

“ This new arrangement afforded Seraphina the opportunity of more particularly studying the science of

astronomy ; which was one they had never thought of as needful for her. You can, my friends, form but a very indifferent idea of the avidity with which (if so I may express myself) she devoured those books which treated on celestial bodies ; or what rapture the globes and telescopes occasioned her, when her father presented them to her on her thirteenth birth-day.

“ But the progress made in this science in our days did not long satisfy Seraphina’s curiosity. To my father’s great grief, she was wrapped up in reveries of astrology ; and more than once she was found in the morning occupied in studying books which treated on the influence of the stars, and which she had begun to peruse the preceding evening.

“ My mother, being at the point of death, was anxious, I believe, to remonstrate with Seraphina on this whim ; but her death was too sudden. My father thought that at this tender age Seraphina’s whimsical fancy would wear off : however, time passed on, and he found that she still remained constant to a study she had cherished from her infancy.

“ You cannot forget the general sensation her beauty produced at court : how much the fashionable versifiers of the day sang her graceful figure and beautiful flaxen locks ; and how often they failed, when they attempted to describe the particular and indefinable character which distinguished her fine blue eyes. I must say, I have often embraced my sister, whom I loved with the

greatest affection, merely to have the pleasure of getting nearer, if possible, to her soft angelic eyes, from which her pale countenance borrowed almost all its sublimity.

“ She received many extremely advantageous proposals of marriage, but declined them all. You know her predilection in favour of solitude, and that she never went out but to enjoy my society. She took no pleasure in dress ; nay, she even avoided all occasions which required more than ordinary expense. Those who were not acquainted with the singularity of her character might have accused her of affectation.

“ But a very extraordinary particularity, which I by chance discovered in her just as she attained her fifteenth year, created an impression of fear on my mind which will never be effaced.

“ On my return from making a visit, I found Seraphina in my father’s cabinet, near the window, with her eyes fixed and immoveable. Accustomed from her earliest infancy to see her in this situation, I pressed her to my bosom unperceived, without producing on her the least sensation of my presence. At this moment I looked towards the garden, and I there saw my father walking with this same Seraphina whom I held in my arms.

“ In the name of God, my sister —— !” exclaimed I, equally cold with the statue before me ; who now began to recover.

“ At the same time my eye involuntarily returned towards the garden, where I had seen her; and there perceived my father alone, looking with uneasiness, as it appeared to me, for her, who, but an instant before, was with him. I endeavoured to conceal this event from my sister; but in the most affectionate tone she loaded me with questions to learn the cause of my agitation.

“ I eluded them as well as I could; and asked her how long she had been in the closet. She answered me, smiling, that I ought to know best; as she came in after me; and that if she was not mistaken, she had before that been walking in the garden with my father.

“ This ignorance of the situation in which she was but an instant before, did not astonish me on my sister's account, as she had often shewn proofs of this absence of mind. At that instant my father came in, exclaiming: ‘ Tell me, my dear Seraphina, how you so suddenly escaped from my sight, and came here? We were, as you know, conversing; and scarcely had you finished speaking, when, looking round, I found myself alone. I naturally thought that you had concealed yourself in the adjacent thicket; but in vain I looked there for you: and on coming into this room, here I find you.’

“ ‘ It is really strange,’ replied Seraphina; ‘ I know not myself how it has happened.’

“ From that moment I felt convinced of what I had heard from several persons, but what my father always

contradicted; which was, that while Seraphina was in the house, she had been seen elsewhere. I secretly reflected also on what my sister had repeatedly told me, that when a child (she was ignorant whether sleeping or awake) she had been transported to heaven, where she had played with angels; to which incident she attributed her disinclination to all infantine games.

“My father strenuously combated this idea, as well as the event to which I had been witness, of her sudden disappearance from the garden.

“‘Do not torment me any longer,’ said he, ‘with these phenomena, which appear complaisantly renewed every day, in order to gratify your eager imagination. It is true, that your sister’s person and habits present many singularities; but all your idle talk will never persuade me that she holds any immediate intercourse with the world of spirits.’

“My father did not then know, that where there is any doubt of the future, the weak mind of man ought not to allow him to profane the word *never*, by uttering it.

“About a year and a half afterwards, an event occurred which had power to shake even my father’s determined manner of thinking to its very foundation. It was on a Sunday that Seraphina and I wished at last to pay a visit which we had from time to time deferred: for notwithstanding my sister was very fond of being with me, she avoided even my society whenever she could not

enjoy it but in the midst of a large assembly, where constraint destroyed all pleasure.

“ To adorn herself for a party, was to her an anticipated torment ; for she said she only submitted to this trouble to please those whose frivolous and dissipated characters greatly offended her. On similar occasions she sometimes met with persons to whom she could not speak without shuddering, and whose presence made her ill for several days.

“ The hour of assembling approached ; she was anxious that I should go without her : my father, doubting her, came into our room, and insisted on her changing her determination.

“ ‘ I cannot permit you to infringe every duty.’

“ He accordingly desired her to dress as quickly as possible, and accompany me.

“ The waiting-maid was just gone out on an errand with which I had commissioned her. My sister took a light to fetch her clothes from a wardrobe in the upper story. She remained much longer absent than was requisite. At length she returned without a light :—I screamed with fright. My father asked her in an agitated manner, what had happened to her. In fact, she had scarcely been absent a quarter of an hour, and yet during that time her face had undergone a complete alteration ; her habitual paleness had given place to a death-like hue ; her ruby lips were turned blue.

“ My arms involuntarily opened to embrace this sister

whom I adored. I almost doubted my sight, for I could get no answer from her ; but for a long while she leaned against my bosom, mute and inanimate. The look, replete with infinite softness, which she gave my father and me, alone informed us that during her continuance in this incomprehensible trance, she still belonged to the material world.

“ ‘ I was seized with a sudden indisposition,’ she at length said in a low voice ; ‘ but I now find myself better.’

“ She asked my father whether he still wished her to go into society. He thought, that after an occurrence of this nature, her going out might be dangerous : but he would not dispense with my making the visit, although I endeavoured to persuade him that my attention might be needful to Seraphina. I left her with an aching heart.

“ I had ordered the carriage to be sent for me at a very early hour : but the extreme anxiety I felt would not allow me to wait its arrival, and I returned home on foot. The servant could scarcely keep pace with me. such was my haste to return to Seraphina.

“ On my arrival in her room, my impatience was far from being relieved.

“ ‘ Where is she ?’ I quickly asked.

“ ‘ Who, mademoiselle ?’

“ ‘ Why, Seraphina.’

“ ‘ Mademoiselle, Seraphina is in your father's closet.’ ”

“ ‘ Alone ?’ ”

“ ‘ No, with his excellency,’ ”

“ ‘ I ran to the boudoir : the door, which was previously shut, at that instant opened, and my father with Seraphina came out : the latter was in tears. I remarked that my father had an air of chagrin and doubt which not even the storms of public life had ever produced in his countenance. ”

“ ‘ He made us a sign full of gentleness, and Seraphina followed me into another room ; but she first assured my father she would remember the promise he had exacted, and of which I was still ignorant. ”

“ ‘ Seraphina appeared to me so tormented by the internal conflicts she endured, that I several times endeavoured, but in vain, to draw from her the mysterious event which had so recently thrown her into so alarming a situation. At last I overcame her scruples, and she answered me as follows : ”

“ ‘ Your curiosity shall be satisfied in part. I will develope some of the mystery to you ; but only on one irrevocable condition. ”

“ ‘ I entreated her instantly to name the condition : and she thus continued :— ”

“ ‘ Swear to me that you will rest satisfied with what I shall disclose to you, and that you will never urge nor ”

use that power which you possess over my heart, to obtain a knowledge of what I am obliged to conceal from you.'

"I swore it to her."

" ' Now, my dear Florence, forgive me, if, for the first time in my life, I keep a secret from you ; and also for not being satisfied with your mere word for the promise I have exacted from you. My father, to whom I have confided every thing, has imposed these two obligations on me, and his last words were to that effect.' "

"I begged her to come to the point."

" ' Words are inadequate to describe,' said she, ' the weight I felt my soul oppressed with when I went to get my clothes. I had no sooner closed the door of the room in which you and my father were, than I fancied I was about to be separated from life and all that constituted my happiness ; and that I had many dreadful nights to linger through, ere I could arrive at a better and more peaceful abode. The air which I breathed on the staircase was not such as usually circulates around us ; it oppressed my breathing, and caused large drops of icy perspiration to fall from my forehead.' Certain it is, I was not alone on the staircase ; but for a long while I dared not look around me.

" ' You know, my dear Florence, with what earnestness I wished and prayed, but in vain, that my mother would appear to me after her death, if only for once. I fancied that on the stairs I heard my mother's spirit

behind me. I was apprehensive it was come to punish me for the vows I had already made.'

" ' A strange thought, certainly !'

" ' But how could I imagine that a mother, who was goodness itself, could be offended by the natural wishes of a tenderly-beloved child, or have imputed them to indiscreet curiosity ? It was no less foolish to think that she, who had been so long since inclosed in the tomb, should occupy herself in inflicting chastisement on me, for faults which were nearly obliterated from my recollection. I was so immediately convinced of the weakness of giving way to such ideas, that I summoned courage and turned my head.

" ' Although my affrighted survey could discover nothing, I again heard the footsteps following me, but more distinctly than before. At the door of the room I was about to enter, I felt my gown held. Overpowered by terror, I was unable to proceed, and fell on the threshold.

" ' I lost no time, however, in reproaching myself for suffering terror so to overcome me ; and recollected that there was nothing supernatural in this accident, for my gown had caught on the handle of an old piece of furniture which had been placed in the passage, to be taken out of the house the following day.

" ' This discovery inspired me with fresh courage. I approached the wardrobe : but judge my consternation, when, preparing to open it, the two doors unclosed of

themselves, without making the slightest noise ; the lamp which I held in my hand was extinguished, and—as if I was standing before a looking-glass—my exact image came out of the wardrobe : the light which it spread illumined great part of the room.

“ ‘ I then heard these words :—Why tremble you at the sight of your own spirit, which appears to give you warning of your approaching dissolution, and to reveal to you the fate of your house ?’

“ ‘ The phantom then informed me of several future events. But when, after having deeply meditated on its prophetic words, I asked a question relative to you, the room became as dark as before, and the spirit had vanished. This, my dear, is all I am permitted to reveal.’

“ ‘ Your approaching death !’ cried I ; for that thought had in an instant effaced all other.

“ Smiling, she made me a sign in the affirmative ; and gave me to understand, at the same time, that I ought to press her no further on this subject. ‘ My father,’ added she, ‘ has promised to make you acquainted, in proper time, with all it concerns you to know.’

“ ‘ At a proper time ?’ repeated I in a plaintive voice ; for it appeared to me, that since I had learned so much, it was high time that I should be made acquainted with the whole.

“ The same evening I mentioned my wishes to my father : but he was inexorable. He fancied that possibly what had happened to Seraphina might have arisen from

her disordered and overheated imagination. However, three days afterwards, my sister finding herself so ill as to be obliged to keep her bed, my father's doubts began to be shaken; and although the precise day of Seraphina's death had not been named to me, I could not avoid observing, by her paleness, and the more than usually affectionate manner of embracing my father and me, that the time of our eternal separation was not far off.

“ ‘ Will the clock soon strike nine ? ’ asked Seraphina, while we were sitting near her bed in the evening.

“ ‘ Yes, soon,’ replied my father.

“ ‘ Well, then, think of me, dear objects of my affection—we shall meet again.’ She pressed our hands; and the clock no sooner struck than she fell back in her bed, never to rise more.

“ My father has since related to me every particular as it happened; for at that time I was so much overcome that my senses had forsaken me.

“ Seraphina's eyes were scarcely closed, when I returned to a life which then appeared to me insupportable. I was apprehensive that the state of stupefaction into which I was thrown by the dread of the loss that threatened me, had appeared to my sister a want of attachment. And from that time I have never thought of the melancholy scene without experiencing a violent shuddering.

“ ‘ You must be aware,’ said my father to me (it was

at the precise hour, and before the same chimney we are at this moment placed)—you must be aware that the pretended vision should still be kept quite secret.’ I was of his opinion ; but could not help adding, ‘ What ! my father, though one part of the prediction has in so afflicting a manner been verified, you still continue to call it a pretended vision ?’

“ ‘ Yes, my child ; you know not what a dangerous enemy to man is his own imagination. Seraphina will not be the last of its victims.’

“ We were seated, as I before said, just as we now are ; and I was about to name a motive which I had before omitted, when I perceived that his eyes were fixed in a disturbed manner on the door. I was ignorant of the cause, and could discover nothing extraordinary there : notwithstanding, however, an instant afterwards it opened of its own accord.”

Here Florence stopped, as if overcome anew by the remembrance of her terror. At the same moment Amelia rose from her seat, uttering a loud scream.

Her sister and her friend inquired what ailed her. For a long while she made them no reply, and would not resume her seat on the chair, the back of which was towards the door. At length, however, she confessed (casting an inquiring and anxious look around her) that a hand, cold as ice, had touched her neck.

“ This is truly the effect of imagination,” said Maria, re-seating herself. “ It was my hand ; for some time

my arm has been resting on your chair ; and when mention was made of the door opening of its own accord, I felt a wish to rest on some living object—”

“ But *à-propos*,—And the door —— ? ”

“ Strange incident ! I trembled with fear ; and clinging to my father, asked him if he did not see a sort of splendid light, a something brilliant, penetrate the apartment.

“ ‘ ’Tis well ! ’ answered he, in a low and tremulous voice, ‘ we have lost a being whom we cherished ; and consequently, in some degree, our minds are disposed to exalted ideas, and our imaginations may very easily be duped by the same illusions ; besides, there is nothing very unnatural in a door opening of its own accord.’ ”

“ ‘ It ought to be closely shut now,’ replied I ; without having the courage to do it.

“ ‘ ’Tis very easy to shut it,’ said my father. But he rose in visible apprehension, walked a few paces, and then returned, adding, ‘ The door may remain open ; for the room is too warm.’ ”

“ It is impossible for me to describe, even by comparison, the singular light I had perceived ; and I do assure you, that if, instead of the light, I had seen my sister’s spirit enter, I should have opened my arms to receive it ; for it was only the mysterious and vague appearance of this strange vision which caused me so much fear.

“ The servants coming in at this instant with supper, put an end to our conversation.

“ Time could not efface the remembrance of Seraphina ; but it wore off all recollection of the last apparition. My daily intercourse with you, my friends, since the loss of Seraphina, has been for me a fortunate circumstance, and has insensibly become an indispensable habit. I no longer thought deeply of the prediction relative to our house, uttered by the phantom to my sister ; and in the arms of friendship gave myself up entirely to the innocent gaiety which youth inspires. The beauties of spring contributed to the restoration of my peace of mind. One evening, just as you had left me, I continued walking in the garden, as if intoxicated with the delicious vapours emitted from the flowers, and the magnificent spectacle which the serenity of the sky presented to my view.

“ Absorbed entirely by the enjoyment of my existence, I did not notice that it was later than my usual hour for returning. And I know not why, but that evening no one appeared to think of me ; for my father, whose solicitude for every thing concerning me was redoubled since my sister’s death, and who knew I was in the garden, had not, as was his usual custom, sent me any garment to protect me from the chilling night air.

“ While thus reflecting, I was seized with a violent feverish shivering, which I could by no means attribute to the night air. My eyes accidentally fixed on the flowering shrubs ; and the same brilliant light which I had seen at the door of the room on the day of Seraphina’s

burial, appeared to me to rest on these shrubs ; and dart its rays towards me. The avenue in which I was, happened to have been Seraphina's favourite walk.

"The recollection of this inspired me with courage; and I approached the shrubs in the hope of meeting my sister's shade beneath the trees. But being disappointed, I returned to the house with trembling steps."

"I there found many extraordinary circumstances; nobody had thought of supper, which I imagined would have been half over. All the servants were running about in confusion, and were hastening to pack up the clothes and furniture."

" ' Who is going away ? ' I demanded."

" ' Why surely, Mademoiselle ! ' exclaimed the steward, ' are you not acquainted with his excellency's wish to have us all ? ' "

" ' Wherefore then ? ' "

" ' This very night we are to set out for his excellency's estate. ' "

" ' Why so ? ' "

" They shrugged their shoulders. I ran into my father's cabinet, and there found him with his eyes fixed on the ground."

" ' Seraphina's second prophecy is also accomplished,' said he to me, ' though precisely the least likely thing possible.—I am in disgrace. ' "

" ' What ! did she predict this ? ' "

" ' Yes, my child ; but I concealed it from you. I

resign myself to my fate, and leave others, better capable, to fill this perilous post. I am about to retire to my own estates, there to live for you, and to constitute the happiness of my vassals.'

"In spite of the violent emotions which were created by my father's misfortune, and the idea of separating from all the friends I loved, his apparent tranquillity produced a salutary effect on my mind. At midnight we set off. My father was so much master of himself under his change of condition, that by the time he arrived at his estate he was calm and serene.

"He found many things to arrange and improve; and his active turn of mind soon led him to find a train of pleasing occupations.

"In a short time, however, he was withdrawn from them, by an illness which the physicians regarded as very serious. My father conformed to all they prescribed: he abstained from all occupation, though he entertained very little hope of any good resulting from it. 'Seraphina,' he said to me, (entirely changing his former opinion), 'Seraphina has twice predicted true; and will a third time.'

"This conversation made me very miserable; for I understood from it that my father believed he should shortly die.

"In fact, he visibly declined, and was at length forced to keep his bed. He one evening sent for me; and after having dismissed his attendants, he, in a feeble

voice, and with frequent interruptions, thus addressed me:—

“ ‘ Experience has cured me of incredulity. When the clock strikes nine (according to Seraphina’s prediction) I shall be no more. For this reason, my dear child, I am anxious to address a few words of advice to you. If possible, remain in your present state ; never marry. Destiny appears to have conspired against our race.—But no more of this.—To proceed : if ever you seriously *think* of marrying, do not, I beseech you, neglect to read this paper ; but my express desire is, that you do not open it before, as in that case its contents would cause you unnecessary misery.’

“ Saying these words, which with sobbing I listened to, he drew from under his pillow a sealed paper, which he gave me. The moment was not favourable for reflecting on the importance of the condition which he imposed on me. The clock, which announced the *fated hour*, at which my father, resting on my shoulder, drew his last gasp, deprived me of my senses.

“ The day of his interment was also marked by the brilliant and extraordinary light of which I have before made mention.

“ You know, that shortly after this melancholy loss I returned to the capital, in hopes of finding consolation in your beloved society. You also know, that my youth seconded your efforts to render existence desirable, and that by degrees I felt a relish for life. Neither are you

ignorant that the result of this intercourse was an attachment between the Count Ernest and me, which rendered my father's exhortations abortive. The Count loved me, and I returned his affection, and nothing more was wanting to make me think that I ought not to lead a life of celibacy : besides, my father had only made this request conditionally.

“ My marriage appeared certain ; and I did not hesitate to open the mysterious paper. There it is, I will read it to you :—

“ ‘ Seraphina has undoubtedly already told you, that when she endeavoured to question the phantom concerning your destiny, it suddenly disappeared. The incomprehensible being seen by your sister had made mention of you, and its afflicting decree was, that three days before that fixed on for your marriage, you would die at the same *ninth* hour which has been so fatal to us. Your sister recovering from her first alarm, asked it, if you could not escape this dreadful mandate by remaining single.

“ ‘ Unhappily, Seraphina did not receive any answer : but I feel assured, that by marrying you will die. For this reason I entreat you to remain single : I add, however—if it accords with your inclinations ; as I do not feel confident that even this will ensure you from the effect of the prediction.

“ ‘ In order, my dear child, to save you from all premature uneasiness, I have avoided this communication

till the hour of danger : reflect, therefore, seriously on what you ought to do.

“ ‘ My spirit, when you read these lines, shall hover around, and bless you, whichever way you decide.’ ”

Florence folded up the paper again in silence ; and, after a pause which her two friends sensibly felt, added :—

“ Possibly, my dear friends, this has caused the change in me which you have sometimes condemned. But tell me whether, situated as I am, you would not have become troubled, and almost annihilated, by the prediction which announced your death on the very eve of your happiness ?

“ Here my recital ends. To-morrow the Count returns from his travels. The ardour of his affection has induced him to fix on the third day after his arrival for the celebration of our marriage.”

“ Then ’tis this very day ! ” exclaimed Amelia and Maria, at the same moment ; paleness and inquietude depicted on every feature, when their eyes glanced to a clock on the point of striking nine.

“ Yes, this is indeed the decisive day,” replied Florence, with a grave, yet serene air. The morning has been to me a frightful one ; but at this moment I find myself composed, my health is excellent, and gives me a confidence that death would with difficulty overcome me to-day. Besides, a

secret but lively presentiment tells me that this very evening, the wish I have so long formed will be accomplished. My beloved sister will appear to me, and will defeat the prediction concerning me.

“ Dear Seraphina ! you were so suddenly, so cruelly snatched away from me ! Where are you, that I may return, with tenfold interest, the love that I have not the power of proving towards you ? ”

The two sisters, transfixed with horror, had their eyes riveted on the clock, which struck the *fated* hour.

“ You are welcome ! ” cried Florence, seeing the fire in the chimney, to which they had paid no attention, suddenly extinguished : She then rose from her chair ; and with open arms walked towards the door which Maria and Amelia anxiously regarded, whilst sighs escaped them both ; and at which entered the figure of Seraphina, illumined by the moon’s rays. Florence folded her sister in her arms.—“ I am thine for ever ! ”

These words, pronounced in a soft and melancholy tone of voice, struck Amelia and Maria’s ears ; but they knew not whether they were uttered by Florence or the phantom, or by both together.

Almost at the same moment, the servants came in, alarmed, to learn what had happened. They had heard a noise as if all the glasses and porcelain in

the house were breaking. They found their mistress extended at the door, but not the slightest trace of the apparition remained.

Every means of restoring Florence to life were used, but in vain. The physicians attributed her death to a ruptured blood-vessel.

Maria and Amelia will carry the remembrance of this heart-rending scene to their graves.

MONIMIA THORNTON.

A TALE.

IN a pleasing romantic retreat within sixty miles of the great metropolis, near the borders of a thick forest, and far from the follies and deceits of a wicked world, is placed a neat and lowly cottage, where once dwelt Monimia Thornton, the innocent and only darling child of a fond mother. Monimia's father left this world of sorrow and disappointment before she was sensible of his protecting care, or capable of lamenting his loss. In this cottage Monimia drew her first breath, and for sixteen years enjoyed the affectionate smiles of an aged and widowed mother; for she was the pride of her maternal heart, and the joy of her widowhood. But it is melancholy to think how uncertain is every thing, and how very unstable are all human possessions! Eternal suns and cloudless skies are not to be expected in this world. Our earthly joys are all alloyed—our temporal pleasures have all an end.

Soon after Monimia had attained her sixteenth year, she was deprived of her affectionate and lovely parent by the cold and unrelenting hand of death. She mourned over her dear mother's remains with an unaffected sorrow, and it was more than two years before her reason resumed its empire. No tongue could give utterance to what she felt, or pourtray the intolerable anguish of her mind. Her mother had made it the business and purpose of her being to please and make her happy, for benevolence had been at the root of all her actions. Monimia, therefore, owed much—very much to her; and dreadful and insupportable was the event which separated her and her poor mother for ever. While we are in human form, and susceptible of human impressions, it is not in our power to rise above the reach of sorrow on such overpowering occasions, though we may moderate the intensity of our anguish by calm reflection, assisted by the healing hand of time. And thus it was with Monimia;—she did not entirely give herself up to despair. Her loss, no doubt, was great :—pangs of eternal separation from those we love, are far beyond all power of expression. But Monimia felt assured that her dear mother had gone to a better world ; and although she had sighed one last adieu, and turned her eyes from her for ever, she doubted not that her recompense was unlimited and immense, and that her happiness was completely secure. She therefore saw the justice of what had happened, and humbly gave

way to the afflicting blow, as time brought the olive branch to her distress, and fortitude subdued her mind to repose. Monimia having an aunt residing in the country, whom we shall introduce to the reader by the name of Martha Bloomfield, and it being a pleasant romantic spot, she was advised to fix on it as the place of her destination. Martha Bloomfield had been married, and had lived with her husband many years in a comfortable state of independence, until at last his affairs became embarrassed, and he failed. The poor man being quite borne down with sorrow, remembering the thick and blushing promises of his spring, and contrasting the sour and yellow leaf of his withered and fruitless autumn, gave way to melancholy, which produced a kind of delirious fever and brought on a rapid consumption, when after a short continuance of the disorder, he was carried to that silent place of chaste repose—the grave. About three years after poor Bloomfield's demise, Martha, his widow, was left the possession of a tolerably good fortune by the death of a rich relation, who had made a very large fortune in a respectable mercantile line, and who had neither children nor wife to provide for. Both before and after Martha's marriage, poverty had breathed its pestilential breath upon her, and the morning of her days rose immersed in clouds, and seemed for a long time to carry ruin in its aspect. But it had pleased heaven to bless her with good spirits, and a full religious trust in the

goodness of Providence, so that in all her trying circumstances, the genuine worth of her character appeared most conspicuous, tranquil, collected, and dignified; and though time and the sore grief within her bosom had destroyed the rose-bloom on her cheek, she still preserved unbroken the serene cheerfulness of her manners, and her natural suavity and good humour. No word, no look, ever betrayed even to the most scrutinising eye, that she had not all she could wish. The true value of such a character as Martha's, can scarcely be appreciated. Many minds are capable of the great and arduous efforts of virtue; but that silent, constant, and steady patience, which she displayed in all her poverty, few are called upon to exert. She was never utterly hopeless: burying all her cares and troubles in her own breast, she trusted to that Being who sees in secret. The friendly breeze of fortune, however, at length dispersed the threatening storm; prosperity's golden sun shot forth its cheering rays, enervated the chilling blast of adversity, and decked the evening of her days in rosy smiles of joy. But Martha having experienced a sufficient share of the treachery and inconstancy of the world when her husband was living, and being heartily disgusted with it, determined to turn recluse in some solitary retreat, and there to enjoy the peaceful pleasures of a country life. She proved a most excellent neighbour, for she was a meek, quiet, kind-hearted woman, with a heart true to the virtues of her sex, and neither envying

her richer, nor despising her poorer neighbours ; she felt for those who had been precipitated from prosperity's flowery mount into the barren vale of poverty ; and never refused the tributary sigh of pity to the offspring of distress, or withheld the sacred boon of charity from the needy sufferer. In short, Martha Bloomfield never forgot, there were such things as cold, hunger, and thirst, in this world. Her benevolence was such as makes life amiable—which feels, and pities when it feels ; which carries itself with a winning sweetness towards every being, and finds its congenial pleasures in doing good.

Her cottage was small, with a thatched roof, part of which was overrun with a thick ivy, affording a safe and pleasant asylum for the birds, especially those of the smaller species, who frequented this delightful spot in great numbers. They were, indeed, almost the only inhabitants and companions of the place ; Mrs. Bloomfield and her niece excepted, who spent the greater part of their time with them ; and had by continually feeding their sweet pensioners, taught them to hop with the most enchanting confidence around them. The front of the cottage was entirely covered with woodbine and honey-suckle, which strongly scented the peaceful dwelling. A grove of beautiful oaks, that surrounded the house, cast a solemn shade over, and preserved the verdure of the ancient lawn, through the midst of which ran a small brook that gently leaped with mirthful

music down the hills. Behind the cottage stood the village church, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." It was for the most part surrounded with yew trees, of a very ancient date, beneath whose solemn shade many generations had mouldered into dust and nothingness. Indeed, Martha Bloomfield's little cottage wore the appearance of rural loveliness and simplicity, and was in every respect furnished in a very neat but plain style; at the same time, a certain elegance discovered itself, which plainly bespoke the owner to possess a true refinement in taste, and every one perceived that intelligence and gracefulness ruled over the character of the whole demesne. Her garden was very extensive, and filled with flowers which at once charmed the eye and gratified the senses with their odoriferous sweets. Martha was fond of flowers, and raised some of the most beautiful with her own hands. She and Monimia rose early in the summer mornings to enjoy the azure sky and the genial breezes of spring; they were always to be seen early in the garden besprinkling it with water, talking and smiling together, acquainting each other with the birth of some new flower or plant. They took much delight in raising and propping an opening flower, in guiding their little but luxuriant vine, and in pruning for its health and its beauty a fruitless tree. In this charming though humble dwelling, Monimia was perfectly happy and content. In the sweet spring days she would walk out with her

aunt or some young friend, to enjoy the fresh breeze and the beautiful sunshine. She had no disturbing hopes or wishes, no long anxieties about the joys or griefs of future life, and she saw nothing around or near her but what seemed to smile on the pleasant surface of existence. She was in the spring of life ; and beautiful to her was the world before her, for it seemed to teem with innumerable pleasures ; its pleasing prospects delighted her heart, and she could hear nothing but promises of felicity in the whispering gales which passed by her. It had pleased the Almighty to cut off and number almost all her dearest relations and best friends with the dead ; but amid all the wrecks of time, heaven had spared to her, one constant, one unaltered friend, who shared with her every joy and every pang of life. It is not our intention to present the reader with an elaborate account of Monimia's serene beauty and charms ; indeed, to give the most highly finished description of her beauty and loveliness, would only be marring fair nature's inimitable work. As well might we attempt to add perfume to the violet, beauty to the rose, or fragrance to the hyacinth. Suffice it then to say, that she was the loveliest of the lovely, and that the most critical eye sought in vain for a single blemish or imperfection in the person of this angelic creature ; and with all these charms she was endued with a sensible heart, for it fairly may be said that the accomplishments of her mind were superior to most, inferior to none.

To be sure, Monimia had received only the instruction of a home education, yet she was what is called an accomplished woman ; she had learned several languages beside her own, and was a sweet painter and musician, and all her natural feelings had been fostered by assiduous culture. Nothing selfish had ever grown up in her heart, which was always full of pity, charity, gentleness, and love. Monimia and Frederic Fitzarding were inseparable companions, even from their infant years, and as they grew up together, regarded each other with feelings of the tenderest esteem. Frederic's parents lived about four miles distant from Martha's cottage. Their little country seat was most beautifully furnished : it stood on a gentle rising, with the view of a spacious valley before it, through which a luxuriant river poured down its sparkling train, and blessed the borders with verdure ; the wide champagne beyond opened a great variety of hills and fertile plains, with a distant prospect of the sea. This beautiful scene you had from every window in front of the little family mansion. Frederic was the son of a gentleman of fortune, and perhaps as happily circumstanced as could be imagined. He was likewise a young man possessed of many amiable qualities, and an excellent understanding, improved by the most liberal cultivation ; all the fine seeds of honour and integrity were deeply rooted in his heart, and virtue and magnanimity formed the basis of his character. He was a man whom it would have been impossible not

to have loved. There was in his nature that attractive union of a modest, benevolent heart, with a luminous and devout mind, which those who know how to feel and appreciate excellence, are always captivated with. Bright therefore were the hopes which all his friends had formed of his career in life. His mother looked upon him as a dutiful son, firm and thoughtful even beyond his years, and thought it likely, if his life was prolonged, that he would be a blessing to all his friends, and to society in general. She wished much to bring him up to the law, whilst his father was as desirous to see him practise in physic. "But," said Frederic to his mother, "though I do not mean to speak ill of, or vilify any particular calling or profession, yet the natural and unavoidable chicanery attendant on that profession, may considerably impair that candour and honesty which in some degree, I hope, I possess: in short," said he, "I will never immerse myself in chambers to study the vile jargon of the law. I will never embrace a profession where I should be obliged to argue for a fee in defence of any cause good or bad, and have to be as often the advocate of a rogue as of an honest man. And if," said he to his father, "I am brought up to physic, my mind will be constantly pained at beholding the miseries and afflictions of human nature." It was, therefore, finally determined to bring him up to the church, to which he was a splendid ornament, and an honour to that truth which he taught and enforced by his example.

From his earliest years religion marked him for her son ; and as he increased in wisdom, the influence of divine precepts controlled all his desires, directed all the affections of his soul. He had a mind rich in materials, and a zeal almost without a parallel, so that his prospects in life bade him fair to be very brilliant, and were far beyond the expectations even of his most sanguine friends.

As Monimia grew up, Frederic was not inattentive to her charms ; he gazed on and admired her beauty, and soon won the affections of her soul. His respectful deference and his affectionate attentions, assured her that his bosom was the seat of honour ; her timidity and reserve wore off, and without a word on either side, a mutual passion took root in the bosom of each party and they were on the footing of avowed lovers. Both were good, both truly amiable, and the hearts of both tender and most delicately susceptible. She hourly improved in grace and appearance, and became hourly more attached, and it was generally understood they would soon exchange at the altar their holy vows, and sign a contract of eternal love. What a happiness ! what a triumph for Monimia, to be selected by so superior a being. Nothing could be truer, nothing more tender than the love which attached Frederic to Monimia ; and it would have been impossible,—would have been unjust that Monimia should not be sensible of it. They were always together, speaking the wishes of their

hearts and vowing love and constancy towards each other. But the many soft scenes which followed are better passed over—neither the tongue nor the pen are eloquent enough to do them justice. Frederic, however, had not commenced the country clergyman long, before an event happened, which led to that which marked the most melancholy period of his life. Oh! the visionary bliss of happiness! When we think it is within our grasp, it is gone, and we are lost in regret for the departure of the bewitching and deceitful phantom!

Frederic began to grow weak, the colour on his cheeks soon faded awfully away, and his brow contracted itself into wrinkles. His health and spirits seemed to decay daily; and a mysterious indifference appeared even to Monimia, which none of his friends could develope. Groans would involuntarily escape him, and at every noise, however trivial, he started and trembled; when he went abroad, he became terrified at his own shadow, as it were, and the light of day was painful to his sight; and when he lay down, sleep was a stranger to his eyes. He was scarcely ever to be found at home, and when he did give audience to any one, they found him sitting in the innermost recess in his house alone, pensive and dejected, so that they almost feared to approach him. If he was excited to the pursuit of pleasure, his friends perceived that pleasure was far from him, for when they shook him by the hand, he would only answer them in sighs and groans, which he endeavoured in vain to suppress.

If ever his eye brightened, it was only with a tear. His friends, struck with the evident alteration in his health and spirits, and conceiving a change of air might be serviceable, prevailed upon him to spend a few months with a distant relation in Cornwall. Thither he retired; and though extremely ill and much broken down in spirits, he passed a few days very delightfully with his friends, and cited this visit as one of the happiest eras of his life. Indeed, in a very short time he grew rapidly strong; hope, and even gaiety had taken possession of his countenance, and his friends told him that he was throwing off all his vestiges of indisposition and debility, and getting rid of his asthmatic complaints. But, alas! they were miserably deceived! fate had ordained it otherwise. His health evidently seemed symptomatic of a consumption; his strength gradually wasted, his pains became more and more acute, and every ache taught him he had nothing to hope. There was an unusual pearly lustre in the white of his eye, and the weakness and the languor of his body became very distressing to him. He could never sleep till after midnight, and then his dejected countenance would be bathed in a profuse and weakening perspiration. The doctor shook his head, and his friends gave a deep sigh of despair, and burst into tears as they observed the sepulchral smile upon his cheek. Poor Monimia was ruined in seeming peace, and completely broken-hearted. She durst not bear solitude or darkness one moment, and shewed more

than childish fear and weakness in her actions. She begged the physicians to flatter her with the hopes of his life, and not to let her know if they thought poor Frederic's case desperate ; and she charged her attendants not to mention death or the grave, nor to speak a serious word in her hearing.

Frederic was exceedingly moved at her tears, and when she was with him his feelings were beyond what can be painted by the most forcible expressions. He could not disregard the tears which she shed, and the sighs which burst from her bosom, without being moved. For, whenever he perceived in her eyes any mark of sorrow, it was to him as if all nature had been eclipsed. His attentions were never without complaisance, and his concern for her, tender, and solemn, and full of sensibility. His desire was that of rendering her happy with him and of being happy with her, for he loved nothing in the world so much as Monimia Thornton. But his sad state of health at last rendered it absolutely necessary for him to make a voyage to a foreign land, and in compliance with the wishes of his medical attendants he determined to embark for Italy, the air being recommended as highly salubrious. But amongst the many sacrifices which his unfortunate situation forced him to make, there was one above all which he had at heart ; he had not only to leave all his friends and relations, and his native village, which was consecrated by the recollection of all that was dear to him, and where he

had hoped to pass in quietness his allotted time, but he had to part with one in whom all his happiness was deeply centred. The bare idea almost drove him to distraction, and the scalding tear descended along his pale cheek as he reflected on his melancholy situation. Oh, God! how should he ever be able to speak to his poor Monimia upon this subject. He knew that he should be unequal to the task. He paused, again burst into tears, and seemed very much agitated. Early in the evening he retired to his chamber, but every attempt to procure sleep proved ineffectual. Monimia so occupied his thoughts that no moment of the night was suffered to pass unnoticed; the next morning he addressed a letter to her requesting to see her. The sun shone forth in all its wonted beauty on the wild moor and the surrounding landscape, as she walked; the reapers of a distant field were whetting their scythes, the cow and the ox were feeding together, the bleating from the sheepfold fell softly on the ear, and the plumed inhabitants of the air carolled their sweetest notes; but poor Monimia was too much indulging in sorrow, and too profoundly absorbed in deep melancholy of thought and anticipation, to heed any of these rural objects. She arrived at Frederic's house with marks of anxious feelings in her face, which had been washed on that morning by the bitter tears of desponding grief. It was with infinite anxiety that she beheld the decline of poor Frederic's health. He was lying on the sofa when she

entered the room, and he gazed on her with a vacant stare that plainly proved he was in great agony, both of body and mind. Monimia advanced with a slow step, and plainly in great agitation of mind; then seating herself at the foot of the couch, remained there for an hour weeping bitterly the whole time, but without uttering a word. She was completely cast down, her fortitude had utterly forsaken her, and she seemed to sorrow like one of those who have no hope. Her aunt, Martha, who was with her, perceiving that she was plunged into the most bitter distress of mind by the violent battle of thought wherewith she was agitated, and feeling that poor Monimia's situation was one in which sorrow had a heavy part, begged of her to live in hopes that the Almighty, who had thought fit to afflict her dear Frederic, would, in his own good time restore him to health, and wipe the sad tear of despair from his eyes. Monimia made no reply, but a shower of sympathising tears fell from her eyes at the condition in which she beheld her Frederic. Her face was pale; her limbs trembled, and a flush, betokening as much of sorrow as alarm, was on her cheek. A thousand blended ideas of recollections of the past and the present rushed across her brain, and she covered her face and again wept bitterly. At length Frederic broke silence, and summoning all his fortitude, apprised her of his intended journey to Italy, assuring her that he felt persuaded he should shortly recover, and that all

would go well with him ; but, said he, if I remain here long, I shall soon fall into my grave ; a loss which might not only increase my dear Monimia's grief, but might prove fatal to her.

This was the severest shock Monimia had ever felt ; pale and spiritless, she could scarce prevent herself from fainting when this intimation was made known to her ; in silent agony she heard him, and her looks but too well evinced the deep interest Frederic held in her bosom. She strove to say something to him, and pressed his hands, but could not speak ; every faculty of her soul was agitated ; the thought of parting with him, and perhaps for ever ! went quite through her heart, and shook her to the very depths of her nature. The passion of love had exerted its sway most despotically over her, and she gave him such a look of sorrow as pierced him through. The sudden overflowings of thoughts and feelings on his heart obliged him to leave the room. He could not bear the effect of Monimia's mournful aspect. She was distracted at the thought of parting with him, but at length, by her silence, seemed to say, with tears trickling down her cheeks, that it must be as God and his physicians thought best ; and Frederic having sufficiently recovered for the voyage, due arrangements were made for his departure, for the restoration, as it was too fondly hoped, of his health. The morning on which Frederic was to bid a long adieu to his native country he was awake and stirring with the cheerful lark. It

was in the sweet month of August, and the whole face of landscape and the forehead of the sky appeared unusually spacious and beautiful. He was struck with the beneficent aspect of nature, as he sat several hours alone in a calm and holy contemplation in his library, with the Bible before him, on which were found large drops of tears ; but the deep passion of his prayers, which communicated with Heaven at such a time, belongs not to us to unfold. The painful moment at length arrived when he was to bid poor Monimia adieu. After a long and affectionate meeting with all his friends, and a tender and heart-rending interview with his dear Monimia at her aunt's cottage, wherein they mutually interchanged the vows of unbroken constancy, Frederic set sail towards Italy. We shall not attempt to describe their last interview ; the pencil of imagination may paint it, but the pen cannot do it justice ; they whose feelings vibrate at the tender touch of sympathy may behold it in glowing colours, and for the rest of the world, we heed not its approbation.

The evening was calm and serene, the air mild and balmy, gently sighing at intervals through the rich foliage of the young waving trees which surrounded the cottage ; the windows were unwontedly illumined by the glories of the setting sun, and the heavens resembled a sea of flame. Every thing in the spacious and pastoral view was calculated to calm the mind and expand the feelings ; summer was clothed in her richest verdure

of green fields and fresh leafy boughs. The birds in the hedge-rows were holding a gentle and harmonious interchange of occasional notes, whilst the sheep and the lambs were lying down to rest, as if to partake of the general composure of all nature, and to acknowledge the delightful influence of such an hour of beauty and rest. Monimia followed Frederic to the garden gate, and as the last rays of the setting sun were shedding its mild, sober, and serene glows around the country, she took her last farewell of him ; her eyes were fixed on him with the most lively expressions of tenderness and sorrow ; she waved her hand to him while he remained visible, muttered some words of affection, which ran together in one choking sob ; and when the distance hid him from her view, she returned to the cottage in a thoughtful and melancholy mood, her eyes streaming a briny deluge—her heart was full.

Poor Frederic quitted his home as he then thought but for a short time ; yet it was with extreme reluctance, and while it remained in sight he often looked back to catch another glimpse of the place which he was necessitated to leave, and which contained all that he held most secretly dear. He was much agitated with sympathy for the mental anguish which he knew Monimia was suffering, and the frame of mind in which he was at the time, and the tinge of melancholy with which his reflections had for several months been imbued, made him peculiarly susceptible to delicate impressions, and

he felt something akin to dread at leaving her. A chilling horror came over his spirits as he anticipated the melancholy consequences of his own disease ; and his nature recoiled in the prospect of losing for ever his dear Monimia ; her voice, her smile, her face, her eyes, her person were before him ; and then her parting tear, her final farewell ! These reflections brought tears in his eyes and produced a sad depression.

As he journied on to the place of embarkation, the sun went down, the stars in the heavens began to twinkle, and the moon smiled on the country in all its loveliness and tranquillity. A lively breeze blew on him, and it seemed to whistle round him, and to make him hasten his pace, as if it had been instinct with eagerness to take him from his native shore. But this he heeded not, he only thought of his Monimia. Indeed the tie of firm love and constancy which had bound them together would not allow him to forget her one moment. There was a still, a sacred, a grave, a solemn voice, that seemed to whisper to his heart, and tell him that they would never more walk hand in hand together,—that he would soon drop lifeless into the tomb, and lie in the dark shadow of death, and sleep with deathless souls ! Death, therefore, was the theme of his meditations.—Humiliating theme ! How calculated to break down and depress the spirits—how calculated to alarm. He could not with a stupid boast defy the gloomy monarch—terror, said he, is in his livid cheek ; and who will bail me

from his arrest ? And as he walked on, he again shed tears, his mind retired within itself, and his thoughts wandered in gloomy paths. This separation created in the breast of Monimia very melancholy sensations, and from this era her sorrows might be said to commence. After receiving her aunt's good-night kiss, she retired early to rest, but ere she extinguished the candle, she bent her knees to Him who hears the voice of earthly anguish, and the beatings of an agitated heart, and implored the Almighty's protection towards her dear Frederic,—in the deepest passion of prayer. Monimia now became to Martha an object of solemn sympathy and commiseration, and never before had she uttered her name, perhaps, with such extreme tenderness as she did that night in her humble supplications to Heaven. At the dawn of day Monimia arose, and after rubbing her eyes (for she was at first confused with stupor, and very far from being refreshed), unhasped her little casement and threw it back to its farthest limit, to taste the cool spirit of the morning's breath, and to smell the sweet flowers in her aunt's garden, which shook out vast perfume. The day was up, the lark was already at heaven's gate, and the sun, with all its shining jewellery, was drying fast the dew-drops which laid like pearls on the glittering grass. It had always been a luxury to the native simplicity of Monimia's soul to leave her pillow early in the morning, and contemplate the majestic rising sun ; it animated her nature to the sublimest and over-

powering emotion of delight, for she saw the omnipotence of God in this glorious picture. But this morning she arose pale, absent, and spiritless, and sat at the window in mournful silence, with difficulty repressing her tears. The sweet eglantine and hawthorn blossomed before her, roses, lilies, pinks and carnations of delicate verdurs sprung up on every side, and the butterfly wantoned on its wings of delight, and the bee, on her errand of industry, buzzed before her; but to all the charms of her dwelling, a complete type of Paradise, she was lost—utterly lost! When she entered the little parlour, which she was wont to term her own, because poor Frederic's picture decorated the room, and it had ever lived in her heart, she sat down by the side of her aunt, and hung her head as if her heart had been broke; and when Martha made a kind inquiry concerning her health, she gave her a look which would have softened marble. She then covered her face with her hands, and her eyes swam in a sea of most melancholy grief. Martha was too well acquainted with the human heart to be ignorant of the cause of Monimia's grief, but she said little to her, indeed she was afraid to say much to her in the present weak state of her nerves. If only the name of Frederic was pronounced before her, a pale tinge overspread her visage, her bosom heaved, her lips trembled, and her whole body was seized with a sensible shivering, painful to behold. Her aunt, seeing her distressful situation, paid her every endearing attention, and sought

by every means in her power to afford her consolation, and to turn her thoughts from the objects on which they were invariably fixed. In this, however, she had but very little success. Persuasion, indulgence, compassion, all that was warm in friendship or delicate in sympathy, was put in practice to no effect. Her village friends and young acquaintances invited her to merry evening parties, for the sake of interrupting her most painful thoughts, but she tasted not the pleasure and repose which they meant to procure her. Her heart had begun to stagnate in solitary sorrow, and the disease, finding itself unopposed, gained ground day by day, and had gone far beyond the reach of any human skill. Monimia's heart was rent with a pang of which no one could form a just conception, and she hung down her head in a state of melancholy dejection, something worse than that of despair. After shaking her head and giving most piteous looks, she would say to her aunt, with an agitated voice and changing countenance, "pray forgive me; my feelings must be my own; I cannot conquer my affections; do not, therefore, ask me to hold up my head; I have no smiles to give till again my dear Frederic breathes his native air, and till from the cruel hand of sickness he is freed, I have forsworn all joy." And then she would pause to wipe away the tear which reflection urged. Eleven months thus wore away, at which period she received a letter from Frederic: when it was laid be-

fore her she gave it a delicious kiss, looked at the seal with a wandering gaze ; she knew not what to hope, or what to fear—one moment you saw her countenance wearing hope's dawning smile, and in the other the dusky frown of trembling fear. Her heart beat thickly as she broke open the seal, and her whole frame shook with strange anxiety. She read its contents ; it seemed to come like music to the ear ; it seemed to inspire her with joyful feelings, and to gladden her heart, for there was an expression of sprightliness in her countenance, whilst she was perusing the letter, that indicated as her aunt thought the possession of some joyful secret. She seemed to be picturing to her mind's eye the most pleasing prospect, and to be investing herself with a thousand cheerful thoughts. Her eyes were completely lighted up with joy, and the smile on her cheek seemed as if it would be deep, placid, and stedfast, till a mortal silence came on her bosom, and bade it move no more. The letter was from one to the other a monument of love and affection ; it contained a passionate declaration of Frederic's attachment to Monimia, and was expressive of the tenderest affection and the most undiminished constancy, informing her at the same time that he was much recovered, and concluding with a very agreeable plan to facilitate their speedy marriage. She read it with an emotion and ecstasy quite inexpressible ; but what her feelings truly were on the perusal of this letter we shall leave our reader's imagination to suppose. She

prized her epistle as her richest treasure, and deposited it in her bosom for many months. The sanguine expectations of hope had raised her spirits for a short period, but they were raised only to suffer a depression. This calm proved only the forerunner of a storm: fate had a blow in store for her, and she was not very far from the midnight of her misfortunes. Horrid calamity soon rushed in upon her with all its blasting stings, and wrecked her peace for ever. It was not long ere Frederic began again to feel the effects of his mitigated disease; but thinking that which would hurt, if it were known, ought to remain concealed, he sent privately to Monimia's aunt a just and affecting description of the manner in which it was preying on his vitals; which fairly stifled poor Martha's hope of ever beholding him more. As all his letters to Martha contained sad and melancholy accounts of his health, she wisely kept her niece in ignorance of their contents. But Monimia, at length, observing that her aunt and friends were frequently engaged in mysterious closeting and long private conferences, and often receiving letters, which she was careful to conceal from her, naturally became alarmed, and when left to solitude and her own reflections, gave way to many tears. She frequently remained silent and thoughtful, looking at her aunt with an anxious and scrutinising glance as if she wished to penetrate into her inmost thoughts. Notwithstanding Martha's extreme anxiety to keep Frederic's letters carefully locked up

from Monimia, she one day accidentally left the bureau open wherein the whole of the papers were deposited ; they were perused by the afflicted girl, and from that moment she was misery's own child. On perusal of the letters the tears quietly flowed down her cheeks, but there was no loud grief, for her thoughts were too deep and heartfelt. She then knew that the knot of her bliss was about to sever, and that the star of her hope was sinking with rapid flight. She saw nothing, she thought of nothing but Frederic ! His image followed her every where, and her soul flew back towards him, even across the depths which separated them. In the day-time ghastly forms came before her view, and at night her dreams were hideous, lorn, and wild, without one ray of hope to gild the gloom.

Whilst she was in this wild abyss of thought, and seated by the cottage door, in undisturbed and lone serenity, gazing on the moonbeams in all their chastened loveliness, and thinking of that world where no moth can corrupt, nor blight can wither, a letter from Italy arrived, sealed up with black wax, and bearing the impression of Frederic's crest ; but the hand-writing was not known to her. She broke open the seal with a frantic force, and whilst she was unfolding the paper her reason seemed almost lost. It informed her that poor Frederic would never speak more—that he had closed his eyes on mortality ! The bitter intelligence thrilled upon her soul ; in an instant, as it were, her

heart was brokeu, and her mind and hope completely shattered and ruined ; she was shaken to the centre of her frame ! the support of her life had fallen ! hope was extinct ! She put her hands before her face, the blood fell back upon her heart, and she looked the statue of sorrow and romance. Her countenance in the course of a few days presented a most altered aspect. The seeds of death were sown within, and her form and external appearance soon justified the apprehensions of internal decay. A slow, consuming, withering fire preyed upon her powers, and dried her up like a fallen leaf decayed. No medicines could reach her broken heart, or lull her hopeless mind to sleep. Her disease was wholly irremediable ; nothing could restore the debilitated powers of her mind, for despair was her disease, and misery was in her blood. It was impossible to be deceived ; her sands were running fast away ; the dust was returning to its native dust ; and the immortal part to its great original. Never did any one behold so rapid a change ; never behold the countenance of any person shattered in so short a space of time as was that of Monimia's. There was a completeness in her sorrow never before observed in any human creature ; grief had completely withered and smote her down. She associated with no one, and frequently refused all kinds and species of nourishment. She could do nothing but shrine in sacred thought her Frederic's memory. " Can it be," she would often say, " that the hands I

have so often pressed, the eyes on which I have so often gazed in silent admiration, the lips on which I have lavished the softest seals of my fondness, and the arms which enfolded me in ecstatic love—are they all borne forth from my view, shut up in the caverns of the dead, the property of worms, and become incorporated with the surrounding elements, and sleeping in the silent dust!" And then, after a deep, chilling groan, which used to absorb all her friend's faculties in awe and wonder, and which mocked the power of description; she would turn her pallid face, and with clasped hands, and an unsettled wildness of eye, would fling to heaven a hopeless look, as if her swelling heart would burst. Her aunt and friends did everything they possibly could to stop her tears, and laid before her all the reasons which kindness and philosophy could furnish, thinking it might, in some degree, soften the strokes of fortune; but all their endeavours proved useless: grief had wholly seized upon her spirits, and they could find out no expedient to relieve her. Friendship could pity, but it could not cure her! Her loss comprehended everything that was most valuable to her upon earth. She had been bereft of a companion, whose love and attention towards her were sufficient of itself, if all the world had forsaken her, to make her happy and content. These things might be small to them, but they were great—very great, to her; and though all her pleasures and enjoyments with her dear

Frederic were gone, as the vision of the night, the memory of them was upon her mind during the short remainder of her solitary journey through life. No hopes were entertained of her recovery, for it was impossible for nature to support herself long in such a wretched state. The brightness of her large dark eyes was gone for ever ; and her cheeks grew awfully livid and transparent. In fact, her brain was so impregnated with unwholesome thoughts, and so cruelly beset with grief and care, that you forgot her date of years, and thought her old. At length the final hour arrived when her miseries were to cease—when her wearied heart was to render forth its last sigh, and her spirit to take its journey to the King of kings ! Martha saw that her dissolution was at hand, and all her friends were summoned to witness the mournful termination which nature was bringing forward. No voice, no noise was heard. They stood at the dreadful point of observation, absorbed in the deepest melancholy and grief. There could be no mistake, no hope ! They saw that the great and eternal law of death was being executed before them in all its awful silence, and they gazed upon her in dumb suspense as the saffron hues of death were taking possession of her cheeks, and its sickly chills were creeping through her frame. She fixed her eyes intently upon her aunt, and after a solemn pause, and a long, convulsive struggle, she gently exclaimed, “ ’tis well ! ”—After this she was silent, her eyes were directed towards heaven, and seemed

to look as if they were fixed on those angelic beings, that stood ready to receive her spirit. The last fainting of nature came on her ; the peaceful haven was in view ; heaven was her home, and to her home she bent. Her countenance was mild and placid, and turned from earth and friendship unto the realms of immortal bliss. The coldness and the pains of death were creeping all over her body ; every power and hope of farther exertion seemed to desert her ; something gurgled in her throat—her body gradually stiffened—her hearing was locked up for ever—her cheeks fell—her lips closed—with a look of fearless composure she shut her eyes, and in a few brief minutes all was over ! Poor Martha was almost broken-hearted, and quite unable to control her grief. Her countenance never more wore a smile, and she soon took a journey to that distant and obscure province whence none return. The grass grows between the stones of Monimia's tomb, where many a time we have dropped a tear to her memory, when the fluttering tribe of the evening are on their feeble wings, and the sun turns his face from the shadowless land.

CAMIRE AND ANGELINA.

"For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love."

Thomson.

WHEN the Spaniards were established at Buenos Ayres, they wished to establish themselves also in the island of Assumption, upon the river Paraguay. The Gamanis, a very numerous people, fled to inaccessible mountains, the roads of which were then entirely unknown. The few who dared to remain, either soon died with hunger, or perished by the arrows of the savages, and thus all communication was shut out between the Spaniards and Gamanis ; the ground of this fertile country remained uncultivated, for the new colony, who were reduced to send for help from Europe, could not in any way make it prosper. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Spain sent over a governor, Don Ferdinand Pedreras : whose character was not at all calculated to recall the Gamanis. Fierce and despotic, Pedreras made every one bend under his laws ; avarice and pride filled

his heart ; he was soon hated by the whole colony, and the few Indians who sometimes brought them provisions, soon disappeared and joined the Gamanis. Among the last missionaries that arrived from Spain was father Maldonado. Never was the Word of God preached by purer lips. Pious from his infancy, born with a good disposition, he was never so happy as when he was doing good. On arriving at l'Assumption, he was surprised to find, instead of Indians to convert, Christians who wanted consolation ; his zeal was the most lively, he hastened to visit the colonies, he soon gained their confidence, listened to their complaints, softened their sorrows, and became their advocate with the inflexible governor ; the good priest was blest by all ; and respected even by Pedreras, who since his arrival had become more mild.

One day, when Maldonado was walking alone at a little distance from the town, and following the current of the river, he heard cries and sobs, and saw upon the shore a naked child, who appeared in great agitation round a man who lay upon the ground. Maldonado hastened to the child, he was between eleven and twelve years of age, his face was bathed in tears, he embraced him with groans, and raised his feeble hands, and tried to warm by his kisses, the immoveable corpse of a man between thirty and forty, naked like the child, covered with mud, his hair wet, and in disorder ; and his pale face bearing strong marks of long fatigue and a painful death. No

sooner did the child perceive Maldonado, than he came towards him, and throwing himself on his knees, embraced those of Maldonado, and holding him tight, looked at him, with eyes in which were painted pity, love and despair, uttering some broken sentences which he, Maldonado, did not understand, being ignorant of the language, but which did not the less interest the good father, who raised the child, and was led by him towards the corpse, which he examined, touched, and found to be quite cold. The unhappy child watched Maldonado, was attentive to all his motions, and continued to speak in his language, but judging by the sorrowful looks and signs of the priest that all hopes were lost, he threw himself on the dead body, kissed it a thousand times, tore his hair, and rising suddenly, ran to throw himself into the river. Notwithstanding his age, Maldonado was more active and strong than the child, he stopt him, and held him in his arms, he forgot the young savage could not understand him, and tried to calm him by consoling words ; he wept however, while he spoke, which the child appreciated, and returned his caresses. He continued to shew him the corpse, and pronounced the name of Alcaipa. He then pointed to the river, and mentioned the name of Guracolde. He put his hand upon his heart, and bending over Alcaipa, held his arm towards the river, and repeated several times Guracolde. Maldonado, after some difficulty, understood that the dead savage was his father, and that he was called Alcaipa ; but he could

not comprehend why the child continued to hold out his arms towards the river, and call Guracolde. After several hours useless endeavours to persuade the child to follow him to the town, Maldonado happily saw a soldier passing, whom he sent to L'Assumption to seek assistance. The soldier soon brought a surgeon from the hospital, who examined the body, and confirmed to the missionary that it was dead. At the desire of Maldonado, the surgeon and the soldier dug a grave in the sand, where they deposited the corpse, while the good father held the child, who redoubled his tears and cries. Maldonado succeeded at length in taking the young savage home with him, he lavished on him the most gentle caresses, gave him food, and with great difficulty made him take a little nourishment. The child seemed sensible of the goodness of Maldonado, would often come to him and kiss his hand,—look at him with grief, and begin to cry. He passed the night without sleep, and no sooner did daylight appear, than he made signs, that he wished to go out; Maldonado went with him. The child turned his steps directly to the spot where they had interred his father. On arriving there, he fell on his knees on the grave, kissed it several times, and remained prostrate a long time. At length he went to the border of the river, went on his knees there, and performed the same ceremony. He then returned to the good father, raised his eyes to Heaven, and sorrowfully pronounced the names of Alcaipa and Guracolde, made a

sign with his head that they no longer existed, and threw himself into the arms of Maldonado, so as to make him comprehend that having lost all upon earth, he would give himself to him. This savage child was soon attached to the missionary by his compassionate care. Mild and grateful, he loved to obey him, and sought to become all that would please him, in which he succeeded ; he consented to wear clothes, and accustomed himself, with a great deal of trouble, to manners which he had never been used to, though often with repugnance ; but a look from his benefactor rendered every thing easy to him. Born with a quick mind and an admirable memory, he learnt in a short time sufficient Spanish to understand Maldonado, and to be understood. The first word which he pronounced, and which surprised him the most when he knew the meaning, was father, which every body used in speaking of Maldonado. " Oh ! my father," he would say, " I did think never to pronounce that name again ; but to you I owe this happiness, and I see you are the best of men, since every one calls you their father."

He was soon able to answer the questions put to him by the good father, and informed him of his birth and misfortunes ; it was on that grave where he so often wept that the young savage made the following recital :

" I am called Camire," said he, " and am of the nation of the Gamanis, whom thy brothers, the Spaniards, have hunted from these fine countries, and which inhabit

at present the woods which are behind those blue mountains. I was the only child of Alcaipa and Guracolde ; they had loved each other all their lives, and since my birth, lived only to love me. When my father took me to the chase, my mother would go with us ; when my mother kept me at home, my father remained also ; I passed my days beside them, and my nights in their arms : if I was contented they were happy, and our cottage resounded with their songs ; if I was ill they were ill also, and would both fall crying ; if I slept, they would watch me, and my sleep would console them.

“ A nation of the Brazilians, which your brothers had apparently chased, came and attacked us in our forests ; we gave them battle, which the Brazilians gained ; my father and mother were obliged to fly ; they made, in a great hurry, a canoe of bark, in which they placed all we possessed, two hammocks, a net, and two bows, and embarked on the great river, without knowing where to stop, for the Brazilians were behind us, and we trembled to advance towards your brethren ; the river was overflowed, and carried in its course large trees ; our canoe was upset ; my father held me with one hand, and began to swim ; my mother, who had been sickly for some time, had great trouble to swim. However, she also helped to sustain me ; but fatigue soon exhausted her strength and mine ; Alcaipa perceived this, and placed us on his back, and continued swimming for several hours without being able to land, on account of the rocks

which bordered the water side ; the rapidity of the current carried us away ; he began to get feeble, but said nothing ; we were now incapable of keeping ourselves above water. At length we perceived this plain, where the river enlarging, forms a sea. My father cried out, “ We must perish, my dear Guracolde ! I cannot reach the edge with my double burthen,—if you have sufficient strength to follow me for a few moments, perhaps——” he could not finish, for my mother quitted him, sunk, and disappeared, crying, “ Save our son, I die happy.” I would have thrown myself after her, but Alcaipa with one hand held both my arms ; he made another attempt, crossed the immense width of the river, landed at last, laid me on the sand, embraced me, and fell dead at my feet. You arrived soon after, and know the rest, my father.” The missionary listened in tears, but assayed no longer to console the young savage ; he was no longer induced to moderate his sorrow, or stay his tears so justly excited, but mingled them with his own. The paternal goodness of Maldonado gained more and more on the sensible heart of Camire. He instructed him at his school, where he learnt to read and write with astonishing facility ; the pious missionary spoke to him of religion, which he painted as he felt ; his eloquence, which came from his soul, soon touched that of his pupil’s, he easily believed all that the good father said, for he saw that he followed it. He went with him to the hospital, to the poor, and the unfortunate. When sitting near a

sick person, Maldonado calmed his sufferings by his consolatory discourse ; and he would divide his frugal repast with the indigent, and even the clothes which he wore. The young savage admired above all this charity. " My son," would the good father say, " to him I have not yet done enough. My God is the God of the poor, the orphans, and the afflicted. It is those children of misfortune we must succour, if we would please the Supreme Being."

Smitten with these divine principles, and burning to imitate these good examples, Camire asked to be baptised. This demand filled the good missionary with joy, who hastened to inform the governor. This ceremony was a fête : Pedreras attended at the font for the American ; all the Spaniards brought him numerous presents, and the good father occupied himself only to insure an independent fortune for his new proselyte. The credit and consideration in which Maldonado had lived in the colony, and also in Spain, rendered it easy for him to procure Camire any situation he might like. Camire had now reached sixteen ; his education was finished, and the pupil of Maldonado was more instructed than most of the colony ; he knew Latin and mathematics ; had read history, the poets, and all the good works of Spain. His good sense and penetration had profited by these studies ; he loved books, and could judge well, and would often gather more true philosophy from them than they themselves contained. Maldonado, whom he as-

tonished by his good sense, spoke to him seriously of the necessity of taking some situation, in order to make his fortune ; he proposed to him the study of the law, the service, or commerce, and left it to his choice with his accustomed indulgence. Camire replied, " the only fault that I can find in thee, my father, is the belief that this fortune, of which you speak to me so often, is necessary to my happiness. I well know, after what I have read, and what you have told me of Europe, where all that nature gives belongs only to a small part of the inhabitants ; where the poor are obliged to serve the rich, for the privilege of breathing the fresh air, and cultivating the fruits of the earth ; I conceive, I say, that in that part of the world they employ all means, just or unjust, to enrich themselves from those who have nothing, and at last become one of those few who have all, —but look where we are, my father ; look at these vast plains, where the corn, the yucca root, the potatoe, the pine apple, and a thousand salubrious plants are continually before your eyes, almost without cultivation ; look at these immense forests full of cocoa-trees, lemons, pomegranates, citron, and other delicious fruits, which nature produces with less trouble than you have in retaining their names. All these belong to me ; I can enjoy them ; and it will not belong before the population of Paraguay will be large enough for men to divide these vast countries, assign a master to each division, and disinherit nature from those who come after us. As for

this trade that you call it, and would have me choose, I know not why, I own frankly I like none of those you speak of. Let me then remain where I am. You smile, and make me understand I am nothing ; but I can assure you I am something,—good and happy, thanks to thee. I enjoy health and a good conscience ; I am ready at any moment to appear before a God of justice, and have no other sorrow than that of leaving thee. Behold, my father, this state of innocence,—permit me to have no other. I want nothing when near you ; and if I have the misfortune to lose you, I will return to my woods, where the fruits of our trees will suffice for my existence, and the memory of thee will better suffice to retain my virtue. Let me enjoy this peace and happiness which you have taught me. We have read many large books upon what men call happiness, I will make a little treatise, which will reduce it to two lines, “ Keep one’s mind pure, and learn to renounce those things which will only prove snares.” Maldonado could find no answer for this young philosopher, and agreed that the scholar had surpassed his master ; and asked Camire smiling, if he wished in his turn to instruct him. But this wisdom was soon to be tried. After some months a vessel arrived from Cadiz, having brought from Spain a young niece of the governor’s, whom her father, Don Manuel, younger brother to Pedreras, had left an orphan and without fortune. The parents of Don Manuel, who were not

very rich, to rid themselves of the poor girl sent her to America to her uncle, who passed for being rich ; Pedreras received his niece with more surprise than joy, and was tempted to send her back to Spain, but the advice of Maldonado prevented ; he contented himself, however, with reproaching those who had thus encumbered him, and consented by an effort of humanity, to suffer in his house the only child of his brother. One may well judge that this niece did not live very happily at Pedreras's, she knew and saw that she was a burthen. Trembling to irritate her uncle, and certain of displeasing him, she paid a continual attention to his actions and discourse, and thought she had done much, when he did not find fault with her. She was just sixteen, and was called Angelina ; she was worthy of her name by her beauty, her mildness, her gracefulness, and amiable temper, and above all a kind and tender heart ; it was impossible to see her without loving her ; vanity never entered her gentle soul ; and the sentiments with which she was inspired, were only those of virtue. Angelina often sought the solitude of the country, profiting by the liberty which they enjoyed in the colony ; she went out every evening followed by a servant to contemplate the beauties of nature, breathe the perfume of the flowers, listen to the songs of the birds, and admire the setting sun—these were her only pleasures ; they were sufficient for her ingenuous mind, which was

never so happy as when she was doing good. She had often remarked in these country walks, a young man, who at the same hours never failed to be at the same spot, fall upon his knees, remain a long time, and then return directly to the town ; Angelina, who was not curious, always avoided encountering him. But one evening returning later than her accustomed time, as she was passing near this spot, a monstrous serpent of the species called the chesseeurs so common in Paraguay, raised its head suddenly from under the long grass and advanced towards Angelina, who was very alarmed. She screamed, and the servant, who was frightened, took to flight, the young Spaniard ran also ; but the serpent pursued her, gained ground, and she was within its reach, when Camire presented himself carrying in his hand one of those weapons which the Peruvians use with such address, he threw the flowing knot over the head of the reptile, and running with extreme quickness, drew after him the strangled monster. Angelina had fainted ; Camire returned, helped her up and recalled her senses, and supported her feeble steps to her uncle's house, received his thanks, and ran directly to Maldonado, to inform him of all that had passed ; the joy which the old father felt, and the interest he took in the fate of Angelina, all that he said of her virtues and amiable qualities, augmented the feelings of Camire ; he listened quietly and thoughtfully, and could not sleep during the

night ; the next day he was the first to ask, though with some embarrassment, if he might go to the governor's, to inquire after his niece. Maldonado went with him ; Pedreras received them with politeness and gratitude, assured them that Angelina was quite recovered, and kept them the whole day. The history of Alcaipa, and the praise which the good father bestowed on his adopted son, was the subject of conversation ; Angelina, attentive to the recital of Maldonado, now understood why Camire so often came, and threw himself on his knees near the river. This piety and filial love, redoubled her gratitude for this young man, and when she dared to raise her eyes to her protector she was struck with the amiability of his countenance. The sincere Gamanis on his return entrusted to Maldonado that he was now willing to undertake any thing to merit the hand of Angelina, and finished by asking his assistance to attain so great a happiness ; Maldonado listened attentively. " Oh, my son," said he, " how you distress me, what evils you are preparing for yourself. You that know our manners, our customs, our respect for birth, our passion for riches, do you think that the governor of Paraguay will consent to give his niece to a stranger, to an unknown who possesses nothing in the world, and whose project is after my death, to live among his brother-savages. I know of only one way by which you can succeed ; the avarice of the governor would make him forget your birth, if we could give

him plenty of gold, but neither you nor I have it, and—”

“Gold,” replied Camire quickly, and throwing his arms round the old man’s neck, “rejoice with me, my father, there only remains for me to procure it. The mountains which I inhabited are full of it, and I know the roads which lead to it; I will go and fetch as much as you wish, if you will offer it to the governor, and he will give me, for so vile a price, a being the most beautiful, the most virtuous, and the most amiable in the universe; and the fatal love of this metal which has produced so many crimes in the new world, will be the means of making two persons happy.

The good missionary at this idea of happiness partook of the joy of his pupil. On the morrow he went to Pedreras, but well knowing the character he had to deal with, found it necessary to use some little address. He began, by speaking of the difficulty of settling Angelina in a manner suitable to her birth; he gently hinted that in sacrificing the last article, she would find a husband who would feel happy in laying at her feet a large fortune and considerable presents to her uncle for the honor of the alliance. Seeing that these overtures were not displeasing to Pedreras, he finished by proposing his pupil with a hundred thousand ducats. It was not easy to impose on Pedreras, as long experience in affairs had rendered him suspicious and cunning; in listening

to Maldonado, he remembered that Camire was of the country of the Gamanis, where they say that the gold mines were so common, and he calculated that his riches would come from thence. He did not seem averse to giving his niece to this new Christian. "My father," said he, "the interests of Spain alone occupy me; I do not desire to augment my fortune, but I have a lively wish to be useful to my country, your pupil can essentially serve me in this project; if he will discover to me a gold mine, I will give him my niece." This discourse made Maldonado thoughtful; notwithstanding he made Pedreras repeat his promise, and, certain he would not fail in his word, returned to give his answer to the young Gamanis. When he had heard all, his head fell on his breast, and the tears gathered in his eyes; "Ah! my father," cried he, "I can never possess Angelina; to discover to the governor the gold mine which he asks, I must shew him those roads of which the Spaniards are ignorant, this ignorance alone insures the safety of my brethren; I should then be a deserter and a traitor to conduct, into the midst of our nation, their enemies and tyrants. No, my father; you would hate me, you would despise your son, and how could I live when you no longer esteemed me."

Maldonado embraced and pressed him to his heart; approved his noble resolution, which strengthened him in his immoveable principles to sacrifice always the dearest

interest and the most ardent passions, to the most painful duties ; “ the passions will end, and interest change, my son, but virtue never will.”

Camire sighed, on listening to the missionary ; and irrevocably decided not to betray his countrymen. From that moment he cautiously avoided encountering Angelina, seldom went out, but devoted himself to study, and thoughts which nearly drove him to distraction ; Angelina, whom her uncle had informed of Camire’s sentiments, could not forbear sharing them. She hoped he would come often to the palace ; but finding he never presented himself there, and not meeting him as usual at the tomb of Alcaipa, she imagined that he had never really loved her ; and one day on returning from church she chanced to see him, and affected to turn her head another way ; Camire was in despair, he had felt courage enough to renounce Angelina, but he had not sufficient to bear her disdain. He returned home to Maldonado, “ My father,” said he, “ listen to me and pardon ; I have employed all means against my heart, that reason and virtue could give me strength to do, but Angelina prevails above all, I shall leave you, my father—I depart. In the name of heaven, hide from me those tears,—if I remain, I weep, and shall expire before you. Let me go to my woods ; I shall return, I hope ; I am ignorant at what time, but I will return ; if the project on which I meditate is possible to humanity, I shall accomplish it I am sure, and you shall see me

return the most happy and innocent of men. Adieu, my father, my friend, my benefactor! Dry those tears, it is not thy son who is quitting you, but an unfortunate, a senseless prey to a fatal passion, which governs his understanding; which carries him far from his father, which consumes his heart; but which can never alter the tenderness and gratitude that this heart will ever preserve for you." On saying these words, he ran off without listening to Maldonado, who called and cried in vain for him to return to his arms; he soon lost sight of him, and the good father, deprived of his son, seemed left alone in the universe. As soon as Angelina heard of his departure, she reproached herself with being the cause; she hoped, during some time, that he would return to the missionary; but six months elapsed, and no Camire appearing, she begged her uncle's permission to take the veil in one of the convents already founded in L'Assumption; Pedreras approved of her wish, and conducted her the same day to the superior of the Claustres, who in giving her the habit of a novice agreed with the governor to abridge the time for the noviciate. On the eve of the day fixed for the profession of Angelina, Maldonado had returned from visiting the sick, and was resting on a stone bench at the door of his house, thinking of Camire, when he perceived at a little distance some one running towards him, he heard a loud cry, and felt himself pressed in the arms of a young man. "It was he, it was his son; the poor father nearly fainted with joy,

the Gamanis supported him, but could not speak himself; they both entered the house in each other's embraces, and when their full hearts were rather more at ease—"My father," said Camire, "it is I, it is really I; you behold your son, and you behold me worthy of that name. I have not betrayed my honour. I will, I can live faithful to my brothers. I come to deliver to the governor the gold mine he asked me for, and this treasure is far from the road that would lead to my country." Maldonado, on hearing this, partook of his son's joy, which he would not destroy by informing him that on the morrow Angelina would take the vow, but ran immediately to Pedreras to beg it might be deferred, to announce the immense treasure Camire would put into his hands, and to demand the execution of his most sacred promise. Pedreras, surprised and delighted, renewed his promise, wrote directly to the convent, ordering that all should be suspended, and before the morning dawned, he set out with Maldonado, followed by a good escort, under the guidance of the young savage; they travelled all that day, passing the night under the trees, and on the morrow renewed their route in the deserted mountains, which bordered that side of Chili; the governor expressed some surprise, he having before visited that country, where he could not find any metal; but Camire advanced quietly. Arriving near a cavern, formed by barren rocks, Camire stopped, and shewing the entrance, he commanded the

miners to search ; they obeyed. Pedreras, with avaricious eyes, followed every motion of the miners ; the missionary, sad and pensive, indulged hopes which, for the first time, had riches for their object. Camire smiled, and said nothing ; at five or six feet deep, Pedreras saw the first of the shining metal ; he was overjoyed, sprung forward, and with his two hands seized the red earth filled with lentels of virgin gold ; this bed was long and thick, and several others still richer were found under the sand which supported it. Pedreras ran to Camire, pressed him in his arms, called him his nephew, and swore an eternal kindness ; they pursued the work by his orders. Four mules were already loaded with the gold, and the cavern was not exhausted ; the governor left a guard under the command of his lieutenant. In haste, he said, to perform his promise, he returned to L'Assumption with Maldonado and Camire ; he conducted them to the palace, and as soon as he had put his treasure in safety, he went himself to the convent, ordered his niece to quit it immediately, and to get ready to become the next day, the wife of Camire.

Accustomed to submission, she obeyed without reply. She cast off her coarse cloth habit to put on gold and silk ; from her modest forehead, her long polished hair, fell in ringlets on her shoulders, and the emotion of her tried soul, shed upon her cheek a bright flush : still more beautiful than on the day when Camire saved her life, was she presented to the happy Gamanis by Pedreras,

who left them alone for some minutes. Camire profited by this. "Oh! the most amiable of women," said he, "before I obeyed your uncle, the most powerful motives forced me to fly from you. Pedreras, before he would grant me your hand, demanded a gold mine; I knew of none but in my own country; in conducting him there, I should deliver up my brethren to the cruelty of the Spaniards; I could never do that. Angelina, it is to you, I declare it at this moment, when I see you glittering in all your attractions, that I would sacrifice my love, rather than betray my country. I left my virtuous father, and returned to the Gamanis, where I easily found plenty of gold. Assisted by my countrymen, I employed a whole year in carrying myself this gold to an immense distance from the country whence I took it, to conceal it under the earth, and to collect sufficient riches, not to merit you, but to obtain you. I made this long journey a hundred times, and would have made it a thousand if time had not pressed me. Your image, which accompanied me always, made me fearful of offering too small a gift. Pedreras has deigned to be content with this treasure; he is ignorant of the worth of what he gives me, but it is for you, and you alone, I wish to live." Angelina, in listening, had been affected to tears, and she offered him her hand. Pedreras re-entered, and conducted them into the palace, where the same evening, at midnight, Maldonado gave them the nuptial benediction. All

three promised themselves that from henceforth nothing could disturb so happy an union ; all three enjoyed their present, and the idea of their future happiness, but they were not at the end of their troubles. The governor had left the young couple, to return to the cavern, which his workmen had deprived of its treasure. So much riches ought to have satisfied the avarice of Pedreras, if his avarice could be satisfied ; but, easily perceiving that the earth which they had raked up contained no more of the precious metal, he concluded that the young Gamanis knew of a number of mines, from whence, without doubt, he had taken this gold. Too rich, however, to dare to complain, or fearing the missionary too much to attempt any base means to get at the secret which they concealed, he took another course, which would as well answer his designs. He assembled the colony, gave an account of the orders he had, he said, received from the king to continue his discoveries, and bring to submission all the Gamanis. Then turning towards Camire, whom these words had made tremble, “ My nephew,” said he, “ it is to you I resign the interests of Spain ; you are my adopted son, and I charge you in the name of the king to depart with six hundred soldiers, to discover and bring to submission the country of the Gamanis.” The unhappy Camire made no reply, but hastened with his bride to ask Maldonado’s advice. The good father reflected a few moments, then taking them by the hand, “ My children,” said he, “ the danger is great, Camire.

cannot, nor ought not to disobey; if he refuses, he will become suspected, and be put on his trial; I am persuaded of it. The governor is capable of any thing; you have but one alternative, you must fly this night to the Gamanis; I will follow you, my children, yes, I will follow you, notwithstanding my old age. I will go with my cross in my hand, and preach to the brethren of Camire; I will go and convert them to that faith to which I converted you. You will always be happy, you who love innocence and peace. I will fulfil my duty, I will serve my God, and will render unto him men and Christians; I shall be as happy as you." Angelina and her husband fell at the feet of the old man; their flight was decided on; Camire provided a canoe, in which they all three embarked as soon as it was dark. Camire took the oars, and rowed up the river till they reached the mountains; they then landed in the woods, sunk the canoe, and taking a solitary path, arrived in a few days among the Gamanis. He was received like a brother, hastily recounted what he had done for them, and what he owed to the missionary: all the savages then loaded Maldonado with caresses and presents, and worked willingly in making a cabin for the good father, beside that of Angelina and Camire. These cabins, according to the custom of the Gamanis, were constructed in large trees, which they reach by means of a kind of ladder, and which they draw after them when they have ascended, a necessary precaution against wild beasts and

inundations. Established in a short time in their new dwelling, without fear or anxiety, and free from all those torments which men take such pains to produce, occupying themselves only to be loved and to love ; the young couple felt much happier than they had ever been, in the charms and delights of innocence and liberty. Maldonado, beloved by a kind people, preached with success the Christian religion, and died at an advanced age among the Gamanis, having by his virtues already converted the greater number of them, and who in consequence willingly submitted to the king of Spain.

W. M.

THE WIDOW AND HER SUITORS.

AN ANCIENT TALE.

SOME three or four centuries by-gone, when it was the fashion among our modish ancestors to use *fingers* for *forks*, and clean *rushes* in lieu of Kidderminster or Wilton *carpets*, because, for the best of all reasons, they were not invented, there dwelt in a noble mansion, near unto Crosbie-place, a young, rich, and beautiful widow, the relict of the worthy money-getting civilian, Ambrose Willinck, who, in his old age, being infected with a fit of gallantry, wooed and won the fair Alice from a numerous train of sighing swains, by dint of paying a considerable sum of money into the hands of her sire, and making over to her his immense fortune at his decease, an occurrence which took place exactly thirty-one days after the celebration of his nuptials. And thus may his life be said to have waned even with the honey-moon!

But notwithstanding the disparity of their years, the widow exhibited on the occasion rather more than a genteel grief, for her mirror and her acquaintances conti-

nually reminded her that so fair a flower lost half its beauty in the shadow of her weeds ! ‘ And therefore was her *mourning* not deeper than her *grief*,’ as was quaintly observed by Jasper Pippen, the fool, or lord of misrule, pertaining to her household, an officer which it was the wont and custom in those olden times to entertain, when every family of quality had its fool—a possession which many families of quality and distinction, even of the present day, may boast.

As may be naturally expected, no sooner was the widow’s twelve months of *customary* sorrowing expired, her weeds cast off, and her tears dispersed and dried up by the joyful sparkling of her dark black eyes, even as the May-dew is exhaled by the beams of Apollo, than suitors of all degrees and various merits began to flock around her, and essay their smart endeavours to win her valued smiles.

But she seemed in no haste to seek a substitute for her “ dear departed old man,” being resolved not to cast herself away without mature deliberation, and to make her election according to her inclination, caring nought for equality of fortune, as she already possessed wealth enough to satisfy her utmost desires.

The hospitable doors of her splendid mansion were consequently thrown wide to all comers, gentle or simple, of high or low degree, and the black-jack, the was-sel-bowl, the brawn, and foaming ale were displayed in the most inviting and satisfactory abundance on the huge

oaken board of her dining-hall, and many a hungry man had cause to bless the rich widow of Bishop's Gate.

Innumerable cavaliers, too, shone at her frequent entertainments, for Alice was the loadstar of gallantry, the city toast, the theme of rapturous praise, and lastly, a fair object for the designs of the avaricious and needy.

But Alice was no novice in the study of mankind, she had reached her twenty-fifth year, a time when woman's wit is ripest, and sharp enough to penetrate the profoundest schemes of a dull, mechanical calculation. And although she received all with graceful affability and winning smiles, no one among her several suitors could flatter himself with having gained any superiority over his rivals.

One morning, after finishing her toilet, she was playing on her lute in her boudoir, when Jasper Pippen struck his lath-sword against the door, and crowing lustily like a cock, cried "A good-morrow to my fair mistress *to-day!*"

"Come in, Jasper," said the widow.

"Marry! I've been *coming*, half a glass;" replied the fool—"but may I enter?"

"Ay, fool; shew thy face."

"Lo! here's my head,"—popping it in—"but I have a *tale*."

"Well, knave; let's have both, then," said Alice; and in skipped Jasper, who, bending on one knee, kissed the hem of his lady's garment.

"O, sun of beauty and thorn of cruelty! I would prefer a prayer unto thee in behalf of one of my worthy family."

"One of thy kin, fellow?"

"Ay, even of the family of fools is he," replied Jasper, "whose gold speaks for him wheresoever he goes; for by cock and pye, my lady, he hath more *angels* in his bourse than words in his mouth; a man of substance, both in bourse and body; a chick with a marvellous small complement of tongue; a rare catch for a dame who would fain have the voice in her own family; for by the mass, he can scarcely string together so many words as would make a lady's love confession."

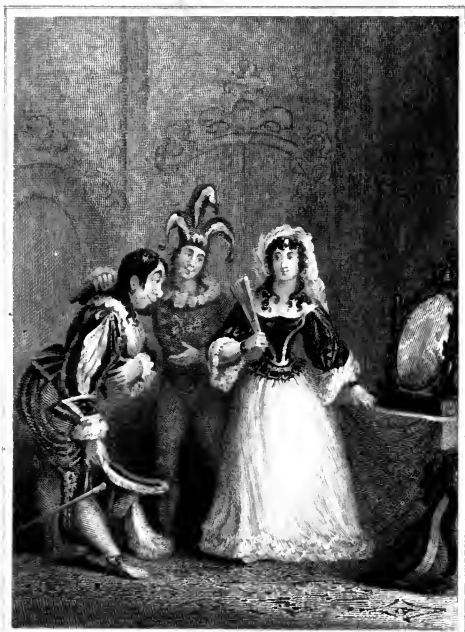
"And where is this gallant?"

"Fumbling his cap and feathers in the anti-room," said Jasper, "fearfully bold, and almost frightened at his courage that eggs him on to this exploit; and he only waits till it shall please thee to admit him to a declaration."

"Oh, give him entrance, by all means," said the widow, laughing.

And the fool immediately introduced, or rather led in, a fat, overgrown, calf-like gentleman of about seven-and-twenty, with a most awkward and unpropitious address, little calculated to win a buxom widow.

"This is the young galliard, madam," said the fool, gravely; for he had been handsomely rewarded by the simpleton for his services,—“for whom I craved the



Drawn by J. Goussier

Engraved by P. Richardson

Page 24

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favour of an audience. He is a youth of rare parts, but withal so modest and backward that he hath not the courage to set off his wit to the best advantage. He is smitten."

"Yea, fair one, I am smitten," said the suitor, laying his left hand on his right side; "but I am a simple man."

"Yet as gentle as an unfledged turtle," said the fool, his roguish pleader; "and though in his simplicity he appelleth himself simple, he is a compound of gallantry, wit, and valour, all which he casteth at the feet of the idol of his heart."

"Peace, fool!" cried the widow, and turning to her awkward admirer, "Excuse, fair sir," said she, "the flippancy of this knave, that setteth his rude speech in the way of thy gallantry."

"Sweet lady! fair lady!" said the simpleton, overwhelmed with confusion, and alternately, in his agitation, dropping his walking-staff and his cap; "truly, madam, an' if it please thee, the fool vents my meaning to a hair."

"Yea, my lady," said Jasper, relieving him, "the sentiments of the fool are his; and in the valour of his *infection* for thee, he useth my wit like a two-edged brand, to carve his way to preferment."

"Is this thy meaning?" demanded the widow, scarce able to restrain her mirth.

"In sooth, yea then, inexpressible fair one," replied

her suitor, " he readeth my bosom as a clerk readeth his psalter."

" Even as the *bumble-bee* courteth the *sun-flower*," continued Jasper, " so doth he fly hither on the wings of hope, to hum and whirl about thee, that art both sun and flower to him ; for the beam of thine eyes filleth him with the warmth of love, and he dies in the *fragrance* of thy *beauty*!"

" And is this thine, too, courteous sir?" demanded the widow, seemingly flattered.

" Aye, to a nail-pairing, adorable !" replied he, believing that the eloquence of his pleader had won upon her.

" And what more?" said she.

" Simply this simple request," replied the fool—" that he may be admitted among the number of thy lowly suitors, that he may have the advantage of wooing thee with tender glances, melting thy obduracy by his burning sighs, and saying *soft* things, in which latter accomplishment he stands pre-eminent!"

" La! yea; beautiful! that is my mind to a tittle!"

" Then, sir, I can only avow thou dost make me much honour by thy company, and do assure thee, thou shalt be entertained here in such sort as will speedily convince thee of the weight thou bearest in my estimation."

" Gramercy! inestimable!" said he, delighted, and turning and winking to the fool; " this is a modest acceptance, a side-wind confession of her flame!"

“ Ay, *visibly!*” replied the fool, “ thou hast a rare *deception* of her intentions, so make thy reverence to my lady, and then part and depart.”

“ Part!” replied he, with a look intended to convey his dolorous feelings at a separation, but withal so ludicrous, that the widow was obliged to hold up her fan to conceal the merriment that moved her muscles; “ and if we must part,” continued he, sighing most pathetically dismal, “ I would fain crave thine hand that I may buss it, nay, were it but a finger.” The widow extended her snowy hand, and he almost covered it with his huge thick lips, exclaiming, “ oh ! la ! delectable ! lilies, ivory !” and a thousand other ravishing exclamations.

Whereupon, after performing this ceremony, Jasper Pippen led him out, and speedily returned again to laugh over the adventure with the merry widow.

“ Marry, sirrah, but thou hast brought me a fair suitor,” said she.

“ A non-such, my lady ; a calf—a fatted calf—a golden calf ! But thou must fain receive him, and feign some passion too, for the love of sport. I have already written his name and titles on my tablets.”

“ How written, fool ?” inquired the widow. “ Thou art no clerk.”

“ Yet do I write in character ; for who dare say I have no character ? Mark ye, Madam,” presenting his broad lath sword, “ there is my book—now will I teach thee to read it !”

“ What are these quaint figures scratched here ? ”

“ That by the haft is a *sugar-loaf*, the effigy of Matthias Keppel, the *spicer* ; that a *peacock's feather*—standing for *Beau Blossom* ; and next thereunto following is a *woolpack*—for Peter Hanks, the *stapler*. ”

“ And this duck at the end ? ” demanded the widow, smiling.

“ That duck, so please thee, is a *goose*, ” replied Jasper, somewhat nettled at her mistaking his ornithological delineation—“ the which is the type of thy last suitor, Simeon Shortcake, gentleman, who will be more seasonable at Michaelmas than Midsummer I take it, for ”—

Here a sudden and astounding uproar of many voices raised in anger and expostulation, interrupted the quibbling course of his facetiousness.

“ By my beard and bells ! ” exclaimed he, cocking his ear to catch some intelligible sound, “ but this seems mightily like unto a brawl. The mad devils have made free with the ale—and the ale with their wits ; or some greedy gabberlunzie is fighting for a choice marrow-bone ”

“ Good Heaven ! ” exclaimed the widow, turning pale, “ I hear their quarter-staves—by my troth ! but they have fallen to blows ! ”

“ Unchristian varlets ! What, not content with stuffing their ungodly gizzards, but they must fall to and be cracking their numskulls. By Gemini ! this is turning hospitality to hostility with a vengeance ! ”

“Go run and inquire the cause of this disorder,” said the widow; “and bid them (in their hostess’s name) to depart in peace.”

“I go, fair mistress,” said Jasper, “but I’ll take heed my nonce gets not within the wind of a cudgelling!”

The lady was not long held in suspense, for in a few minutes, Pippen returned pregnant with tidings.

“Well?” said she, eagerly.

“Not well,” replied he, “for there have been divers ill-gotten blows in the fray, enough to make a man’s brains dizzy for a month!”

“And the cause?”

“The cause—high words and low language; the effects—hard blows on soft knobberjowls; and who think ye, fair mistress, was the prime mover thereof?”

“I cannot devise—who was’t?”

“Eke one of the many suitors, madam.”

“A gentleman, and act thus!”

“Heaven save their innocence, mistress of mine,” exclaimed Jasper; “a Courtier can kick up a dust as well as a pack-horse; the which the sedate, polite, affable, insinuating Master Augustus Bankes hath proved incontestibly.”

“Master Bankes?”

“Yea, madam, Master Bankes, and a gentleman forsooth—being of no calling—though, by St. Winifred! his profession is marvellous big, for he professeth every

thing, and moreover flatters himself of having gained great favour in a certain widow's eyes."

"Flatters himself then he doth most truly," replied the widow, "for he is too servile and obsequious to be honest, and his speech is so stuffed with fragrant conceit, that it is as cloying as a bride-cake. But how did'st thou pacify the brawlers?"

"By simply sending a mute messenger, in the shape of a hard russet pippin, at the pate of Master Augustus, from the hall gallery, as much as to say Pippen knocks and Pippen wants thee; and bawling to the gallant that it was thy pleasure to see him on the instant—But lo! he comes."

And sure enough at that particular moment in marched Master Augustus Bankes, in *propria persona*.

In his countenance, which was handsome, there was a visible struggle betwixt the smiles and the frowns, which had so lately clouded his brow in angry expression. But he summoned up sufficient composure to pay his compliments.

He appeared somewhat about forty, and his trim and sleek exterior bore testimony to his good living, with which his gay and splendid attire was in perfect accordance.

"Madam," said he, "there needs some apology on my part for the extraordinary tumult which has arisen at thy hospitable board. And the more so as it entirely arose from the rebellious conduct of one who bears un-

fortunately some claim to my relationship. The son, madam, of my late spouse."

"Ha! I do remember; and I have heard him reported as a brave and gallant youth."

"Then doth report lie villanously," replied Bankes, his cheeks flushed with vexation. "For there tramps not a recreant 'twixt this and Ludgate that more deserves a coop in Newgate than he, an arrant scape-grace, a dicer, a debauchee, who hath not credit with any taverner for a pennyworth of sack."

"A rare picture, by the Virgin," cried the widow. "And now by my womanhood I should like mightily to behold this monster of depravity. Cannot I see him?"

"See him, madam, see him?" cried the astonished suitor. "Oh! my dear, dear lady—it's an impossibility such a ragged rascalion would affright thee."

"No matter," said she, with a perseverance rendered more obstinate by opposition. "I must and will see him."

"Certes! madam," replied he, shrugging up his shoulders; "thou'rt mistress here," adding "must I remain here too and endure his presence?"

"Not for my pleasure," coldly retorted the widow: and so Master Bankes in conformity with the usual tenor of his politeness was necessarily obliged to withdraw."

No sooner, however, had he departed, than in bounced, *sans ceremonie*, his abused son-in-law, Julian;

but the instant he beheld the beautiful widow he seemed charmed to the spot by her loveliness : and although his garb was certainly in a state of decayed gentility, his bold and handsome figure, and his easy, genteel address glossed over every defect and blemish.

“ Pardon me, fairest and loveliest of widows that ever blest the eyes of a bachelor, for thus intruding upon thy presence,” said he, “ but there hath chanced a little contest of words and blows at thy board which needs some explanation from me. I wish, at least, to prove myself worthy of thy hospitality, if not of thy forgiveness. The fact is, madam, that plump, plausible, pertinent old sinner, Bankes, who was my late father’s widow’s husband, and now a blithe widower on the *look out*, is not content with having bilked me out of my lawful heritage, but he must needs kick me out of society ; (though Got wot, *his society* I crave not), and beard me wheresoever he encounters me. To-day passing thy hospitable mansion, I was attracted by the savoury odours of the smoking viands thy bounty had purveyed, and the cold wind having engendered a keen appetite, I accepted the welcome invitation my discerning olfactories had received, and entered. But, lo ! I had scarcely commenced operations when in strutted mine over-fed daddy-in-law like a stuffed turkey, and casting his sinister eye upon my unfortunate phiz, he thrust out his dexter fist, and in an imperious tone bade me vacate.”

“ Art thou entertainer here ?” quoth I.

“ No, sooth,” said he, “ but anon I may be.”

“ Did he ?” cried the widow, emphatically.

“ Yea, madam ; but I, unwilling to obey his assumed, and, at least, premature authority, continued my unre-mitted and respectful attentions to the good dishes before me. Whereupon finding me immoveable, he was moved to anger, and would have moved me too. Verily I would have let the cur bark till now ; but laying his staff across my shoulders, mine arm was raised mechanically and began to play a stave to the same tune, as his fat ribs can testify. This, madam, is the simple matter of fact ; which having stated, I leave now to be twisted by the ingenuity of Master Bankes, as it shall best serve him. For myself and thy goodly entertainment I humbly thank thee.”

“ Art thou poor, sir ?” asked the widow, who had been secretly admiring him during his honest and impassioned defence.

“ Ay, fair lady, and have been ever since knavery came into vogue, and honesty appeared out at elbows.”

“ Would’st thou be rich ?”

“ If wealth might be gained with honour.”

“ I could direct thee a fair road to fortune.”

“ And a fair fortune it would be, won by such fair means ; but methinks, lady, it were ten to one an’ I did not stumble in the midst of my career, for by my fay, I

should forget fortune's favors in looking back on beauty's smiles!"

The youth bowed pointedly, the widow blushed beautifully, and Master Jasper Pippen whistled *expressively*.

A drachm of penetration were sufficient to divine the sequel.—

Julian's gallantry was the prelude to a declaration—a reciprocal passion and a happy union. And his father's widow's husband had the mortification to see his recreant son-in-law the husband of the beautiful widow, and the successful rival of all her suitors.

A. CROWQUILL.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"Hark ! peals the thunder of the signal gun."—*Byron.*

THE day had been particularly fine, and I stood admiring the departure of the sun as he was rapidly retiring from the surface of the ocean, whose watery ridges were beautifully crimsoned with his parting beams ; when my attention was attracted by a group of peasants, who were silently watching the appearance of something on the boundless deep, though its distance rendered it as yet scarcely discernible. I turned my eyes towards the object which had so firmly fixed their attention, and in a short time beheld a vessel sailing in gallant trim before the breeze, which filled her canvass. After observing it for a considerable time, I saw it stop suddenly in its course, and the sails, which but a minute before were swelled out by the wind, hang motionless, while the streaming pennon curled itself round the mast. From the conversation of some old men who stood by me, I found her situation was by no means enviable. One, who by his silver hairs and hoary look seemed to be the senior of the party, was remarking to his neighbour,

“ Say what you will, Davy, but I like not the look of yon sky ; those little clouds bode no good to the dweller on the salt seas ; and, for my part, I’d rather pass a week of nights in St. Edmund’s turret, where the ghost of Esterling is for ever crying out, ‘ Beware ! Edmund, ‘ Beware ! ’ than I would be now upon those sleepy waves.”

The person who stood next him, and whom I had concluded to be a fisherman, from the old and tattered jacket which he wore, added to the foreboding remarks of the first speaker, “ Aye, aye ; I ween ye speak the truth, and may I never draw net again if some harm comes not to yon brig before midnight. I well remember when, forty years ago last March, the ‘ Bonny Gilderoy ’ stuck in the same place. She little knew her danger, nor thought that rocks were there ; but the first squall pitched her bows under, and in half an hour she was shivered plank from plank. I shall never forget that day, nor the song which mad Wilson, as he was called, made the same day. Hold now, you shall hear it, unless my memory be buried with him who made it.

The old fisherman proceeded to sing, in a tone by no means musical, yet suited well to the song itself, and to the scenery around :

THE BONNY GILDEROY.

The winter’s snow was on the ground,
The winds of March blew cold,
The gallant sun refused to shine,
To waste his beams of gold.

The sea look'd wild, the sky look'd dark,
Loud was the sea-gulls' joy ;
When from the west, on the billows breast,
Came the Bonny Gilderoy.

Anon the slumb'ring winds arose
And swept the briny sea,
The waves that long lay still and dead,
Now danced right merrily ;
They beat against the rugged rocks,
Aye threat'ning to destroy,
But careless still, of good or ill,
Sailed the Bonny Gilderoy.

The thunders shook the murky sky,
The forked lightnings flashed
While loud the sparkling billows roar'd
That o'er the Swiskers * dashed.
The danger bids all hands aloft,
And finds them full employ,
For the lightning past, and struck the mast,
Of the Bonny Gilderoy.

And then the piercing shriek was heard,
Mix'd with the ocean's roar,
For all was lost, and the gallant ship
Shall plough the waves no more.
Full many a corse was cast on shore,
The ravens to decoy,
Which hovering flew round the lifeless crew
Of the Bonny Gilderoy-

The song was scarcely ended, when a rough-looking sailor, who had been all along gazing from the heavens

* The name of a chain of hidden rocks, where the scene of the present narrative is laid.

to the sea, and then to the ship, exclaimed aloud, "hold your tongue, Tom, we shall have enough noise presently, for there goes the cormorant and the gull; and if the black clouds deceive me not, we shall soon hear the cries of man mixed with their cursed croaking, and the roar of the dashing breakers; so bear a hand, let's down and make safe the skiffs; there's no time to lose with so wild a sky above, and so still a sea below us." With that he bounded off, followed by his companion, and they were soon lost amidst the windings of the rocks.

This seemed a signal for the whole to depart, and in a short time I was the only one left, except, indeed, a young man, who till now had escaped my observation, and who was leaning against an old wall a short way off, with his arms folded and apparently regardless of every thing, save the vessel, upon which he had fixed his eyes immoveably. But the darkness of the night, which now came on apace, concealed him from me, and I fancied he had, following the example of the rest, retired to his home. The moon now rose, but the scud which swept wildly over the horizon, only permitted it to be seen at intervals, while the largeness and the paleness of the halo with which it was surrounded, evidently indicated the approach of a storm; which was confirmed by the awful stillness which reigned on earth. The few withered leaves which still clung to the branches, rustled with a fearful motion; while the waves came slowly to the shore, and sent forth a low and hollow sound as they

beat against the cliffs, or flowed over the shells and pebbles of the coast.

Darkness now asserted her power uncontrouled. No object could be discerned, save here and there a faint glimmer which shone through the window of the cottager, and even that was hardly distinguishable; for the inmates had well nigh excluded all light, by crowding round its source, where they sat either silently gazing at each other, or else relating some doleful narrative, of itself sufficient to terrify the superstitious peasants, without the assistance of the portending elements. Many a tale of most terrifying description had already been told, when that but half related was deprived of its conclusion, and cut short on the verge of its melancholy catastrophe by a loud blast of wind, which threatened destruction to half the village, and forcing open the doors, announced to those within the arrival of the storm they had been fearfully expecting. The rain, at the same time, began to descend; at first in a few large drops which pattered mournfully against the windows, but increasing in a minute to the tempest shower; the lightning flashed faintly along, and the rumbling of the thunder was heard at a distance, though every flash grew more vivid than that which had preceded it, and every peal became louder and louder; while the interval between each was filled up with the whistling of the wind, and the roar of the breakers, which had now risen to considerable violence.

Nothing could well be greater than the contrast which at this time existed between the tumult without, and the stillness within doors ; for each sat silent and motionless as a statue ; or if any one ventured to speak, it was done in so subdued a tone, that it sounded but as a whisper ; and even then the speaker seemed afraid of infringing upon the rights of the maddened elements. But this lethargy was not doomed to last long, for we were soon roused by the thrilling report of the signal gun, which broke upon the ear with an awful echo, and seemed possessed of an electric power—again, once—twice—thrice, the signals were heard in rapid succession ; and now the idea of fellow-beings in danger roused all from the stupor which the first report cast them into. Each forgot for a while the tempest which a few minutes before had filled them with fear, and rushed toward the shore. By the time I had reached it, the beach was covered with those who, being better acquainted with the ways, had got there before me. But no one could do more than express his feelings in sudden ejaculations, as the lightning, or the flashes from the guns which now kept up an incessant firing, revealed the vessel to his view, where she might be seen struggling between two sharp rocks, which rose upon each side of her, and against which the angry breakers beating caused the surf to cover the ship every minute. The people on the shore either stood motionless with fear, or ran madly from place to place along the rocks to catch a glimpse,

if possible, of the stranger vessel, for, to render her any assistance in her present situation was altogether impossible. However, to do all that might be done, two small boats were brought forward, and a liberal reward offered to any who would be hardy enough to risk their lives for the preservation of others. Instantly, one of them was occupied by a young man whom, by the glare of a torch, I recognised to be the same that I had seen at nightfall gazing so attentively on the vessel. The boat darted over a wave, and was lost from sight in a moment. By the flash of guns we could still distinguish the brig whenever the surf, which now rose to a tremendous height, presented a clear passage ; but the little skiff seemed to have disappeared for ever, and it was given up for lost by most persons. However, after working in painful suspense for several minutes, it was again observed wearing to its object, and a shout from the vessel announced that the crew had recognised the intrepid hero who had come to their assistance. But fate seemed determined to thwart all human efforts, for a heavy swell, accompanied with a resistless squall of wind, forced the ill-fated vessel against one of the rocks she had so long avoided ; and, from the confused noise which ensued, we understood, alas ! too well, that she was wrecked—that all was past !

Darkness now completely veiled every object from our sight, and the next flash of lightning shewed us the

ship, though still together, yet laid completely on her beam-ends, and washed by every wave.

About an hour after, the storm began to abate, and the moon peeped through the clouds at intervals. We still continued on the beach, in hopes of being able every minute to gain some information concerning the wreck ; but we waited in vain ; the vessel still remained immoveable ; and the fragments which floated ashore had nothing on them from which we might learn her name or place of destination. Midnight arrived, and we were well repaid for all our anxiety by the appearance of our little skiff, emerging from the waves with its gallant charge and two other persons. We hailed it with all our might, but our joy was considerably damped on receiving no answer. A minute brought it to where we stood, but its cargo was inanimate ; one had ceased to breathe,—the generous youth, indeed, was still alive, but the power of utterance was gone, and ere morning he also was a corpse ; while the third, the maid he loved, and whom he had rescued from a watery grave at the expense of his own life, survived but a week, and now rests beside him in the churchyard of St. D——.

THE DEATH'S HEAD.

What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred!
Young's Night Thoughts.

THE beauty of the evening, which succeeded to a very sultry day, tempted Colonel Kielholm to sit, surrounded by his little family, on the stone bench placed before the door of the noble mansion he had recently purchased. In order to become acquainted by degrees with his new tenants, he took pleasure in questioning on their occupations and conditions, the greater part of those who passed by; he alleviated their little sufferings by his advice as well as by his bounty. His family enjoyed particular pleasure in seeing the little inn situated in front of the *château*, which, instead of presenting a disgusting object, as when the late owner lived there, became each succeeding day better and more orderly. Their pleasure was heightened from the circumstance that the new landlord, who had been many years a servant in the

family, was loud in praises of its amended condition, and delighted himself in his new calling, with the idea of the happy prospects it held forth to himself, his wife, and children.

Formerly, though the road was greatly frequented, nobody ventured to pass a night at this inn ; but now each day there was a succession of travellers ; carriages were constantly seen at the door or in the court yard ; and the air of general satisfaction of each party as they proceeded on their route, incontestably proved to the landlord (who always, hat in hand, was at the door of their carriages as they drove off), that his efforts to please the various travellers were completely successful.

A moving scene of this nature had just disappeared, which furnished conversation for the moment, when a whimsical equipage, which arrived from another quarter, attracted the attention of the colonel and his family. A long carriage, loaded with trunks and all sorts of luggage, and drawn by two horses, whose form and colour presented the most grotesque contrast imaginable, but which, in point of meagreness, were an excellent match, was succeeded by a second long and large vehicle, which they had, most probably at the expense of the adjacent forest, converted into a travelling thicket. The four steeds which drew it, did not in any respect make a better appearance than the two preceding. But the colonel and his family were still more struck by the indi-

viduals who filled this second carriage : it was a strange medley of children and grown persons, closely wedged together ; but not one of their countenances bore the slightest mark of similarity of ideas. Discontent, aversion, and hatred, were legible in the face of each of these sun-burnt strangers. It was not a family, but a collection of individuals, which fear or necessity kept together without uniting.

The colonel's penetrating eye led him to discover thus much, though the distance was considerable. He at length saw descend from the back part of the carriage a man of better appearance than the others. At something which he said, the whole troop turned their eyes towards the inn ; they assumed an air of greater content, and appeared a little better satisfied.

The first carriage had already stopped at the door of the inn, while the second was passing the *château* ; and the extremely humble salutations from the passengers in the latter, seemed to claim the good-will of the colonel and his family.

The second carriage had scarcely stopped, ere the troop were out of it, each appearing anxious to quit those next to whom they had been sitting with all possible speed. The spruce and agile manner in which they leaped out of the vehicle, left no doubt on the mind what their profession was,—they could be none other than rope-dancers.

The colonel remarked, that “ notwithstanding the humble salutations they had made, he did not think they

would exhibit in these parts ; but according to appearances, they would proceed to the capital with all possible dispatch ; as it was hardly to be expected that they would be delayed a single day, by the very trivial profit to be expected from exhibiting in a mere country village."

" We have," said he, " seen the worst side of these gentry, without the probability of ascertaining whether they have anything to recommend them to our notice."

His wife was on the point of expressing her dislike to all those tricks which endanger the neck, when the person whom they had observed as being superior to the rest, advanced towards them, and after making a low bow, asked permission to remain there a few days. The colonel was unable to refuse this request, as he shewed him a passport properly signed.

" I beg you," replied the colonel, " to declare most positively to your company, that every equivocal action is punished in my villages : as I am anxious to avoid all possibility of quarrels."

" Do not in the least alarm yourself, monsieur ; an extremely severe discipline is kept up in my troop, which has in some respects the effect of a secret police among ourselves : all can answer for one, and one can answer for all. Each is bound to communicate any misconduct on the part of another to me, and is always rewarded for such communication ; but on the contrary, if he omits so to do, he is severely punished."

The colonel's lady could not conceal her aversion to such a barbarous regulation ; which the stranger perceiving, shrugged his shoulders.

“ We must all accommodate our ideas to our condition. I have found that if persons of this stamp are not so treated, there is no possibility of governing them. And you may the more confidently rely on my vigilance, as I had the happiness of being born in this place, and, in consequence, feel a double obligation : first, to the place of my birth ; secondly, to his worship.”

“ Were you born here ?” demanded the colonel's wife, with surprise.

“ Yes, my lady ; my father was Schurster, the schoolmaster, who died lately. But I call myself Calzolaro, finding that my profession succeeds better under an Italian than a German name.”

This explanation redoubled the interest the colonel and his lady already felt for this man, who appeared to have received a tolerable education. They knew that the schoolmaster, whose profession had been pretty lucrative, owing to the numerous population of the village, had died worth some considerable property, but that he had named a distant female relation as his sole heiress, leaving his only son an extremely scanty pittance.

“ My father,” continued Calzolaro, “ did not behave to me as he ought : and I cannot but think I should be justified in availing myself of some important informalities in his will, and endeavouring to set it aside, which

is my present intention. But excuse, I pray you, my having tired your patience with relations to which the conversation has involuntarily given rise. I have still one more request to make : permit me to return you my best thanks for your gracious condescension, and to shew you some of the exercises for which my troop is famous."

The colonel acceded to Calzolaro's request, and a day was fixed for the performance.

Calzolaro went that very evening to the village pastor, and communicated to him his intentions relative to his father's will. The worthy minister condemned such a procedure, and endeavoured to convince Calzolaro that his father's anger was just. "Picture to yourself, young man," said he, "a father who has grown old in an honest profession, and who rejoices in having a son to whom he can leave it: added to which, this son has great talents, a good understanding, and is well-disposed. It was natural that the father should use every possible exertion to obtain for this son his own situation at his death. The son is in truth nominated to succeed him. The father, thinking himself secure from misfortune, feels quite happy. It was at this period that the son, enticed by hair-brained companions, gave up a certain and respectable, though not very brilliant provision. My dear Schurster, if, when shaking off the salutary yoke, and quitting your venerable father, to ramble over the world, you could lightly forget the misery it would occasion him, you ought at least in the present instance to

behave differently ; or, in plain terms, I shall say you are a good-for-nothing fellow. Did not your father, even after this, do all he could to reclaim you ? but you were deaf to his remonstrances."

" Because the connexion which I had formed imposed obligations on me, from which I could not free myself, as from a garment of which one is tired. For had I then been my own master, as I now am ——"

" Here let us stop, if you please : I have only one request to make of you. You ought, from respect to your father's memory, not to dispute his will."

This conversation, and the venerable air of the pastor had a little shaken Calzolaro's resolutions : but the next day they returned with double force ; for he heard several persons say, that shortly before his death, his father was heard to speak of him with great bitterness.

This discourse rendered him so indignant, that he would not even accede to a proposal of accommodation with the heiress, made to him by the pastor.

The colonel tried equally, but without success, to become a mediator, and at length determined to let the matter take its course.

He however assisted at the rehearsals made by the troop ; and took so much pleasure in the performances prepared for the amusement of himself and his family by Calzolaro, that he engaged him to act again, and invited several of his neighbours to witness them.

Calzolaro said to him on this occasion : " You have

as yet seen very trifling proofs of our abilities. But do not fancy that I am an idle spectator, and merely stand by to criticize : I, as well as each individual of my troop, have a sphere of action ; and I reserve myself to 'give you, before we take our leave, some entertaining experiments in electricity and magnetism."

The colonel then told him, that he had recently seen in the capital a man who exhibited experiments of that sort, which had greatly delighted him ; and above all, he had been singularly astonished by his powers of ventriloquism.

" It is precisely in that particular point," replied Calzolaro, that I think myself equal to any one, be they whom they may."

" I am very glad of it," answered the colonel. " But what would produce the most astonishing effect on those who have never heard a ventriloquist, would be a dialogue between the actor and a death's head :—the man of whom I made mention gave us one."

" If you command it, I can undertake it."

" Delightful !" exclaimed the colonel. And Calzolaro having given some unequivocal proofs of his powers as a ventriloquist, the colonel added : " The horror of the scene must be augmented by every possible means : for instance, we must hang the room with black ; the lights must be extinguished ; we must fix on midnight. It will be a species of phantasmagoria dessert after supper ; an unexpected spectacle. We must contrive to

throw the audience into a cold perspiration, in order that when the explanation takes place they may have ample reason to laugh at their fears. For if all succeeds, no one will be exempt from a certain degree of terror."

Calzolaro entered into the project, and promised that nothing should be neglected to make it successful.— They unfurnished a closet, and hung it with black.

The colonel's wife was the only one admitted to their confidence, as they could rely on her discretion. Her husband had even a little altercation on the subject with her. She wished, that for the ventriloquist scene they should use the model of a head in plaister, which her son used to draw from ; whereas the colonel maintained that they must have a real skull : " Otherwise," said he, " the spectators' illusion will speedily be at an end ; but after they have heard the death's head speak, we will cause it to be handed round, in order to convince them that it is in truth but a skull."

" And where can we procure this skull ?" asked the colonel's wife.

" The sexton will undertake to provide us with it."

" And whose corpse will you thus disturb, for a frivolous amusement ?"

" How sentimental you are !" replied Kielholm, who did not consider the subject in so serious a light : " We may easily see you are not accustomed to the field of battle, where no further respect is paid to the repose of

the dead, than suits the convenience of the labourer in the fields where they are buried."

"God preserve me from such a spectacle!" exclaimed the colonel's lady in quitting them, when she perceived her husband was insensible to her representations.

According to the orders which he received, the sexton one night brought a skull in good preservation.

The morning of the day destined for the representation, Calzolaro went into the adjacent forest to rehearse the dialogue which he was to have with the death's head. He considered in what way to place the head, so as to avoid all suspicion of the answers given by it being uttered by a person concealed. In the mean while the pastor arrived at the spot from a neighbouring hamlet, where he had been called to attend a dying person: and believing that the interposition of Providence was visible in this accidental meeting, the good man stopped, in order once again to exhort Calzolaro to agree to an accommodation with the heiress.

"I yesterday," said he, "received a letter from her, in which she declares that, rather than any disrespect should be paid to your father's last will and testament, she will give up to you half the inheritance to which she is thereby entitled. Ought you not to prefer this to a process at law, the issue of which is doubtful, and which at all events will never do you credit?"

Calzolaro persisted in declaring that the law should decide between him and the testator.—The poor young

man was not in a state to see in a proper point of view his father's conduct towards him.—The pastor, finding all his representations and entreaties fruitless, left him. Calzolaro proceeded slowly to the inn, to assign to each of his band their particular part. He told them that he should not be with them; but notwithstanding he should have an eye over their conduct. He was not willing to appear as the manager of these mountebanks, to the party assembled at the colonel's, thinking that if he appeared for the first time in the midnight scene, as an entire stranger, it would add still more to the marvellous.

The tumblers tricks and rope-dancing were performed to admiration. And those of the spectators whose constant residence in the country prevented their having witnessed similar feats, were the most inclined to admire and praise the agility of the troop. The little children in particular were applauded. The compassion excited by their unhappy destiny, mingled with the approbation bestowed on them; and the ladies were subjects of envy, in giving birth to the satisfaction depicted in the countenances of these little wretches by their liberal donations.

The agility of the troop formed the subject of general conversation the whole afternoon. They were even speaking in their praise after supper,—when the master of the house said to the company assembled:

“I am rejoiced, my dear friends, to see the pleasure

you have received from the little spectacle that I have been enabled to give you. My joy is so much the greater, since I find you doubting the possibility of things which are very natural ; for I have it in my power to submit for your examination something of a very incomprehensible nature. At this very moment I have in my house a person who entertains a most singular intercourse with the world of spirits, and who can compel the dead to answer his questions."

" O !" exclaimed a lady, smiling, " don't terrify us."

" You jest *now*," replied the colonel ; " but I venture to affirm your mirth will be a little changed when the scene takes place."

" I accept the challenge," answered the incredulous fair one. All the party was of her opinion, and declared themselves so openly and so loudly against the truth of these terrific scenes, that the colonel began to be really apprehensive for the effects likely to be produced by those he had prepared. He would have even relinquished his project, if his guests, one and all, had not entreated him to the contrary. They even went further : they besought him not long to delay the wonderful things he promised. But the colonel, keeping his own counsel, feigned ignorance that they were laughing at him ; and with a grave air declared that the experiment could not take place till midnight.

The clock at length struck twelve. The colonel gave

his servants orders to place chairs facing the door of a closet which had been hitherto kept shut : he invited the company to sit down, and gave orders for all the lights to be put out. While these preparations were making, he thus addressed the company :

“ I entreat you, my friends, to abstain from all idle curiosity.” The grave and solemn tone in which he uttered these words made a deep impression on the party, whose incredulity was not a little lessened by the striking of the clock, and the putting out the lights one after the other. Presently they heard from the closet facing them the hoarse and singular sounds by which it is pretended spirits are conjured up ; and which were interrupted at intervals by loud strokes of a hammer. All on a sudden the door of the closet opened : and as by slow degrees the cloud of incense which filled it evaporated, they gradually discovered the black trappings with which it was hung, and an altar in the middle also hung with black drapery. On this altar was placed a skull, which cast its terrifying regards on all the company present.

Meanwhile the spectators' breathing became more audible and difficult, and their embarrassment increased in proportion as the vapour gave place to a brilliant light issuing from an alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling. Many of them indeed turned their heads away in alarm on hearing a noise behind them ; which, however, they discovered simply proceeded from some of the

servants, whom the colonel had given permission to be present during the exhibition, at a respectful distance.

After a moment of profound silence, Calzolaro entered. A long beard had so effectually altered his youthful appearance, that though several of the spectators had previously seen him, they could not possibly recognise him under this disguise. And his Oriental costume added so much to the deceit, that his entrance had an excellent effect.

In order that his art should impose the more, the colonel recommended to him a degree of haughtiness in addressing the company; and that he should not salute them according to any prescribed forms of politeness, but to announce himself in terms foreign from all ordinary modes of conversation. They both agreed that a mysterious jargon would best answer their purpose.

In consequence of such determination, Calzolaro, assuming a deep sepulchral tone, thus began:—"After our present state of existence, we are swallowed up in the obscure abyss which we call death, in order that we may become incorporated in an entirely new and peaceful state. It is in order to emancipate the soul from this state, that the sublime arts are exercised; and to create among fools and weak persons the idea of its being impossible! The wise and learned pity them for their ignorance, in not knowing what is possible and impossible, true or false, light or dark; because they do not know, and cannot comprehend the exalted spirits, who,

from the silence of the vault and the grave, from the mouldering bones of the dead, speak to the living in a voice no less formidable than true. As to you, who are now here assembled, listen to a word of advice. Avoid provoking by any indiscreet question the vengeance of the spirit, who at my command will be invisibly stationed beneath this human skull. Endeavour to moderate your fear : listen to every thing with calmness and submission ; for I take under my especial care all those who are obedient, and only leave the guilty as a prey to the destruction they merit."

The colonel remarked with secret satisfaction the impression produced on the company, hitherto so incredulous, by this pompous harangue.

" Every thing succeeds better than I could have hoped," said he, in an under tone to his wife, who was not all amused by the performance, and who was only present to please her husband.

Meanwhile Calzolaro continued : " Look on this pitiful and neglected head : my magic art has removed the bolts of the tomb to which it was consigned, and in which reposes a long line of princes. The owner of it is now actually there, rendering up to the spirits an exact account of the life he had led. Don't be alarmed, even though it should burst forth in terrible menaces against you : and against me his impotency will be manifest, as, spite of his former grandeur, he cannot resist the power I have over him, provided no culpable preci-

pitiation on your part interrupt the solemnity of my questions."

He then opened a door of the closet hitherto concealed from the company, brought a chafing-dish filled with red-hot coals, threw thereon some incense, and walked three times round the altar, pronouncing at each circle a spell. He then drew from its scabbard a sword which hung in his girdle, plunged it in the smoke issuing from the incense, and making frightful contortions of his face and limbs, pretended to endeavour to cleave the head, which, however, he did not touch. At last he took the head up on the point of his sword, held it up in the air before him, and advanced towards the spectators a little moved.

"Who art thou, miserable dust, that I hold at the point of my sword?" demanded Calzolaro, with a confident air and a firm voice.—But scarcely had he uttered this question, when he turned pale; his arm trembled; his knees shook; his haggard eyes, which were fixed on the head, were horror-struck: he had hardly strength sufficient to place the head and the sword on the altar, ere he suddenly fell on the floor with every symptom of extreme terror.

The spectators, frightened out of their wits, looked at the master of the house, who in his turn looked at them. No one seemed to know whether this was to be considered part of the scene, nor whether it was possible to explain it. The curiosity of the audience was raised

to its utmost pitch : they waited still a considerable time, but no explanation took place. At length Calzolaro, half-raising himself, asked if his father's shadow had disappeared.

Stupefaction succeeded astonishment. The colonel was anxious to know whether he was still attempting to impose on the company by a pretended dialogue with the death's head ?

Calzolaro answered that he would do any thing, and that he would willingly submit to any punishment they chose to inflict on him for his frightful crime : but he entreated they would instantly carry back the head to its place of repose.

His countenance had undergone a complete change, and only resumed its wonted appearance on the colonel's wife acquiescing in his wish : she ordered the head to be instantly conveyed to the church-yard, and to be replaced in the grave.

During this unexpected denouement, every eye was turned on Calzolaro ; he, who not long ago was talking with so much emphasis and in such a lofty strain, could now scarcely draw his breath ; and from time to time threw supplicating looks on the spectators, as if entreating them to wait patiently till he had recovered strength sufficient to continue his performance.

The colonel informed them in the mean while of the species of jest that he had projected to play on them, and for the failure of which he could not at that moment

account. At last Calzolaro, with an abashed air, spoke as follows :—

“ The spectacle which I designed to have given, has terminated in a terrible manner for me. But, happily for the honourable company present, I perceive they did not see the frightful apparition which caused me a temporary privation of my reason. Scarcely had I raised the death's head on the point of my sword, and had begun to address it, than it appeared to me in my father's features : and whether my ears deceived me or not, I am ignorant ; neither do I know how I was restored to my senses ; but I heard it say, ‘ Tremble, parricide, whom nothing can convert, and who wilt not turn to the path thou hast abandoned ! ’ ”

The very recollection produced such horror on Calzolaro's mind as to stop his respiration and prevent his proceeding. The colonel briefly explained to the spectators what appeared to them mysterious in his words, and then said to the penitent juggler :

“ Since your imagination has played you so strange a trick, I exhort you in future to avoid all similar accidents, and to accept the arrangement proposed to you by the person whom your father has named as his heir.”

“ No, monsieur,” answered he, “ no agreement, no bargain ; else I shall only half fulfil my duty. Every thing shall belong to this heiress, and the law-suit shall be abandoned.”

He at the same time declared that he was weary of

the mode of life he had adopted, and that every wish of his father's should be fulfilled.

The colonel told him that such a resolution compensated for what had failed in the evening's amusement.

The company, however, did not cease making numberless inquiries of Calzolaro, many of which were very ludicrous. They were anxious to know, among other things, whether the head which had appeared to him, resembled that of a corpse or a living being.

"It most probably belongs to a corpse," he replied. "I was so thunderstruck with the horrible effect of it, that I cannot remember minutiae. Imagine an only son, with the point of a sword which he holds in his hand, piercing his father's skull! The bare idea is sufficient to deprive one of one's senses."

"I did not believe," answered the colonel, after having for some time considered Calzolaro, "that the conscience of a man, who like you has rambled the world over, could still be so much overcome by the powers of imagination."

"What! monsieur, do you still doubt the reality of the apparition, though I am ready to attest it by the most sacred oaths?"

"Your assertion contradicts itself. We have also our eyes to see what really exists; and nobody, excepting yourself, saw any other than a simple skull."

"That is what I cannot explain: but this I can add, that I am firmly persuaded, although even now I cannot

account for my so thinking, that as sure as I exist, that head is actually and truly the head of my father: I am ready to attest it by my most solemn oath."

"To prevent your perjuring yourself, they shall instantly go to the sexton, and learn the truth."

Saying this, the colonel went out to give the necessary orders. He returned an instant afterwards, saying :—

"Here is another strange phenomenon. The sexton is in this house, but is not able to answer my questions. Anxious to enjoy the spectacle I was giving my friends, he mixed with some of my servants, who, possessing the same degree of curiosity, had softly opened the door through which the chafing-dish was conveyed. But at the moment of the conjuror falling on the floor, the same insensibility overcame the sexton; who even now has not recovered his reason, although they have used every possible method to restore him."

One of the party said, that, being subject to fainting himself, he constantly carried about him a liquor, the effect of which was wonderful in such cases, and that he would go and try it now on the sexton. They all followed him: but this did not succeed better than the methods previously resorted to.

"This man must indeed be dead," said the person who had used the liquor without effect on him.

The clock in the tower had just struck one, and every person thought of retiring; but slight symptoms of

returning life being perceptible in the sexton, they still remained.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the sexton awaking ;
"he is at length restored to rest!"

"Who, old dad?" said the colonel.

"Our late schoolmaster."

"What then, that head was actually his?"

"Alas! if you will only promise not to be angry with me, I will confess——It was his."

The colonel then asked him how the idea of disturbing the schoolmaster's corpse in particular came into his head.

"Owing to a diabolical boldness. It is commonly believed, that when a child speaks to the head of its deceased parent at the midnight hour, the head comes to life again. I was anxious to prove the fact, but shall never recover from its effects; happily, however, the head is restored to rest."

They asked him how he knew it. He answered, that he had seen it all the while he was in a state of lethargy; that as the clock struck one, his wife had finished re-interring the head in its grave. And he described in the most minute manner how she held it.

The curiosity of the company assembled was so much excited by witnessing these inexplicable events, that they awaited the return of the servant whom the colonel had dispatched to the sexton's wife. Every thing had happened precisely as he described;—the clock

struck one at the very moment the head was laid in the grave.

These events had produced to the spectators a night of much greater terrors than the colonel had prepared for them. Nay, even *his* imagination was raised to such a pitch, that the least breath of wind, or the slightest noise, appeared to him as a forerunner to some disagreeable visitor from the world of spirits.

He was out of his bed at dawn of day, to look out of his window and see the occasion of the noise which at that hour was heard at the inn-door. He saw the rope-dancers seated in the carriage, about to take their departure. Calzolaro was not with them, but presently afterwards came to the side of the vehicle, where he took leave of them : the children seemed to leave him behind with regret.

The carriage drove off ; and the colonel made a signal to Calzolaro to come and speak to him.

" I apprehend," said he to him, when he came in, " that you have taken entire leave of your troop."

" Well, monsieur, ought I not so to do?"

" It appears to me a procedure in which you have acted with as little reflection as the one which tempted you first to join them. You ought rather to have availed yourself of some favourable occasion for withdrawing the little capital that you have in their funds."

" Do you then, monsieur colonel, forget what has happened to me ; that I could not have enjoyed another

moment of repose in the society of persons who are only externally men? Every time I recall the scene of last night to my recollection, my very blood freezes in my veins. From this moment I must do all in my power to appease my father's shade, which is now so justly incensed against me. Without much effort I have withdrawn myself from a profession which never had any great charms for me. Reflect only on the misery of being the chief of a troop, who, to earn a scanty morsel of bread, are compelled every moment to risk their lives! —and even this morsel of bread not always attainable. Moreover, I know that the clown belonging to the troop, who is a man devoid of all sentiment, has for a long while aspired to become the chief: and I know that he has for some time been devising various means to remove me from this world; therefore it appears to me that I have not been precipitate in relinquishing my rights to him for a trifling sum of money. I only feel for the poor children; and would willingly have purchased them, to save them from so unhappy a career; but he would not take any price for them. I have only one consolation, which is, the hope that the inhuman treatment they will experience at his hands will induce them to make their escape, and follow a better course of life."

"And what do you purpose doing yourself?"

"I have told you that I shall retire to some obscure corner of Germany, and follow the profession to which my father destined me."

The colonel made him promise to wait a little ; and, if possible, he would do something for him.

In the interim, the heiress to his father's property arrived, to have a conference on the subject with him. As soon as he had made known his intentions to her, she entreated him no longer to refuse half the inheritance, or at least to receive it as a voluntary gift on her part. The goodness, the sweetness of this young person (who was pretty also), so pleased Calzolaro, that a short time afterwards he asked her hand in marriage. She consented to give it to him. And the colonel then exerted himself more readily in behalf of this man, who had already gained his favour. He fulfilled his wishes by sending him to a little property belonging to his wife, to follow the profession his father had fixed on for him.

Ere he set off, Calzolaro resumed his German name of Schurster. The good pastor, who had so recently felt indignant at his obstinacy, gave the nuptial benediction to the happy couple, in presence of the colonel and his family, who on this occasion gave an elegant entertainment at the *château*.

In the evening, a little after sunset, the bride and bridegroom were walking in the garden, at some little distance from the rest of the company, and appeared plunged in a deep reverie. All on a sudden they looked at each other, for it seemed to them that some one took a hand of each and united them. They declared, at

least, that the idea of this action having taken place came to them both so instantaneously and so involuntarily, that they were astonished at it themselves.

An instant afterwards, they distinctly heard these words :—

“ May God bless your union!” pronounced by the voice of Calzolaro’s father.

The bridegroom told the colonel, some time afterwards, that without these consolatory words, the terrible apparition which he saw on the memorable night, would assuredly have haunted him all his life, and have impoisoned his happiest moments.

THE
THREE BEAUTIES OF DRESDEN.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight,—but merit wins the soul.

Pope.

THE troops of the Elector of Saxony were repairing to winter quarters, after a tedious, but at length successful campaign against Frederic the Great. The capital had very lately been threatened with a siege by the Prussian monarch, and it was principally owing to the excellent conduct and astonishing intrepidity of a regiment of dragoons, that the late desperate engagement had terminated in favour of the Electorate. They turned the tide of fortune; the Saxon army, which had been very nearly discomfited, rallied when they beheld the glorious stand made by these brave men, and inspired by their example, they rushed upon the enemy, and obliged him, beaten at all points, not only to quit the field, but to relinquish, for the present at least, his ambitious designs, and his intended attempt upon the capital. A truce was asked and obtained, and the remains of those gallant hussars, who had so gloriously distin-

guished themselves, galloped into Dresden upon a bright morning in the beginning of December. In addition to their own victorious standards, they brought with them the eagle of Prussia, wrested from the king's immediate guard, and with trumpets sounding and banners flying, they proceeded along the principal streets to the grand square. Shouts and acclamations attended them in their progress through the city, and every window and every balcony were filled with beauties eager to reward the exertions of valour with their smiles. Victor Amadeus Wallenstein, a young man of seven-and-twenty, who had been raised to the rank of colonel by his almost marvellous achievements, was the chief object of attraction. His bravery scarcely equalled his beauty, and he managed his prancing steed with so much grace, that the whole city rang with the praises of his person and accomplishments. It was a proud and happy moment for the fearless soldier ; he had escaped disease, or wounds, in many severe hardships and well-contested fields ; and after a life of toil and danger, and banishment from social intercourse with the fairer portion of the world, he was going to spend a whole season in a festive city, with a name that ensured him a general welcome. Wallenstein speedily experienced the hospitality of the inhabitants ; no ball or party was considered to be complete without the handsome colonel ; and he entered into the amusements of the place with the avidity of a young and sanguine heart, secure of finding the pleasure which he

sought. To fall in love was a matter of course, and though for some time puzzled how to choose amid so many beauties, a slight sentiment of vanity decided him. Romilda Blumenberg, a lady of high birth, was the star of the Electoral court ; all the gay and noble of the city paid homage to her charms. She was somewhat capricious and difficult of access ; which, in the opinion of many, enhanced the value of the rare and brilliant smiles she sometimes condescended to bestow.

Wallenstein had been early struck with the commanding character of her fine features ; he saw that she extended even the common courtesies of life but to few, and attributing the haughty demeanour, which gained her numerous enemies, to a dignified reserve which shrank from the freedoms that others permitted without scruple, he began to feel a restless desire to thaw the ice of this lovely yet frigid maiden. The gallant Colonel was not formed to sue long in vain : his paternal estate was large ; and the favour which he so justly enjoyed at court, seemed to promise promotion to the highest ranks of his profession. In point of birth, fortune, and expectations, therefore, he might be deemed a fitting match for any lady below the dignity of a royal descent : and with the addition of his superior personal advantages, there could be little doubt of his success. Romilda, even at first elated by this new conquest beyond the usual cold satisfaction with which she was wont to regard a fresh accession to her train, forbore the practice

of those disdainful airs, so chilling to the hopes of her less favoured lovers ; she received Wallenstein with a sweet graciousness, which convinced him he was not mistaken in supposing that she possessed a heart fraught with the most amiable and tender emotions. He became every day more and more enamoured, as new perfections developed themselves ; and this fair, yet hitherto cold-bosomed creature, seemed to melt by degrees, until she returned his fond devotion with an equal sincerity of affection.

The triumph which Colonel Wallenstein had obtained over many titled suitors, afforded a theme of conversation to the idle portion of the community ; the rejected and their friends were not sparing in their sneers and animadversions upon the subject ; and a particular party, who generally assembled at a palace inhabited by Prince Albert, of Saxe Saalfeldt, then resident upon a mission of great importance at Dresden, were the most bitter in their indignation at the success of a man, who had already raised their envy by the fame which rewarded his martial exploits. Prince Albert had numerous reasons for disliking the accomplished soldier. He had once, even at the outset of Wallenstein's military service, been worsted by him in a skirmish ; and since his arrival in the capital, he had been severely mortified by his steady refusal to join the loud and licentious revels which he was in the habit of holding in his saloons. Victor, disgusted with scenes of drunkenness and riot,

had wholly withdrawn himself from the society of the Prince, who, following the bent of a fickle humour, was now running a wild career of dissipation. Never seen in assemblies, frequented by the virtuous of either sex, he drained the midnight bowl with companions of the same caste; yet, gifted with considerable talent, and often emerging from a life degraded by vice, he was not entirely condemned as incorrigibly devoted to reprobate habits. His exalted station procured him many friends, who prophesied that he would live to redeem the errors of his youth; and the strong necessity in the existing state of Saxony to conciliate the imperial family, with whom he was allied, rendered the court and cabinet anxious to palliate, to overlook, and to excuse excesses, which in others would have been visited with the strongest censure. Though the Prince had for a long time ceased to attend the entertainments given by the nobility, he still retained a lively recollection of the charms of Romilda Blumenberg, and regularly paid the doubtful compliment of pronouncing her name before his ablutions, in union with the most base and worthless females of the city: and when Wallenstein's reported engagement was announced to him, he exclaimed with a deep oath, that the milk-sop was not worthy of the fairest hand in Dresden. "Ye have done wrong, gallants," he continued, "to allow this gunpowder hero to mingle myrtles with his laurels. By the red lip of St. Catherine, I will overcome my constitutional laziness, meet him in the field

of love, and snatch away the prize. What say you, friends ? I'll wager a thousand ducats, and the best barb in my stable to boot, that I oblige Wallenstein to retreat." The bet was immediately accepted, and the Prince offered fresh stakes—his jewels to one, his pictures to another ; and lastly, his plate. They were eagerly taken, for Wallenstein's marriage appeared to be certain, and the chances were very strongly in favour of Albert's forgetfulness of the whole affair. The news, however, was buzzed about the city the next day ; Victor heard it, but it did not cause any uneasiness in him. It was brought to the toilette of the lady, and she was highly indignant at Prince Albert's presumptuous hopes. To the surprise of many, he appeared that evening at a ball. Romilda displayed her resentment by the most contemptuous neglect. He yielded to none in the grace and dignity of his deportment ; there was no possibility of repulsing his easy assurance ; and undaunted by her disdainful glances, he remained her shadow for the whole evening.

Wallenstein would have been better pleased had Romilda treated the Prince with quiet indifference ; but the error was of the judgment only, and he would not pain his fair friend by remarking it. The next morning he found her laughing over some very fine verses which she had just received ; she tore them in his presence, and flung them into the fire. At night the Prince was at his post again, and occasionally extracted a word from the lady, fairly tired, it should seem, of her impenetrability.

Wallenstein still would not allow himself to feel uncomfortable ; but though on the following day he was almost certain that he saw Albert's page in the palace-yard, he was not shewn any more letters, and in the evening Romilda was both thoughtful and languid in the dance ; and when, complaining of fatigue, she sat down, the Prince was allowed to lean over the back of her chair, and to make as many fine speeches as he pleased.

The Colonel now began to experience some uneasy sensations. So long as Romilda had checked the advances of this insolent suitor, for her sake he was disposed to overlook the liberty which he had taken with her name ; but he now determined upon shewing his resentment upon the first fitting opportunity. Watching their conduct closely, he saw that Romilda was dazzled by the splendour of her supposed conquest. Stung to the quick, he left her to the blandishments to which she lent so willing an ear ; yet, unable to seek his pillow, he wandered around the residence of his beloved for several hours.

Towards morning the light of a waning moon revealed the figure of a man leaping the garden wall. Wallenstein darted forward—It was the Prince ! Instantly drawing his sword, he commanded him to defend himself. Albert, with cool imperturbability called the guard, and in another moment the challenger was deprived of his sword, and placed in close custody. Many days elapsed ere Wallenstein was released ; and it required

all his own interest and the strongest exertions on the part of his friends to procure his pardon. The laws against duelling were exceedingly severe ; and, had not Prince Albert interceded with the Elector, they would probably have been enforced. The Prince gave himself infinite credit for his forbearance, since, had the combat actually taken place, Wallenstein must have been sentenced to banishment at the least, a punishment little less than that which he endured in owing his security to the man who had so deeply mortified him.

Romilda's share in the mal-accident obliged her to retire from court. The Prince, having won his bets, pursued her no more ; and Victor, ashamed of his attachment to one so heartless, strove to divert his mind by new scenes and new amusements. The burghers of Dresden, eager to shew their high esteem of Colonel Wallenstein, had prepared for him a magnificent present, consisting of the precious manufacture of the city, the rich china, so highly celebrated throughout Europe. A deputation waited upon him, to invite him to the house of one of the principal merchants, where he found the chief citizens assembled, together with their wives and daughters. Victor lent apparent attention to the long-winded orations and laboured compliments, delivered with considerable difficulty by the civic authorities, whilst his eyes glanced over the fair faces of the damsels, who, shrinking behind their mothers, blushed deeply at his regards. There was one who far exceeded her compa-

nions in beauty and grace ; her cheeks were suffused with a richer crimson, and her eyes flashed out brighter beams when those of the gallant Colonel rested upon her glowing countenance. The first ceremonial over, this young creature, though evidently embarrassed by her timidity, advanced a few paces, and having singled out six of the youngest and prettiest in the company, who arranged themselves into a group, motioned them to follow her as she stepped forward, and, with down-cast looks and hesitating accents, approached the hero of the day.

" Alas !" said she, " I have forgotten my speech ; but I am directed to tell you, sir, that the women of Dresden are not ungrateful to the patriot-band who saved the city from the horrors of a siege ; and, though most unworthy of your acceptance, they entreat that you will accept this vase from their hands. We do not pretend to vie with our fathers and brothers in the gift ; but we trust that as it has been purchased by the product of our industry, exerted for the purpose, you will not disdain so trifling a record of our deep sense of your merits."

Wallenstein made a suitable reply, and his polite gallantry increased the favourable impression which he had made upon the assembly. A magnificent collation was now set out, which afforded him an opportunity of giving a bright example to the male part of the company by his unceasing attentions to the ladies. When the

repast was concluded, a band of music commenced a popular air, and Victor instantly led Ernestine Vanhagen to the dance. The evening passed delightfully away ; his fair partner was all innocence and simplicity, and, unacquainted with the arts of her sex, took no pains to disguise her admiration of the handsome hussar. What a contrast to Romilda ; and how much more attractive was such frank sincerity, than the cold and studied airs of that calculating coquette !

Wallenstein's style of living was almost entirely changed ; he went seldom to court, but amused himself with domestic parties, given by the honest burgesses. Ernestine led him to her favourite walks round the city ; she displayed a charming taste for the beauties of nature, as they wandered under the spreading pine-trees which crown the rocky banks of the sparkling Elbe ; and whilst standing together in the cupola of the Frauenkirche, she pointed out to him the distant hills Der Tacchishen Schweiz, and described to him her own pleasant dairy in that romantic region, he thought that he could relinquish all the glories of his profession to lead a pastoral life with so sweet a companion. In fact, the prejudices of aristocracy were melting fast away, and Victor, too honourable to win a maiden's heart and leave her to weep over his desertion, had determined to raise the burgher's daughter to the rank of his wife. The birthday of the Elector occurred in this month, and was celebrated with great magnificence. There was a masked

ball at court, and a sort of carnival established throughout the city. All ranks and classes appearing in the streets and public places in fanciful dresses. Victor was engaged to meet Ernestine at the house of a friend. After he had paid his respects to his sovereign, disengaging himself as quickly as possible from the brilliant assembly, he hastened to his appointment. The streets were blazing with torches and ringing with minstrelsy ; as he passed along, group after group, in quaint disguises, accosted him with many speeches, and the spirit of joy seemed to be abroad. He hurried forward to make his lovely friend a sharer in the universal gaiety ; but she was not to be found. Vainly did he search the houses of their mutual acquaintance, all those which were open for the reception of masks he had visited save one—it was Prince Albert's. It was splendidly lighted, and music sounded from within. He hesitated, yet entered. The Prince, superbly dressed, was parading the principal apartment unmasked ; a lady, covered with a flowing veil, leaned upon his arm ; the height, the air, was that of Ernestine ! Victor gazed for a moment, in doubt and dismay ; he pulled off his hat and mask for air, and in another moment caught the regards of the veiled female—she uttered a faint shriek—his fears were verified, and hastening up to her, he exclaimed, “ Have you been betrayed into this den of vice, or did you enter it with your own consent ? ”

Her whole frame shook with the conflict of her feel-

ings—her veil fell aside, and disclosed a face quivering with agitation. Wallenstein grasped his sword; but, clasping her hands together, and rushing forward to prevent the rash design, she said, “Do not hazard your life for one so unworthy. I came here by my own consent.”

Victor turned away, but he could not leave without an effort to save her from farther wretchedness and degradation. “Return with me at least to your parents,” he cried.

“Oh! no, no, no!” she replied, wrapping up her head in her veil, “never shall I behold either them or you again.”

All this time the Prince stood silently by, with a calm, cold look; his easy indifference roused Wallenstein to desperation; fire flashed from his eyes; and having drawn his sword, he menaced him with a blow: but Ernestine perceiving the action even through her veil, threw herself into Albert’s arms, and Victor, dropping his weapon, rushed out of the palace.

Every feeling of Wallenstein’s heart was outraged; his pride and his affection were equally wounded. Scarcely able to restrain the passionate impulse which prompted him to take a deep and speedy revenge upon the base contriver of his wretchedness, he wildly resolved to crush him like a noisome reptile, or hunt him as a beast of prey; but reflection, in bringing even more bitter mortification, turned the tide of his thoughts.

Ernestine's confession cut him to the soul. Should he forfeit his life and honour for a creature so easily won.

Wallenstein was seen no more in the haunts of the gay; he sickened at the name of pleasure, and devoted the whole of his time to study; seldom appearing in the streets, except when his military duties called him abroad, save in the dead of the night, when, secure from interruption, he perambulated the deserted avenues of the city. In one of these nocturnal rambles a shower of rain obliged him to seek shelter under the porch of a church. The dim light of a lamp gleaming faintly upon the pavement, caught the gold setting of a locket which, by some accident, was lying on the ground. Wallenstein listlessly picked up the sparkling ornament, and holding it nearer to the light, discovered it to be the miniature portrait of a young and beautiful woman. Though the features were unknown to him, and consequently could not excite any painful feeling, his first impulse was to throw the bauble away, but, ashamed of so childish a sentiment, he placed it in his bosom, and the night clearing up, went immediately home. Victor looked very often at the picture. There was a sweet pensive expression in the countenance which sympathised with the present state of his mind; the original was now probably grown old, or was dead, for he had never seen any in the least degree resembling her during his sojourn in the city, and the idea pleased him. He might gaze upon the inanimate object before him with-

out danger ; those melting eyes were perchance dim or closed in the grave ; that ruby lip, shrivelled and pale, could no longer deceive the ear of trusting man. This mute companion, so beautiful and so lifeless, unconsciously soothed the tumult in his breast ; he wore the picture next to his heart, and in its contemplation forgot the forms of those treacherous beings by whom he had been so deeply injured.

Passing one night through the most ancient and unfrequented part of the city, a street consisting principally of large buildings, formerly tenanted by the nobility, but now falling into decay, and converted into magazines and storehouses, he observed that from the high and narrow windows of the only mansion apparently inhabited by a family of the higher order, streams of brilliant light issued, illuminating the pavement and the opposite wall, and brightly contrasting with the dreariness of the surrounding objects. The sound of music came sweetly upon his ear ; he paused to catch the air of a favourite composition. He was standing in the deep shadow of a square tower which flanked the house, and scarcely perceived a low door under a projecting archway beside him. The withdrawing of a rusty bolt aroused his attention ; his eyes glanced involuntarily to the place whence the sound proceeded ; the door creaked harshly upon its hinges, and a veiled female stole cautiously out. Wallenstein retreated a few paces ; the light from the house fell full upon him ; and the lady, for such the richness

of her garb indicated her to be, gazed earnestly upon him for the space of a second, then darted forward, and cried, "You look like a man of honour—pity and save me from a fate which I dread worse than death."

Victor wrapped his cloak about the suppliant in an instant, and putting her arm within his, conducted her with speed and safety to his lodgings. A light was burning in the hall, and procuring ready admission by a master-key, he gratified his companion's repeated intreaties for concealment by ushering her into a private apartment, unseen by any individual. Agitated and weeping, the veil dropped from her head, and he beheld the original of the miniature!

"Do not think ill of me," she cried, "and do not abuse the trust which unhappy fate has obliged me to repose in a stranger. Afford me shelter for three weeks; I have fled from the persecution of my guardians, who would force me into a marriage with a man that I abhor. Their power ends the instant that I become of age; but, in the interim, should they discover my retreat, the law would compel me to return to them; and such is the weight and influence of my detested suitor, that I should be conveyed away to one of his castles, and left to the mercy of the most brutal wretch alive. I am rich—alas! my wealth has been the cause of infinite misery; but I have not a single friend in the world."

Wallenstein assured her of his protection; his respectful demeanor disarmed her fears; and she retired to an

inner chamber, where a sofa invited her to repose, upon his promise that he would keep guard in the street. The night passed quietly away ; if any pursuit was made, it did not reach so far ; and Victor, at the next meeting with his fair incognita, perceiving that she was unwilling to enter more fully into her history, and flattering himself with the idea that he was perfectly indifferent about it, forbore to ask her any questions. His time was, however, devoted to arrangements for her especial comfort ; and it was by no slight exertion of skill and diligence that he contrived to combine convenience with secrecy. He allowed himself only a few hours' rest in the middle of the day, in an outer apartment, and regularly, throughout every night, paced the streets up and down beneath her window. Their interviews with each other were but few and short, but each seemed equally interested by them. Wallenstein could not long remain proof against the charms of Luitgarde ; and the lady, deeply touched by the scrupulous delicacy of her protector's conduct, evinced the most captivating gratitude. The morning at length came which freed her from the tyranny of her guardians ; and Wallenstein, at her request, conducted her to a convent, an asylum which she did not consider to be sufficiently secure before. The whole city now rang with the adventures of the young heiress, who had, almost by a miracle, escaped from the machinations of interested relatives, who had sold her to a man that she hated. They made a futile attempt to reclaim her, but

failed. The intemperate effort of the rejected suitor, who even endeavoured to influence the Elector to an act of the grossest injustice, revealed him to a scoffing crowd—it was Prince Albert of Saxe Saalfeldt!

Wallenstein, already many fathoms deep in love, almost adored the lovely creature who had afforded him so signal a triumph over his insulting enemy; and, encouraged by the brightest smiles that ever beamed upon an anxious lover, he threw himself at Luitgarde's feet, and wooed and won the only woman in the world who had ever inspired the libertine destroyer of her sex with a serious attachment.

La Belle Assemblée.

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd ;

Shakspeare.

AT a short distance from the port of Messina, in Sicily, stood a nobleman's castle, from a window of which, during a tremendous storm that seemed to insure destruction to whatever tempted the bosom of the ocean, some ladies observed a man battling with the fury of the waves, and striving to reach the land by means of a thick plank which he grasped with tenacious firmness. They immediately dispatched an assistant to his relief, who on reaching the strand found him kissing the ground in gratitude for his deliverance from a watery tomb ; his age appeared about four-and-twenty, his figure was noble, and his dress, which the violence of the tempest had prevented him from discarding, was green, richly brocaded with gold.

One of the servants, addressing him, said, "that some ladies having observed his dangerous situation, had sent to his relief, and given order for his safe conveyance to the castle." The shipwrecked stranger received this cheering intelligence with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude, and threw off his waistcoat and doublet, which the wet caused to hang heavily about him : any inconvenience from the thinness of his apparel being prevented by the mildness of the climate. The servant, observing what he had done, whispered to another to carry the clothes home, unseen by the stranger, which was done.

Being arrived at the mansion, the youth was conducted into the presence of the three ladies, whose extraordinary beauty struck him with astonishment, although, he thought one of them far exceeded the others in that particular.

They kindly questioned him concerning his misfortune, and inquired from whence he came ; as he understood Sicilian perfectly, he replied, that he was a Venetian trader, and was on his voyage in a merchantman from Venice to Sicily, when the late tempest had overtaken them, and the vessel, crew, and cargo had been swallowed by the remorseless waves ; that for himself, he had but just time to partly undress, throw himself into the sea, and cling to a broken spar, which providentially supported him to the shore, where he was blessed in being permitted to receive their com-

miseration, for which he owed them the most unlimited obligation.

The ladies, being pleased and satisfied with the language and appearance of the stranger, expressed a desire to be acquainted with his name, which he informed them was Philip (and by that in future we shall call him), when the most beautiful of the three, desired the servant who had been his guide to conduct him to the wardrobe, and furnish him with such clothes as he should choose. This was forthwith obeyed, and in a short time Philip was satisfactorily equipped. During his toilette he inquired concerning the three ladies he had just quitted ; and learnt that the handsomest was Beatrice, the daughter and sole heiress of the Duke of Calabria, and that the other two were sisters, and her cousins, their names Celestina and Sylvia. The stranger was greatly pleased at finding the mistress of the castle to be of such rank, as he guessed he should then be sure of receiving every attention while under her roof. Having completed his dress, which consisted of a rich grey suit, ornamented with gold, a gilt dagger, sword, and a hat with a beautiful plume of feathers in it, he returned to the ladies, who were charmed with the increased elegance of his person, and ease of his demeanour ; the fair Celestina, in particular, who already began to consider him with exceeding admiration and kindness.

Philip again expressed his thanks to the lovely Bea-

trice, for the hospitality he had experienced, to which she answered, "I expect my father the Duke of Calabria here shortly; and I am sure he will not be displeased at what I have done; you must, however, remain here in the meantime; for, as you have lost all that you had with you, you would perhaps find it inconvenient at present to procure another lodging; therefore, make yourself comfortable in this mansion, until you have written to and heard from your friends."

"Most beautiful Beatrice," said Philip, "your goodness is as superior to my thanks, as it is to my merits; I could wish to forget my own country, and pass my life in your service and that of my lord, your father, nor ever depart from your house, until proved unworthy of its shelter."

Beatrice now desired to see a specimen of his penmanship; and, although he took no pains to exhibit his writing to advantage, yet was she so well satisfied, that she resolved he should fill the office of secretary in the family; the person who had formerly occupied that situation having gone into Spain. As night approached, Philip was now shewn to his apartments. When Beatrice was about sitting down to supper, the servant who had first conducted Philip to the castle, entered, and desired to speak a word to his mistress in private, whom, having retired to another room, he thus addressed:

"Your ladyship must know that, when we were about bringing Philip hither, he threw off this doublet and

waistcoat, and supposing this was done in the hurry of the moment, I ordered Lionel privately to bring them after."

Beatrice attentively examined the waistcoat and doublet, the richness of which surprised her; the former being of green embroidered with gold, the latter amber-colour edged with green.

"Besides," continued the servant, "in his confusion, he has forgotten this purse, which I have not opened, but brought straight to your ladyship."

The purse which was beautifully embroidered, contained a gold relic case adorned with diamonds, in the pockets of which Beatrice found two miniatures, one representing a lady of exquisite beauty, the other a knight, whose countenance strongly resembled that of Philip; the Spanish order of the Golden Fleece hung from the neck, the insignia of which was well known to Beatrice, whose surprise was greatly increased, as she could not but suppose that the rank of Philip was superior to what it appeared; and as love had from the first been timidly lurking in her heart, she now ventured to give the rein to hope, although not without some misgivings on account of the lady whose portrait was in the purse, and who she thought must be some mistress of his. She strictly enjoined the servant not to mention to any one what he had seen, until she had discovered who the stranger really was; she then joined her cousins at the supper table, but love deprived her of appetite, she ate little, and on retiring to rest slept still less. Her

mind was occupied with a thousand fancies, and, at length, anxious to see Philip, she arose, to the great surprise of her woman, long before her usual hour, and descended to the garden. After employing herself with forming a nosegay of different flowers for some time, during which she thought continually on Philip, she at length sent for him, being desirous of discovering, if possible, the real cause of his being on board the shipwrecked vessel.

This summons was obeyed with delight by Philip, who having respectfully saluted her, replied to her inquiry, if he had yet recovered from his fatigue, that he was perfectly so, as the attentions he had experienced could not fail to restore him, and that his only wish was to dedicate his life to her service, in return for the liberal benevolence she had shewn him. Every action, even his very submissiveness, had in it a nobleness beyond his apparent rank; and while he had been speaking, the eyes of Beatrice were irresistibly fixed upon him; at length she informed him that he had the charge of answering all her correspondents, even the Duke of Terranova, her cousin, betwixt whom and herself, a treaty of marriage was in agitation. This intelligence was by no means agreeable to her new secretary, who had not been insensible to the charms of the fair Beatrice, and he had hoped at least to find her unengaged, that he might avail himself of any opportunity to ingratiate himself with her.

Beatrice was delighted to observe him change colour, and that the name of her cousin had affected him.

He replied that he was her servant, that she had raised him to an office far exceeding his merits, and that he would endeavour to satisfy her in all things. They then conversed on various subjects, in which the fair Beatrice discovered such good sense and understanding in Philip, that she felt authorised in esteeming him highly. They were soon joined by her two cousins, when Celestina, by her agitation, and her marked attention to the stranger, plainly discovered to the equally interested Beatrice, that she was as much enamoured as herself; the latter, therefore, instead of confiding to her cousin the contents of Philip's discarded doublet, as she had intended, now determined to conceal that knowledge from her.

Philip was so happy at being in the duke's service, that he scarce talked of anything else to the servants, who were not a little envious at his having in so short a time obtained the confidence of the lovely Beatrice; for envy, though more often found in the hearts of the rich, than in the breasts of the poor, yet is in some degree always excited against the fortunate advancement of those, who, for superior merit or understanding, have been admitted to the confidence of their masters.

Philip had not long been domesticated in the family, when the old duke returned from the Sicilian court, and was received by Beatrice with the warmest affection.

She introduced Philip to him, related his misfortunes, and exaggerated his talents ; in consequence of which, the venerable nobleman confirmed what his daughter had done, and established him in his post of secretary.

When Beatrice had first begun to suspect the rank of Philip, she had sent to Venice, his reputed country, to learn if any merchant had had his vessel wrecked on a certain day. She had commissioned the Sicilian ambassador, who then resided with that powerful republic, to make this inquiry ; but he could not learn that any such loss had taken place, as the sailors and merchants there, who are generally the first to hear of such tidings, must have known of it in the time that had elapsed. When Beatrice received this answer, she made sure that Philip's account of himself must be false. Soon afterwards she obtained information that the Prince of Salerno had embarked from Naples for Sicily, and having been wrecked, had left that state without a successor, he being a minor, and that two of his female cousins were legally disputing which had the greatest right to it. Beatrice was now almost ready to imagine that the pretended Philip was no other than this Prince of Salerno, and she waited impatiently for an opportunity of proving to him that she was convinced he was of higher rank than he gave out ; for she had discovered that the servant who had first shewn her the jewels belonging to Philip, had revealed the secret also to her cousin Celestina.

This lady giving way to the affection she felt for the

amiable stranger, one day when he was in his closet alone, answering some letters which had been sent to Beatrice, threw a billet into him through the half-open door.

Perceiving it fall, he rose hastily to discover who had thrown it, but before he could reach the door, Celestina (who had done it herself, that she might not be obliged to confide in any one), had concealed herself, and Philip, not finding any person there, took up the paper, and read as follows :

“ One of her excellency’s ladies wishes you to pass an uncomfortable night for her sake, trusting that your gallantry will cause you easily to undergo this inconvenience, for one who will know how to be grateful for it. She will expect you at the last window of the gallery which overhangs the garden, after the family have retired to rest. Heaven keep you !”

Philip made up his mind to meet this lady at the appointed hour, never imagining that it could be Celestina or her sister, but rather one of Beatrice’s women. He then returned to his occupation, in which he was still engaged, when he was summoned to attend on Beatrice, whom he found writing in her own apartment. She asked him for a letter she had submitted to his consideration, when he, agitated by the presence of his mistress, gave her, in mistake, the note he had just received, along with the right one. Beatrice took all as he gave them to her, and then dismissed him to finish those letters he was

about. When he had retired, she was surprised to see the other paper, which he had given in his confusion ; but supposing it to belong to her, she opened it, and immediately recognizing her cousin's hand, read the contents, which filled her with the most racking jealousy. After some reflection, however, she determined to take advantage of this singular mistake, and, in pursuance of her plan, contrived at night effectually to employ both Celestina and her sister, and lock them up together in her room.

At midnight she repaired, softly, to the gallery, below which she saw Philip waiting ; she beckoned, and when he was close under the window, said, in a feigned voice :

“ I am sensible, Signor Philip, of the sacrifice you have made, in exchanging your warm bed for the cold night-dew ; but I felt sure that one so gallant as yourself, would not weigh the loss of sleep against the summons of a lady.”

“ You appreciated my disposition aright,” returned Philip, “ which is always to obey the fair sex ; and I should have been mightily uncivil not to have come willingly the first time.”

“ And as to the second ?” interrupted Beatrice.

“ For the second I will say nothing, except that I am so faithfully bound to the service of the fair Beatrice, that I could not readily do any thing that would offend her ; my humble station renders me unfit for marriage with any in a higher one, therefore I shall only incur the risk of forfeiting the good opinion you now honour

me with ; tell me, therefore, to-night, how I can serve you, or inform me of it by the same means that you adopted to bring about this meeting."

"How did the friend I entrusted the paper to, contrive to convey it to you?" asked Beatrice, who wished to learn how the appointment had been sent.

"She threw it into the closet where I was writing."

"I must be cautious," resumed she, "since, on the very first night, you say you shall not come again ; how do you know what I intend to do in your favour?"

"I am persuaded," rejoined Philip, "that you are only seeking to amuse yourself with a stranger just come into the family."

"Suppose I should be a messenger from one who secretly loves you, what would you say to me then?"

"That you have taken a bold step ; but that you are too young for me to suppose that you came from yourself."

"How can you tell *what* I am?" inquired Beatrice.

"By your voice," replied Philip, "which assures me I am right ; besides, were you old, you would not have sought such an unseasonable hour for speaking to me."

"There," she exclaimed, "how you are continually telling me that you regret your loss of sleep. Since you find midnight an unseasonable hour for a meeting, what can one say to you?"

"It signifies little," said Philip, "that you are ignorant of what I am capable of when really interested, or what sleep I can lose, when I love."

"Then, doubtless, you have been in love?" said Beatrice, inquiringly.

"So deeply," he replied, "that I do not wish to converse on the subject, it causes me such pain."

"But, nevertheless, I must tell you something agreeable," said she, "one of her excellency's ladies wishes to speak with you in private, either at this window, or where ever else she shall, at that time, find most convenient; she is induced to do this from affection to you, therefore it will be a poor return for her goodness, if fear should prevent you from keeping an appointment which, I can assure you, will be fortunate for you."

"It would be much worse if, from my humble situation, I should only be able to give her the homage of my heart, when she ought to be honoured by such feasts and presents as dignify love; and which cannot be in the power of an unknown and unfortunate stranger, thrown, destitute of every thing, upon your shore."

"Then have you not saved one jewel from the wreck?" inquired Beatrice, significantly.

Philip paused, for till that moment it had not occurred to him, that in the clothes which he had thrown aside on leaving the water, was the diamond-set relic case, and the two pictures; but supposing that they had been accidentally found, he replied, "that he had indeed lost a jewel in the clothes he had taken off to be more at liberty."

"In this affair, however," continued Beatrice, affected

by his manner, neither gifts nor gallantries of any sort are required of you, but a faithful love. I only now desire of you to be, without fail, at a low grated window which opens into this garden, to-morrow night, a little later than this."

Philip would have replied, but Beatrice hastened away, by no means displeased with the anticipations of the following night.

Very different feelings occupied the breast of her cousin Celestina, for the employment Beatrice had given her, and the locked door, debarred her entirely from keeping her appointment with Philip; these ideas prevented her from sleeping, and, as she feared that Beatrice had some suspicions of what had passed, she resolved to quiet them by not noticing Philip for some days. He, on his part, was at the lattice next night, punctual to the hour named: here he found Beatrice (disguised, however, so that he did not recognise her), who had left a favourite woman, in whom she had great confidence, to watch Celestina, and to prevent interruption.

They had a long conversation, in which she told him, that she was herself the lady she had spoken of, but that she should not tell her name until she found he was deserving of her confidence—that she wanted not those public gallantries which it was not in his power to give, but would be satisfied with a pure and faithful love; and, at parting, she threw him a handkerchief, in which were wrapped some jewels of great value. As it was too

dark for Philip to see what she had given him, he delayed examining the parcel until he reached his apartment; when he was confounded and astonished to see its magnificent contents. Ignorant of the person to whom he was indebted for this sumptuous present, he however discarded at once the idea of its being only one of Beatrice's women, and persuaded himself, rather, that it was one of her cousins, as he did not recognise the jewels; Beatrice, however, had bought them on purpose for him, fearing her own might betray her.

The Court was then at Messina, two miles from the Duke's palace; and the Duke of Terranova, wishing to see his lovely cousin once more grace the court, published a tournament for St. John's day, in which he was challenger. As soon as this was known at the Duke's, Philip and the incognita, at their next meeting, of course, conversed of it. She said (still preserving her concealment), "that her lady, Beatrice, must doubtless appear at court, as the tournament was in honour of her, and that consequently she herself must attend her, which she was sorry for, as it would interrupt their conversations." Philip, impelled by his ardent spirit, and forgetting the station which he occupied, and the low rank he had assumed on his arrival, said that "had he not been a stranger, and alone, he should have wished to have joined the tilers." Beatrice was now rejoiced to hear what at once proved his illustrious blood, and

immediately said, "that if such was really his wish, she would take care to furnish him with every thing requisite for his proper appearance, as she desired greatly to see him attend, and, upon that occasion, he should know her name;" then, after appointing another nightly interview, she retired.

To return to Celestina. As her wish to converse with Philip was not less ardent than before, and as from the extreme vigilance of Beatrice she had not yet been able to contrive it, she had recourse to another note, which contained these words:

"What I wrote before, must have surprised you, as I failed to be at the appointed window; but be there to-night, and you shall learn who esteems you. Come early."

This paper perplexed Philip so much, that he was at a loss what to resolve upon; the time appointed, however, was convenient, therefore he determined to extricate himself as well as he could from the confusion he had got into; for, as his real inclinations led him to none but the lovely Beatrice, so no other gave him any satisfaction.

Night being come, he repaired to his earliest rendezvous, beneath the gallery window, where Celestina was already waiting for him; she immediately made herself known, and said,

"I have wished for an opportunity, Philip, of excusing myself for the disappointment I occasioned you

by not coming the first time I appointed to meet you at this window, but my cousin then engaged me, and as I feared she suspected my intention, I have since endeavoured to avoid doing anything that might alarm her suspicions. I now desire to speak freely to you, and have chosen this solitude that you may open yourself with confidence to me; the first thing I require of you, is, to tell me truly who you are, for I cannot believe the account you have given of yourself, when the jewels found in your dress contradict all you say; endeavour no longer, therefore, to conceal your real name, for on my life I will find it out; but be assured, if my suspicions prove just, as I hope they will, you may expect further, advancement."

Philip was confounded at finding this to be Celestina, as he imagined his fair incognita was her—however, he resolved to quiet her curiosity, on finding that the jewels had raised her expectations that he would prove of higher rank than a Venetian trader; the pictures, he feared, would disclose more than he wished.

"Most beautiful Celestina," he replied, "I must admit that the jewels found in my clothes, do seem to prove me of superior rank to what I have alleged, which, nevertheless, is true. In Venice, I should have been contented with my real station, but in a foreign country, I wished to pass for something higher than a mere trader, without absolutely saying that I was, I therefore dressed myself richly; but when, after receiving the greatest

favours from such a lady as your noble cousin, and being seriously asked the truth, I should do wrong to deny it. I have now resolved your question ; but if there be any thing further in my power to say, that will clear your doubts, command me."

"I am satisfied," resumed Celestina, "and for the present, only desire that you will be here again to-morrow night at the same hour."

Philip promised to obey, and Celestina hearing a noise within and fearing it might be Beatrice, charged him to be punctual, and left him.

He then hasted from the window, anxious to know who his incognita really was, the idea of her being Celestina being now out of the question. The value of the jewels she had given him, almost led him to suppose that she must be Beatrice herself, whom he had hitherto considered too proud to stoop to such an action ; should it prove so, he felt himself obliged in honour to disclose his real name and rank, which he had hitherto delayed doing, from an uncertainty of the reception he should meet with from the duke her father, betwixt whom and his own, there had once been a rivalry in love, which had caused challenges ; and which now formed his principal reason for wishing to remain unknown.

He soon reached the garden lattice, where he found the unknown lady, who reproved him for his tardiness ; he soon, however, excused himself to her satis-

faction, and said so many graceful things, that she declared her resolution of anticipating his request to know her name, by informing him that she was Celestina. Philip smiled to himself at her assumption of that lady's name, and now felt assured that she must be Beatrice, which discovery overjoyed him so much, as nearly to deprive him of the power of concealing it : however, he dissimulated as well as he could, and allowed her to cherish the idea that she could discover herself whenever she chose.

In the course of conversation, the subject of the tournament was revived, when Beatrice asked him if it was still his wish to join the combatants ; he replied in the affirmative, when, giving him at the same time, a paper, she said :

“ Take this, and farewell, for it is late.”

She then left him, and when he took the paper to a light, he found it to be an order for a thousand gold doubloons, payable to the bearer. Astonished at this sight, Philip concluded that he must be known to Beatrice, as appearances alone could never have induced one of her rank to behave so ; therefore, the confidence she placed in him, did not disgrace her in his eyes ; however, he resolved not to make himself known till the tournament was ended.

As there now only wanted three days to the entertainment, the duke and his daughter were preparing to go to their palace at Messina. During that short period,

Philip, with the greatest secrecy, made ready his own and his four attendants' dresses, the management of which he gave to a faithful Neapolitan servant, whom he had sent for and entrusted with his secret.

The day of the tournament at length arrived ; that day which the Duke of Terranova hoped would assure him of the hand of Beatrice, as her father had consented, the king had sanctioned the union, and they only waited for a dispensation from the Pope.

After the king had breakfasted, he went to a balcony of his palace which looked into a large area, around which were erected scaffolds richly adorned with cloth of the handsomest description, and in the middle was the place allotted for the tournament, which was a hundred feet square, with four entrances for the tilters ; on one side was an elegant tent for the challenger, his assistants, seconds, and all the other tilters, to refresh themselves in.

When the lovely Beatrice and her cousins, richly dressed, went to the palace, her carriage was attended by the noblest and most graceful of the knights ; they placed themselves in a balcony among the other ladies, all of whom were not only elegantly attired, but most beautiful in themselves. The hour for the commencement of the ceremonies having arrived, the trumpets sounded, and fifty drummers and fifers appeared habited in green and cloth of silver, ornamented with gold laces and loops, on an edging of murray, being the fair Bea-

trice's colours ; after these came twelve attendants dressed in green, with twists of gold and murray, and then entered the challenger himself, dressed the same as the attendants, except that his cap, and part of his clothing was ornamented with silver stars ; his armour was white, striped with green, and he wore a plume of green and murray feathers. His device was a silver staff on the top of which was a star, with this motto :

“ He wanders in the darkness of the night,
While unillumin'd by this heavenly light.”

He made his *entré* gracefully, and taking his place, threw down his gauntlet to invite some one to the contest. He was followed by his assistant, a Sicilian nobleman, not less magnificently dressed and attended than the duke himself.

Without describing minutely all the devices and mottos displayed on that day, suffice it to say the tournament began.

Philip had, to the great surprise of Beatrice, staid quietly to see the commencement of the tilting, and she began to fear he had deceived her in saying he wished to enter the lists ; but his intention in doing this, was merely to answer Beatrice in her own way, as she had endeavoured to deceive him by passing for her cousin Celestina ; to add to her vexation, therefore, he placed himself so as to be seen by both ladies, and made a sign that he was going to arm.

Beatrice understood him, though not appearing to

notice, but it was unintelligible to Celestina, to whom he had said nothing about the tournament ; she therefore made a sign to express that she did not understand him, he repeated his signal, and then went away, leaving Beatrice to fret at having caused this mistake by assuming her cousin's name.

When Philip left the balcony, he hastened to a house where his servant was expecting him, with eight drummers and fifers, and four seconds, all dressed in blue, ornamented with silver, which was Celestina's colour. His hat and cloak were blue, bordered with black and silver ; his plume was blue and white ; and his device a sun surrounded by bright rays, with this motto :

“ Can he a coward ever prove in arms,
Who feels the influence of *Celestial* charms ? ”

alluding to Celestina's name.

Philip entered the lists with such superior grace, that all eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could guess who he was, excepting Beatrice, who with bitterness saw him thus publicly declare for her cousin ; she now deeply regretted the deceit she had practised, as that alone had given her rival this public triumph, even unknown to herself. Not the appearance alone of Philip exceeded other jousts, but he also so far surpassed them in skill, that when he tilted with the Duke he carried off the prize, which he presented to Celestina, giving another wound to the already-mortified Beatrice, to whom every attention he paid her cousin was a poisoned dart. When the

skirmishing commenced, he obtained more prizes—that for grace, as well as the one for skill,—these he laid at the feet of the fair Beatrice, who, conscious that it was occasioned by herself, began to forgive him for presenting the former prize to Celestina, who in her turn now suffered some uneasiness.

Night finished the tournament, and torches were provided for all except Philip, who, stealing away in the confusion, returned to the house where he had armed ; he was followed unobserved, however, by a page, at the command of Celestina, whose curiosity was raised to know who the strange knight could be ; and her commission was so well executed, that he was soon discovered to be the Duke's secretary. This news so soon spread through the house, that on Philip's return, he found it already known that he was the successful conqueror at the tournament. The envious, who wished it to be disbelieved, denied it ; and when they saw him, began in a scoffing manner, to congratulate him on the great luck that had attended him at the tournament. Philip, though somewhat confused at this attack, as he could not guess how he had been discovered, pretended to enjoy the joke, by thanking them gaily for their congratulation, and by this means partly undid all that the page had done.

As he was attending Beatrice home, her favourite waiting-woman put into his hand a paper containing these words :—

“ One whom you know will expect you to-night at the garden lattice. Do not fail to be there. Adieu.”

Assured that Beatrice was the writer of this note, he resolved to tease her a little before he raised the veil ; and going at the appointed hour, found her at the lattice.

“ I cannot deny, Philip,” said she, “ but that I am much pleased with what you did for my honour at the tournament to-day, where you acted so conspicuously ; but I will not believe that a Venetian trader can understand the use of arms so well.”

“ We all use them,” said Philip, rather falsely ; “ but was it to be wondered at, that the wish I felt to honour you should inspire me with additional strength and skill, and cause me to come off creditably even in what I am not accustomed to ? But to one fond of the exercise, as I am, a little practice is sufficient.”

“ I thank you,” said she, “ for the prize you gave me, though I must complain of your more generous behaviour to my cousin, to whom you presented two.”

“ I did that to avoid raising suspicion, and that, if I should be known, I might not be found wanting in gratitude to one to whom I owe so much.”

“ You are not aware how little you are indebted to her,” said she.

“ Or rather, how much,” replied he.

“ Indeed,” continued Beatrice, “ if she was to know that I am here, and especially with you, she would not smile on me for a month to come, and would be so harsh

with you to-morrow that you would be obliged to leave her service."

"Your's is an uncomfortable situation then," said he.

"It is intolerable," she replied.

"Then follow your own inclinations," said Philip, "and do not let her hinder you,—my love for you is sincere, and increases in proportion to your encouragement."

"What I am to blame for," she replied, "is that I encourage it in one whose rank is unequal to my own."

"Be not uneasy on that account," resumed Philip, "for though I have hitherto kept my name concealed from you, I will now tell you that I am of higher quality than I have pretended."

"Who are you, then?" inquired Beatrice, delighted at the idea of at length learning who he was.

"I am a Spanish gentleman," he replied, "of one of the most illustrious families in Catalonia; my name is Don Augo de Cardona."

"I have heard of that name," said she.

"It is one of the most respected and best known in Spain," he replied, "there are some titles belonging to it, and I am second son to one of them."

"Speak some Spanish to me," said Beatrice, "that I may know you are telling the truth."

Philip, addressing her in the purest Spanish, said, "I treat you now, lovely Celestina, as one by whom I wish to be esteemed."

Beatrice, now she had gained the truth, felt sure that he loved her cousin, and therefore, by undeceiving him, hoped to prevent him from proceeding with her.

“ I am satisfied with what you have told me,” said she, “ and think so highly of you, that I put full confidence in the truth of it ; therefore, that you may speak without reserve to me for the future, you shall know with whom you have been conversing hitherto. Wait here, and I will return presently.”

She then left him, much pleased with the thought that her love should be strong enough to make her reveal herself to him ; she soon returned with the key of the lattice, which opening, she led the way to a summer-house, where her favourite woman was waiting with a light ; he then discovered that the lady was certainly no other than the lovely Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Calabria. He pretended the utmost astonishment at finding who she was ; and Beatrice, not suspecting that he had already guessed the truth, said,

“ Yes, Philip, it is I who have conversed with you by night, to which I was induced by accidentally seeing a paper addressed to you by my cousin, Celestina. I know that you are not a Venetian trader, neither Don Augo de Cardona, but Rogero, Prince of Salerno ; and that your state is disputed at law, it being supposed in Naples that you are drowned. Now, since I have treated you openly, treat me the same, and tell me whether this be or be not true.”

Beatrice had sent privately to Naples, on purpose to learn every thing concerning the Prince, and, if possible, to gain a likeness of him, which she had obtained, and thus discovered him. The pretended Philip, now Rogero, could not deny the truth of her assertion, and therefore confessed himself to be the Prince of Salerno. She then wished to know the reason of his quitting Naples, and, willing to give her a full account of himself, he sat down beside her, and thus began his narration :—

“I was one of the attendants on Ernest, King of Naples, who was so attached to me, that I soon became the repository of all his secrets ; and, among others, that he was in love with the Princess of Obitella, the most handsome woman in the kingdom ; I wished he had not made me a confidant, either in this or any other amour, as I was generally obliged to attend him to his lady’s every night, much to the dissatisfaction of the queen, his mother.

“This Princess of Obitella was, as I have already said, the most lovely and most accomplished woman in Naples, and as her rank was exalted, she had even princes in her train. This lady the king ordered me to visit in his name, to tell her of his love, and to request her to allow him to visit her some night. Cassandra, for that was the princess’s name, received me with affability, heard my message, and then gave me her answer, in the following words :”

“ Had the message, Senor Rogero, been from yourself instead of from the king, I should have been better pleased with it ; I should then have known it honoured me ; for I should be prouder of a prince who wooed me for his wife, than of a king who wooed me for his mistress—so much for my opinion. Now tell his highness, in my own words, though I fear you will not repeat them, that I am of his own blood, and daughter to one of the bravest soldiers who ever protected the throne of Naples against its powerful enemies. My father died serving his country, and hoped not for such a reward for his noble services as, by me, his highness seems to intend. Tell him to look out for one better suited to his purpose, among the Neapolitan beauties. I abhor him for an intention so disgraceful to a just king.”

“ In vain I endeavoured to speak ; she would hear nothing ; but, as I left her, added : ”

“ Senor Rogero, all intercessions for the king will be useless ; come alone, and you will always be a welcome guest in this house, for you will be preferred to all those who now wish, but cannot gain, my favour.”

“ I thanked her for the honour she did me, and said that I should profit by it ; but as the king was wholly bent on gaining her love, I should not dare to repeat to him what she had said.”

“ Do not lead the king into an error,” she exclaimed, “ let him know that I despise his proposal ; and, above all, be assured that he shall never hinder me from shewing favour to whomsoever I like.”

“ She then left me, and I returned to the king, much vexed at the ill success of my embassy. I repeated Cassandra’s message to him, without, however, mentioning what she had said concerning myself. He was much hurt at this repulse, which served only to inflame his passion ; and from that day he began to pay her every sort of public attention,—serenading her by night and feasting her by day. He also visited her several times accompanied by me ; but she always treated him with coldness, while her eyes told me she wished I could love her. I pretended not to understand her, dreading the king’s displeasure ; but Cassandra, not confining herself to the language of the eyes, sent me notes at different times, inviting me to call on her ; and not finding that corresponding affection which she hoped for in me, she began to suspect I had some more favoured mistress in Naples, who was the cause of my coldness.

“ It pleased the king at this time to make me champion at a tournament, which he ordered in honour of Cassandra. I had prepared every thing against the appointed day, when, on the preceding one, I received an embroidered scarf and relic-case from Cassandra ; in the latter I found her picture, attached to one of my own, which she had by some means or other got possession of. I could not but be grateful for this mark of favour ; but while I was arming, I found I had left it at home, and sent the Count Alfred (who was my assistant) for it. Curiosity led him, as he was bringing it,

to open the relic-case, when, to his great surprise, he saw the pictures.

“ The count, as well as myself, was an attendant on the king, and had long been jealous of the superior favour shewn me ; desirous, therefore, to make use of this opportunity of injuring me, he related to the king, after the jousting was over, all that he had seen, and the favour which he was led by the picture to suppose I enjoyed with the Princess Orbitella. The king, though enraged to find that the little attention he met with was owing to an affection she cherished for me, yet concealed his vexation, and asked the count, if possible, to gain him a sight of the relic-case. Alfred, aided in doing this by my sleeping at the palace, soon found an opportunity of stealing it from the head of my bed, and thus shewed to the king what, before any thing in the world, I could have wished to have kept from him.

“ The relic-case was returned to its place without my suspecting what had been done ; but one day, soon afterwards, when I was alone with the king, he told me suddenly, that he found the cause of Cassandra’s coldness to him was, that I was her suitor, and that he had learned she gave me presents of her work ; and then proceeded to inform me about the relic-case.

“ ‘ My lord,’ I replied, with as much coolness as I could, ‘ your highness thinks I am to blame, but were you acquainted with half what I have done to serve you, you would feel that I rather merited praise.’ ”

“ I then related to him every thing that had passed betwixt Cassandra and myself—shewed him the relic-case, and, to satisfy him wholly as to the truth of what I had asserted, offered to set out that night for Sicily.

“ The king desirous, for the sake of his own love, that I should absent myself from Naples, was greatly pleased at my proposal, although he wished me to remain with him, on account of the real friendship he bore me ; he consequently did not give me permission to go, but desired me merely to remain at my own house. This, however, I did not choose to do, as it would have looked like guilt ; therefore, fitting out a galley, I embarked, with all my retinue, for Sicily, where we were encountered by that dreadful storm which wrecked us, but where, by the favour of God, I reached land, and found protection and assistance from you.”

Rogero here finished his narrative, through which he had been followed by Beatrice with the most profound attention and the deepest interest ; and, in fine, the conclusion the lovers drew was, that they ought certainly to continue their affection for each other, till, by informing the duke, her father, of every thing, they might at length be united. Before they could do this, however, a discovery was effected in another manner ; for the king of Sicily received a letter from Rogero's sovereign, inquiring whether the Prince of Salerno's galley had been wrecked on the Sicilian coast, as a new

report had lately been raised that he was saved. A Neapolitan gentleman, who had brought the letter, arrived the night before the tournament, and by the description of him, found that the Prince of Salerno was concealed in the Duke of Calabria's family, under the disguise of an attendant. These tidings were carried to the king after the tournament, when he immediately ordered Rogero to be conducted to his presence.

"What induced you, Rogero," said he, "to conceal yourself thus in my country?"

Rogero, confused by this sudden question, replied that he had quitted Naples in disgrace, and therefore wished to remain unknown. The king then expressed a wish to know what had caused him to leave Naples, to which Rogero replied, "Nothing, except that he admired Sicily;" and thinking this a good opportunity to prefer his petition, thus continued, "that he wished nothing so much as to remain his subject, and an inhabitant of Sicily, as well as to gain his permission to wed the lovely Beatrice, daughter to the Duke of Calabria, as he was happy enough to possess her affection."

The king was both surprised and amused to find he had made such good use of his short stay, and promised to use his interest in their favour with her father, as well as with the Duke of Terranova; but if Beatrice loved another, she herself was to decide. Being assured by Rogero, that Beatrice preferred him to her cousin, the king sent for the Duke of Calabria, and related to him

what had passed, soon persuading him to give his consent to the union.

The Duke of Terranova was so much offended at this arrangement, that Rogero, to appease him, offered him the hand of his cousin, the Princess of Conca, which he accepted, and the bridals were celebrated together with the greatest magnificence and joy.

THE MEADOW DANCE.

AGES ago, before Coningsbro' Castle was graced by the residence of the doughty Athelstane, it was the dwelling of Rudolf, surnamed the Black, dreaded as much from his power as from his ferocious cruelty. His fortress, impregnable from situation, environed on all sides by thick forests, and garrisoned by retainers, who feared neither man nor God, the Black Baron of Coningsbro' and his swart riders, became a terror to the whole community for miles around. To him flocked numbers of discontented and vicious men, banished from other society by their crimes or misfortunes ; and only those who had proved their prowess in the most athletic exercises and the deepest debauches, did the Black Baron enrol amongst his riders, and arm for spoil and aggression. Scouring the roads when he heard of the approach of rich travellers, or surrounding the monasteries, or mansions of the lesser barons and farmers by night, he swept off his prey in spite of all resistance, and made Coningsbro' one scene of drunken carousal,

till an empty larder and wine vault sent him again forth with his ruffianly freebooters. A pair of spurs, served to table in the first dish was the cook's signal that his supply needed replenishing, and caused the baron's bugle to sound to horse. While, on his return, the murder of all those prisoners from his last sortie, who had failed in procuring the sum stipulated for ransom, served to welcome the arrival of fresh wretches to his den of infamy, and shewed them what would shortly be their fate, unless the rapacity of the robber was appeased.

Numerous were the coalitions formed to destroy him, and many the attempts to surprise his castle, but he had spies in every part, and his men, fearless of danger, fought with the fury of lions, and were always victorious, while the superstition of the age clothed them with supernatural terrors, and believed them to have compacted with the fiend, and thus become insensible to danger and unhurt by wounds. This superstition, so favourable to habits of violence, it was their object to promote, by the rapidity and secrecy of their movements, and the black colour of their horses, arms, and accoutrements. Their hair, mustaches, and beards were suffered to grow long and uncombed, and dyed black, to heighten their appalling appearance; whilst their cries of onslaught and songs of triumph, were uttered in the most discordant tones. Long did they rule oppressors, till the just revenge of a disappointed lover swept them from the earth their atrocities had polluted.

Near the beautiful little town of Braithwell, lies a verdant strip of land known by the name of the Dancing Meadow. 'Tis a sweetly-retired spot, and though time has destroyed the lordly chesnut trees which shaded its entrance, and whose roots are still visible, it yet possesses many magnificent trees, whose thick, dark foliage affords delightful shelter from the noon-tide sun. A brook, clear as the fountain of the naiads, takes its course along one side, meandering in many "a shady nook and grassy dell," betrayed only by its babbling, as it leaps over the white pebbles, or shoots in tiny cascades; while the soft smooth turf is enamelled with an endless variety of simple wild flowers, choice mosses, and rare plants, a life's study for the searching botanist.

The blooming daughters of the burghers were wont to assemble on the beautiful summer evenings, to enjoy each other's society in this enchanting vale. Their joyous songs startled the sweet nightingale from her neighbouring bush, and their pretty feet brushed the verdant carpet in the mazy dance;

"While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd."

Here, too, on the evening before a nuptial did the fair betrothed assemble all the playmates of her infant years, to whose circle she was about to bid farewell, and by whom, after the parting dance, she was escorted home with mirthful triumph and innocent gaiety.

Two maidens were universally allowed to be the most

beautiful of all their compeers, and were most frequently elected to preside over their festivities. These were, Bertha Woolscroft and Mary Sydney. United by the tenderest endearments of friendship, they were inseparable companions, and in general elected jointly, 'queens of the dance and leaders of the song.' 'Twas strange, too, that so close a friendship should unite them, and the palm of beauty be so equally bestowed, for in appearance they were totally different. Bertha was in figure tall and graceful, her locks "dark as the raven's wing," her eye black, bright, and piercing,—her air, proud and commanding. Mary was about the middle size, or perhaps rather below it; more stout, though not less elegantly formed than her companion, as we would now say, inclined to *en bon point*. Her complexion, pure as alabaster, through which the small blue veins shone transparent,—her cheek, the rosy twilight of a summer even,—her bright auburn hair clustered over her low white brow, throwing into shade those sparkling, laughing, violet eyes, full of innocent enjoyment—the very bower of Cupid.

Perchance had their passions been excited in the world, their characters had differed as their beauty. Bertha had been violent, haughty, and commanding; Mary, gentle, patient, quiet, and submissive: but in that calm retreat, where no storms called forth the lurking powers, or roused the frailties of the human heart, they were alike gentle and affectionate; loving and trusting to each

other, without a thought concealed, or a tittle of envy ; equally beloved by their companions, none could say which was the most endearingly beautiful, which was the most admired.

Two such maidens were not without a host of lovers ; but the favoured swains were Edward and Harry Clifford, their play-fellows from earliest infancy. Harry was quiet, patient, and grave ; yet he chose the dark-eyed Bertha for his bride. Edward was quick, volatile, and irascible, yet his heart was warmly alive to feelings of the tenderest sympathy ; his disposition was affectionate, and the laughing, gentle Mary, his soul's dearest idol.

The day was appointed for their happy bridal, and the evening before found all the maidens of the village devoted to their rural ceremonies in that enchanting meadow. They were on the point of escorting home their lovely pair of betrothed brides, late in the clear moonlight night, and their sweet-toned voices loudly carolled forth their songs of farewell gratulation. Bertha and Mary, each slender waist encircled by her dear friend's arm, had strolled towards the lower part of the strip of land, enjoying uninterrupted converse about their dear loves, and their approaching happiness, when suddenly two of the swart riders of Coningsbro' sprang from behind a thicket, and claspng the shrieking maidens, bore them fainting to their coal-black steeds. The ruthless villains had been attracted to that peaceful spot by the voice of gaiety, and seized " the flowers of

fairest bloom," as an acceptable booty for their savage lord.

Overwhelmed with terror, the pretty maids of Braithwell hurried to the town, loudly bewailing the fate of their lost companions. In a few minutes, the whole community was aroused by their cries and lamentations. The lovers first caught the alarm; and frantic with rage, loudly demanded vengeance. Edward flew to the dancing meadow with the speed of an aroused tiger: he followed the track of the swart riders, with the sagacity and perseverance of a sleath-hound; and though he vainly endeavoured to overtake well mounted horsemen, kept their path amid all the intricacies of the forest, till he discovered they bent their way to the castle of Coningsbro'.

In the meantime all was uproar and confusion in the town. The seats were vacant in the dear domestic circles. The song of pleasure and the laugh of innocent hilarity, were changed to sighs and tears. Not an eye was closed in sleep. Lights were in every house; and while the females could but lament their dearly beloved friends, the men gathered before the doors, denouncing their threats of vengeance; and anxiously endeavouring to collect some certain information of the route pursued by the unprincipled ravishers. Harry ran from groupe to groupe, conjuring every one by all the ties they held most dear—by their regard for the honour of their daughters—by their love for their betrothed—by all their hopes of happiness, to prepare arms, and advance in the pursuit.

With the first bright streaks of morning, the magistrates and elders had assembled every man in the market place, and endeavoured to calm their irritation till more certainty was obtained of the destination of the spoilers. Edward returned from his fruitless chase, fatigued and dejected. Despair had driven the iron deep into his soul ; his long cherished dream of happiness was dispelled at the moment of being fulfilled—the cup of bliss dashed from his lips ere tasted. His gentle and affectionate Mary torn from his expecting bosom by men who knew no law but their own brutal, unbridled passions, was gone to certain fate, and his heart sank beneath the weight of woe. When, however, he beheld the assembled multitude ready to avenge his wrongs ; when he heard their eager demands to be led in the pursuit, his heart bounded from its load—his fatigue was forgotten—his nerves strung up to one grand struggle for revenge. He hastily announced the castle of Coningsbro' as the abode of the spoilers, and called on the whole of his townsmen never to lay down their arms till they had levelled that hated and notorious place, and given the Black Baron and his vile associates a prey to the vulture and the eagle. Shouts of applause and the loud clash of armour, spoke how his hearers participated in his feelings. “Forward—forward to Coningsbro’”—“Woe to the Black Rudolf,” was the universal cry.

The elders, however, endeavoured to restrain their

ardour. They represented the strength of the fortress compared to their own slender force ; the bravery of its garrison ; the long time which must elapse before it could be destroyed, and the certainty of the abducted party being murdered the moment their hostile approach was announced.

Long and stormy were the discussions that took place ; but as the heads of the bolder and more indignant grew cooler, they felt the weight of these objections, and finally adopted the advice of the quick and calculating, though not less feeling Harry, who suggested the more probable and speedy success of a *ruse de guerre*.

The plan was quickly arranged. Every one retired to his house, concealing his feelings of indignation and revenge as best he could. Then, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred at the late festival, and as if the absence of the maidens had not been noticed, or their return speedily expected, another nuptial evening was appointed to be celebrated with more than ordinary splendour and rejoicing.

All the neighbours were invited to the dance, and information duly forwarded to the surrounding villages and adjacent districts.

The same tidings were also conveyed to the Lord Rudolf, who, at a banquet, announced them publicly to his knights and retainers ; and loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the townsmen, for thus placing their daugh-

ters within his grasp. The news was received with acclamations, and amid oaths and laughter, each one swore to steal him a bride from the fair maids of Braithwell ; while the wine cup was drained again and again, to the healths of their expected captives, and thanks to their besotted guardians.

About the twilight-hour on the appointed evening, a long procession left the town, and the meadow was soon covered with groups of elegant dancers ; in appearance, it was a gay bride, attended by an unusual number of her young friends. No virgins, however, that day trod the green. They were men,—stout hearted—strong nerved men! thirsting for vengeance, and eager to protect the honour of their daughters and betrothed from future insult ; disguised indeed in female apparel, and subduing their sounds of revelry to the softened tones of womanhood, while each man held concealed his newly sharpened weapon. Impatient for the moment of attack, their hearts beat quick, when about midnight the faithful scouts declared the near approach of Rudolf and his train.

And now having danced the national figure, which was wont to close the festive evening, the party appeared breaking up and preparing to return homewards. A solitary trumpet sounded, and, in a moment, with loud triumphant cheers, the Black Baron, and his followers, knight, page and groom, on foot and horseback, sprang into the field.

They waited their advance cool and collected ; Rudolf desirous of gaining applause and pleasure by bearing off a victim with his own hand, threw himself from his charger, and with a thundering laugh, seized rudely on the bride. Scarce had he touched his prey, when the bright steel flashed before his eyes ; his extended arm was cut through and through ; his throat, ere he could speak his rage, was grasped by the powerful hand of Edward Clifford. Another moment, and his heart's best blood dyed the avenging sword. With curses of revenge his followers stood their ground, and fought, infuriated by despair. But they were surprised and mingled with their enemies, and many were speedily overpowered. Some gained their steeds and fled for life ; but the two brothers hastily collecting their bravest friends, and mounting the horses of the fallen, speeded in pursuit. What could despair avail ; what their superior knowledge of the forest path ? The infuriated rage of disappointed love was in the rear.

Few lived to reach the castle, and then entered its gloomy portal, pall-mall, pursuers, mingled with pursued. Nothing could withstand the headlong progress of the Cliffords. Wounded and spent with toil, they roamed through the recesses of the castle, overpowering all opposition, and raging like a lioness in search of her stolen offspring. Too soon they found their beautiful and betrothed brides lying murdered and weltering in blood, on the bed of the detested Baron.

This piteous sight destroyed the slender thread of life, that wounds, and fever, and fatigue, had left to Edward. The brave young hero clasped the cold form of his sweet darling Mary, and with a prayer of thanks for satisfied revenge, his soul flew to the mansion of his beloved in another world.

Poor Harry dragged on a life from which the cheering star was gone for ever. He sought consolation in solitude and religion. There is a wood-crowned cliff, on the south bank of the arrowy Trent, where with much labour he excavated a small cell and chapel, and spent his days a hermit in the wild. He was long known in the neighbourhood, as the good anchorite of Foremark Cliff; and his ruined cell is often visited by the admirers of beautiful and romantic scenery. A few years since a coffin was exposed by one who searched for gold, it contained some bones; they appeared perfect, but quickly mouldered into dust. On the *thumb* was a ring of silver, mixed with lead. They were the relics of this brave and unfortunate lover.

E. H. H.

THE NEGRO.

" Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The negro exile languished in the west,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly for ever from the Creole strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father's land."—

Montgomery.

It was nearly forty years since Saib trod the land of his birth ; and, as he approached the scenes of his early recollection, memory overleaped the eventful period of absence, to restore the fading remembrance of former friendships. Few were the ties which had survived the decay of absence and the shocks of misfortune ; the memory of a parent and of a brother, still cheered him with the prospect of happiness ; but a still more vivid hope allured him with the visions of affection.

Alas ! no greetings welcomed his return : looked on with suspicion, when not passed by with neglect, Saib wandered through his native village. In vain he sought the huts of his parents ; the spot, indeed, where they had once stood, he soon reached, but it was only to gaze on their almost scattered embers ; and to read, in too

plain a language, that the desolation of African warfare had, not long since, passed over their homes.

“Is this the end,” cried Saib; “is this the end, then, for which I have run the hazard of the white man’s laws; and encountered the dangers of African deserts? Gods of my fathers! I feared much—but this, indeed, turns my most dreary forebodings into a darker shade of hopeless reality.”

As Saib stood over the ruins of his home, dropping tears faster than the dews of heaven, an African female, bent with years and infirmities, wandered up to him. “Who is it,” she said, “that looks on the once habitations of the Saibs? alas! is there one yet surviving to whom their memory can be worth a sigh.” Saib awoke from his trance, declared his kindred, and with twenty hurried questions sought for the recital which it was plain the old woman could give. Melancholy was the tale; every period closed with the loss of some dearest relative or earliest friend. A wandering tribe of Kafirs had laid waste the village; pillaged their homes: and those who would not yield to slavery, were left upon the funeral pile of their own habitations. “And my parent, brother, and Zupha! what of them,” demanded Saib, with anxious looks. “How is it with them—slavery or death?” “Alas, sir, these eyes saw Zupha fall, and thy brother perish by her side.” “Thanks! thanks!” “Does it excite your pleasure then to hear their melancholy fate?” “Aye, death is, indeed, a

boon, in contrast to the curse of slavery—but of my parent ?” “ She lives ! Our years, which offered no allurements to their avarice or their lusts, preserved us likewise from their hate.” This was a little joy to dash the cup of sorrow ; and his informant soon guided him to the hut in which she lived.

Time and suffering had worn off the marks of mutual recognition : and, before he discovered himself, Saib made several inquiries of her, which only tended to heighten affliction by rekindling remembrances which time had almost suffered to decay. The moment of recognition, however, arrived ; but we must draw a veil over feelings with which the mere spectator can hold no communion.

Saib had brought with him from the white countries through which he had passed, some little property, which though made up of what there would be counted baubles, here sufficed for wealth. It was, however, necessary to be careful of the display of it ; and Saib, his parent, and the aged matron, passed their days in humble privacy. To while away the hours of those days which affliction made tedious, Saib used to recount to them the particulars of his life, from the time of his being taken prisoner by the Kafirs to the moment of his melancholy recital. Those particulars were nearly in the following terms.

“ The dreary uniformity of much of my past life has left me few records for the computation of years ; it

must, however, be nearly forty, since I left this village with the rest of my countrymen, in pursuit of the Kafirs. It was in our very first battle with them that I was taken prisoner. With scarcely an hour's delay, I was, together with about fifty of my companions in arms, who had shared the same fate, marched over the southern deserts, till we arrived at the capital of their nation. This place I soon learnt was the mart for the disposal of their captives, and where we were to be sold into perpetual slavery. Here we were exposed in the public market place, to be bartered like cattle for beads and amber ; but the feelings of indignation have been long obliterated by repetition. Here we changed masters ; and in a few days, were again marched off for some other destination. From the preparation made, we judged the journey would prove long ; day after day we continued our course, myself and companions, to the number of about a hundred, being bound together two by two, and driven along amidst insults and inhumanities. It must have been about the twentieth day of our journey, that our party was overtaken by one of those storms to which the sandy plains of Africa are subject ; their duration is short, but their effects are not so soon forgotten. Our loss, however, was little on the immediate score of human life ; but the loss of many of our camels, which were considerably behind us, led to consequences that human life, in the result, paid dearly for. Our provisions soon began to fail, and the little supply of

water, an article of much more importance, in these burning expeditions, than food, was fast disappearing. The springs were calculated to be several days journey before us ; you may well imagine how the captives fared under such circumstances. But that their existence was the property and fortunes of their avaricious masters, few would have survived to relate the severities of that journey ; as it was, we were supplied but with just sufficient nourishment to preserve life when it had become intolerable. At length, our resources entirely failed, or grew so low that no more could be spared even to preserve the slaves existence ; when, not the property, but the very lives of their masters were at issue. At every pace we grew more faint : the lash was often applied to lend a little vigour to the enfeebled frame ; we looked upon the whitening skeleton which lay at intervals bleaching in our path, as witnesses that our sufferings were not the first ; and as warnings that theirs would not be the last. The lash soon lost its effect ; it might stimulate exertion, but it could not supply energy. Every hour lessened our numbers ; they fell by our sides, while we dared hardly look behind to be assured of their fate, or pay to it the tribute of a sigh : every one felt as though he were to be the next victim to it. Another day's journey would bring us to the springs ; but the assurance of this hope only served to render more fearful the struggle between life and death : like the shipwrecked mariner, who sees

the shore, while he feels the strength on which alone he can depend to reach it, grow weaker at every effort. Our numbers were already reduced to less than half; it was on the morning of the very day on which we reached the springs, that poor Sadoc, (you have perhaps forgotten him), was forced to give up the struggle and to resign himself to inevitable death. I was compelled to wait while they loosed me from the band that bound us; poor fellow! the moment when they cut the knot and I marched on, is one of those that nature defies us to forget. He seemed to look on me with envy, and I remember to have almost felt myself an object of it; alas! he envied my fate only once, I have envied his a thousand times.

“ The memory of our arrival at the springs, although almost the oldest, is, however, nearly the most vivid in my mind. Our masters had arrived there first, and were eagerly watching our arrival. The approach of only thirty-two of the number that had set out together, and for which they had bartered their properties, was made a cause of reproach to us, who had only preserved life by dint of extraordinary constitutions.

“ At the springs we stayed several days, until our strength was sufficiently revived to endure the remainder of the journey. Fruit and water were our only subsistence; which though it refreshed nature, did not, as you may suppose, tend much to strengthen us. We, however, at length set forward again to complete the

passage of the desert, not without considerable apprehension; but about the sixth day we arrived safe, though exhausted, at the city of our destination.

“ At this place, after having been fattened like camels for the market, we were again exposed for sale and bartered over to fresh masters. After a few days we were sent forward, as we understood, for the city of the white men, to be there again bartered to them for the purposes of perpetual labour. You know the dread with which the natives of Africa look upon this market of the white man; but you know not the realities upon which that dread is founded; you will yet have to listen to them.

“ I found myself here exposed to sale, with numbers of the tribes of our surrounding nations; many of those with whom we were in friendship, as also of those with whom we were at war: among the latter were several of the very nation to whose hatred and better fortunes we owe our present degradation. To all but these our common sorrows united us in common kindness: to the Kafirs, with whom I had been bred in enmity, and reared in religious detestation, confirmed by mutual acts of fraud and violence, I could not contain my hatred. While in the market place, exposed to sale by the side of one of them, upon a sudden provocation I seized a weapon from the hand of a bystander and felled him to the earth. I was instantly seized, loaded with heavy irons, and afterwards suffered the punishment of the whip. The three days' renewed torture, did not, however, make

me once think that I had dearly purchased the luxury of my revenge. What became of the Kafir, whether he lived or died, I know not. From this time I was for years looked upon with suspicion ; wherever I went was narrowly watched, and often denied some of the few privileges granted to the wretched objects of European slavery.

“ As soon as I had sufficiently recovered from the effects of my punishment, I was conveyed on board of one of the huge vessels, by means of which the white man traverses the great deep. Every change seemed an increase of misery. In this vessel were nearly three hundred of us confined nearly in one position for several weeks, with a scanty supply of food, and in a place where the filth and closeness of it bred a pestilential disorder, which daily carried off numbers of the negroes : that is the name given to all the tribes of Africa, as soon as they leave her shores. As they died, their bodies were thrown into the deep, with no other ceremony than the taking off their irons, and no other feelings than regret for the loss of the monies they had cost. The voyage was reckoned an unlucky one ; and when we arrived, our numbers had been diminished to less than one hundred and ninety. I was again doomed to be among the survivors.

“ Here I was again sold, and with about forty more ill-fated beings, was marched to a considerable distance up the country. At length we appeared to have arrived

at our ultimate destination ; where our labours were to repay the Kafirs' hatred, and the white man's traffic. For the daily wages of a little rice, and the nightly covering of a crowded hut, was I compelled to endure toils and sufferings that avarice alone could suggest and inhumanity inflict. What those toils and sufferings are, which the poor negro is fated to endure, may perhaps be matter of curiosity to you : alas ! to give a faithful catalogue of them would be as wearisome, by their number, as revolting by their severity. To labour from morning till night beneath the rays of the burning sun ; to have no stimulant to labour but the lash of the slave-driver, who constantly holds the whip over him in terror, and not unfrequently applies it in chastisement ; these inflictions are but trifles to those things the negro suffers by deprivation. Often supplied with food barely sufficient for the support of life, and frequently unfit for its purposes ; deprived of all the enjoyments which he once participated in, and which the loss of, had taught him how dearly to prize. Without a friend to share a hope or divide a sorrow, he grows almost ashamed of the terms upon which he consents to hold existence.

“ Year after year passed on in the unwearied performance of this my daily task ; gathering berries, tilling the ground, or carrying burthens from the field. Thus I rather lingered than lived ; with no other excitement to labour than the whip of the planter, and no hope of relief but from the infirmities of disease or the deprivation of life.

“ The ties of affection were not altogether broken, but they were worse ; they are suffered to exist to be made a sport and profit of. The negro might place his affections upon a fellow-slave, for females are alike objects of this inhuman traffic, but on her he loves he must endure to see chastisement often inflicted in his presence ; or to have her taken from him without the privilege of a parting look. He may rear up children, but it is to entail upon them all the wretchedness of his own condition. He must consent to see them bartered for lucre, or made the victims of a baser purpose. This is indeed proffering happiness ; a happiness which, while the negro accepts, he curses the avarice that proffers, and the nature that impels. Suffice it that I accepted of the terms. The remembrance of my once-loved Zupha I had not lost, but the hopes that I had hazarded on her. In the despair of these hopes, I joined my fortunes to those of Zelima, a fellow-slave, and became a father.

“ At this time, though our labours were wearisome and our station one of continual regret, we had yet nothing to complain of beyond the stern decree that made us what we were. Our masters often granted us indulgences, nor exercised those tyrannous powers the negro is subject to. His treatment of us was such, that most of us had, notwithstanding the contrast of station, and the labours we endured for his profit, imbibed a real esteem for him. His death, however, soon turned those feelings into regret, and taught us, from our present

treatment, to appreciate the benefit we had lost. His successor was a man I still almost fear to think of. Possessing the estate, as was generally supposed, by means he could not justify, he exercised his unjust power by more unjust conduct. Passionate and unfeeling, a day now seldom passed without some amongst us suffering under the effects of his unprovoked anger. Whether it was my habitual sullenness, or from what other cause, I know not, but I became the object of his marked displeasure. The lash was frequently applied to me ; but I at last grew callous to it, and seldom gratified his ear with a forced confession of pain. He conquered me at last. My child was taken from me, and the mother sent to work upon another part of the plantation. My wife I therefore seldom saw, and my child I have never seen since. I hourly imprecated a curse on his head, and anxiously watched an opportunity to make my hand the instrument to execute it. The opportunity I thought had one evening arrived ; I aimed a blow at him from my hiding place, but it failed to take its intended effect ; it pierced his arm instead of his heart.

“ No course, after this, was left for me but flight. I escaped in the confusion, and continued to secrete myself about the plantation for a few days, and at last succeeded in making the partner of my slavery the companion of my freedom. We took to the woods, our only refuge. Here we subsisted upon the wild fruit, and upon the birds we succeeded in toiling. Our situation now

became dangerous and wretched ; to the care of hiding ourselves from our pursuers by day, succeeded the still more difficult task of protecting ourselves from the beasts of prey by night. These were duties that kept us constantly in alarm, and made us soon sensible of the enjoyments which life, even such as we had fled from, was capable of affording ; or rather, of the infinite gradations of human suffering.

“ We continued our flight, cheered with the hope that we should at last arrive at some place, when, if we could not maintain ourselves in freedom, we might at least change our masters, and in that calculated upon some necessary benefit. After we had pursued our way for several weeks, as well as through entangled bushes and dreary woods we were enabled to do, we at last came to the signs of human habitation. We soon learnt that they were the huts of those who had endured the same fate as ourselves---had fled from their masters, and now subsisted upon the produce of the chase or the fruits of the forest. Community of misfortune soon brought familiarity of converse, and after a short time I became their chief, directing their councils and settling their quarrels. Our numbers amounted to nearly a hundred, and we were enabled to defy our pursuers, who, wearied out by our mode of warfare, and the facility of escape, became weary of keeping up the struggle, and left us, as we supposed, to the enjoyment of our hard-earned and precarious freedom.

“ This state continued several months, during which time I soon discovered that the greater part of my companions were of the worst description of our unhappy tribes ; men who had absconded from mere discontent with their occupations, and who now thought they were to enjoy existence with immunity from all labour. Our dissensions were loud and frequent, often ending in blood, and accompanied by instances of the most savage ferocity ; so that between the frequent alarms from our enemies and constant broils among ourselves, I began to look forward to a return to slavery with something like a wish for it.

“ The report was one morning spread, that the planters were again after us, and that they employed in the pursuit, animals that could trace by the scent of human blood the track of human footsteps. In other words, we learnt that we were to be hunted down like beasts of prey. The report we soon found to be too true. I saw one of the animals which they call blood-hounds, seize on a negro a little behind me in our flight ; and, to avoid the same fate, I, with my poor Zelima, surrendered ourselves up. The negro was rescued, though somewhat lacerated, and we were all bound together and marched off, whither we knew not.

“ After many days hard journeying, during which the poor run-aways were little spared, we arrived at a different city to that I had before visited. Here we were brought to trial,—yes, were arraigned at the bar of jus-

tice, for the crime of attempting to regain that freedom of which we had been so unrelentingly plundered. Our masters were our judges ; we were declared guilty, and the punishment of death recorded against us. That avarice, which from the first moment of our captivity had been our evil spirit, still haunted us, and the mild sentence of the law was in all but a few instances commuted into infliction of the lash, and restoration to our former owners. My health and activity secured me my life ; I was for these qualities always counted as one of their most valuable slaves.

“ We were one morning, shortly after our trial, called out to witness the butchery of ten of our companions who had been hunted in the forests, to grace the spectacle. We were drawn up in ranks, in the form of a square ; in the middle was a sort of elevated wood-work, from which the unhappy victims were to be suspended by the neck. The names were called out, and no one knew, till the number was complete, that his name might not be the next. They knew little, but they cared less ; and all died like men to whom life or death were things of equal indifference. After they had suffered, our turns arrived to endure the torture of our commuted sentence. The African in those lands excites no pity, and he is only esteemed above the brutes because he is more useful. All their inhumanities never forced a groan from me ; but when my poor Zelima was exposed to suffer for the crimes which, if such, I had seduced her

to—Gods ! the stern hatred with which I had before suffered, now almost burst into madness. But what could resistance or complaint have availed to either her or me ? I prayed for vengeance in another world, and was silent.

“ After these proceedings, and when we had sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, we were again marched off ; and at the end of a week’s fatigue, found ourselves upon the very plantation from which we had a few months before escaped. In the meantime, however, the estate had changed owners ; and we found our days now pass on in the performance of the negro’s wretched duty, without any of those gratuitous severities to which we had before been subjected. You will perhaps ask what became of my son ? alas ! it is a question I have myself often demanded of the silent gods.

“ In the performance of an almost unvarying daily task, which produced us no recompense beyond the stated and unvarying meal, you may well imagine that the days lagged slowly through the year. Years, however, flowed on ; and, when gone, seemed to have passed as rapidly as their progress had seemed wearisome : as well as I can remember, ten years passed away in this manner without anything to mark their progress, but the fading images of early recollections, and the growing consciousness of enervating age.

“ About this time, an object arose which promised to effect a beneficial change in the condition of the poor

negro, a promise which it still fulfils. That object was the converting them to the worship of the white man's Gods : Gods whose religion teaches mercy and humility to its followers, but whose followers are the negroes tyrants. Privileges were offered to those who embraced it ; and you may imagine, that reduced to the negro's wretched state, he would gladly seize on any hold to raise him from his degradation. As to the religion itself, I saw little to recommend it, in the conduct of those by whom it was professed. But it offered us immunities ; and surely the negro could not much err in sacrificing faith to those who had sacrificed all faith to him. ' Will not,' I cried, ' will not our gods pardon the hypocrisy that reviles the stranger's altars, and thus gives occasion for one blow, at least, on that account of vengeance due from Afric to her plunderers ? ' Think not, however, that I still entertain these bitter feelings against it : no, the benevolence of our instructors, and the excellence of their precepts, soon raised in my mind a reverence for its sanctions, which the impiety of its own professors, nor the veneration for the gods of my forefathers, could entirely destroy. But no further to interrupt our story, we will reserve this subject for some future time.

" From this change, and the introduction, from the same source, of some new regulations, a prospect of freedom was opened to the negro. It was distant, but it was possible ; additional exertions to the severe task

already expected or forced from him, might, in the course of many years, secure to him the boon. To me the enjoyment of freedom—to breathe but for a day, and at the end of life, once more the air of this my native land, was a recompense for every bane that fortune had left in her power to inflict.

“As soon as this hope dawned, I had no other object or desire, but to compass the means of realizing it. I spared no exertion, and scarcely afforded to nature her needful nourishment or rest. This one idea engrossed up every other ; and even the death of my faithful Zelima, which happened about this time, claimed little other tribute than a sigh ; while I almost derived a satisfaction from the removal of an obstacle to my design.

“Six or seven years passed away in the exercise of the same laborious duties, during which I had contrived to save up a little money towards my freedom. My design was happily aided by my being, for a reason I could never learn, sold off the plantation to which I had been so many years attached, and being purchased by a master who made his profit of his negroes, by letting them out in gangs for a limited time to assist the planters upon different estates. This gave me an opportunity of turning my exertions to a beneficial account ; and I found my means, though slowly, yet constantly increasing. I need not detail to you the means I was compelled to resort to, to secrete my little hoard from the

rapacity of the great and the delinquency of the dishonest.

“ Every year added something considerable to my store ; and I at length found myself in possession of a sum sufficient to command my freedom. I still remember with a glow of feeling the pride with which I paid the price of liberty ; all that I supposed would have made me happy was now procured. I had never thought of supporting life, when only the wages of my industry could supply the means. Freedom in the prospective had seemed the talisman which was to conjure up the realization of every other wish. That freedom I had only prized as the means of returning to my native wilds, but I now found how short a step I had gained towards such an object. Without a friend of whom I could request advice ; and with the mark of the most abject of the human race upon me, how was I to obtain the means of livelihood, much less of reaching my native land ? A land beyond the great waters ; and to which I knew not whither to direct my eye.

“ Having thus attained the object for which I had laboured almost beyond human energy ; and in the pursuit of which I found I had sacrificed health as well as years ; my sole remaining object was how to turn my future steps towards the country of my birth. Escaped from the bonds of slavery, the negro is, still, hardly admitted into the number of the free ; and thus placed between two gradations, the envy of the one and the

scorn of the other, he lives almost an outcast from his race.

“ In the long intercourse, if such it may be called, which I had with the white men, I had not failed, besides acquiring their language, to pick up information on many subjects. I was well aware that their chief resort was in another country across the great deep, from which place a traffic was kept up with all the nations of the world. I thought that if I could but reach that country I might find an opportunity of, at least, approaching the object of my hopes. Having worked for a few months as a free negro, in order to secure me a small supply of ready means, I, at length, with beating heart, bade adieu to the place and occupation to which I had now, for nearly five and thirty years, been chained in slavery : leaving behind me so many of my former companions in misery, who dared not to hope, and hardly wished, to follow my hazardous footsteps.

“ On my arrival at the sea-port of the colony, I found a vessel lying there which was destined for England, the country to which I before alluded as the place of barter of all the white nations. I immediately applied to the captain to be conveyed thither, and, with much difficulty and entreaty, was allowed to work my passage over. My second voyage was little preferable to the first ; I had my freedom, but it was only to be the slave of every inferior dependant in the ship. Abuse for servility, and chastisement for obedience, are all that the

black man can look for from the proud European. Employed in every degrading office, and at the beck of the lowest of the crew, I never felt so bitterly the degradation of servitude as in this state of vaunted liberty. My complaints were answered with a jeer or a blow, according to the humour of the moment ; and even sickness found no ground of exemption from the performance of their commands or the wages of disobedience. For the hope which is this day realized, I bore it all ; met insult with silent imprecations, and unmerited blows with the bitterness of treasured hate. My imprecations were heard, and hatred was glutted with revenge.

“After we had been many weeks on our passage, one dreadfully tempestuous night, when the huge vessel, of which you can form little conception, was rocking like a plank upon the waves ; the blustering of command and the shrieks of despair aroused me from a troubled sleep ; for while the white men were busied for their lives, the negro snatched a moment of repose. As I reached the deck, the ship seemed shaken into pieces—it had struck upon a rock—the water rushed into the vessel, and every one was anxious only to save himself. Lights were distinguishable from the shore ; and as I knew the negro could claim no place in the boat while there was a white man to be saved, I saw the only chance left for me was that of swimming ashore. In this I did not despair ; years had rather impaired my strength, but my practice had been great. A child, the daughter of a

passenger, the only being who had been kind to me, who had often amused me with her converse, and relieved me by her intercession, had been washed overboard. I jumped after her ; succeeded in catching hold of her, and brought her in safety to the shore. We were immediately conveyed to a habitation, and administered to with every assiduity.

“ On the following morning, when the survivors of the wreck were mustered, they were found to be but six or seven, out of a crew of forty who were on board the over night. Among the survivors was the father of the child whom I had preserved. He loaded me with protestations of thankfulness and gratitude. Unused as I was to these expressions, they gave rise to feelings so strange and foreign to me, that tears then, as they almost do now, streamed from my eyes—eyes which for thirty years had not beheld a being to look upon the negro with respect. He supplied me with every necessary, and I now for the first time began to feel something like returning contentment. He carried me with him to the capital of the white man’s country. I will not now interrupt my narrative to describe to you the wonders of their cities ; years will yet, I trust, afford me opportunities of detailing to you many of the wonders that I have seen, and this amongst the greatest.

“ In the midst of all my better fortune, the thought of Africa never slumbered in me, nor the hope for which alone I had endured so much. My benefactor taxed me

with sullenness and discontent, and to escape his censure, I freely unburthened to him my hopes and fears. He seemed surprised at my avowal, and little understood what feelings could give to our dreary deserts a charm beyond those of his fertile plains. I told him that the charms of his country afforded no allurements to hold me from my own, where my heart might once more indulge in the ties of friendship and affection, and might meet that respect it must not look for amongst his countrymen. I spared him the confession, that my attachment to him could never destroy my well-grounded hatred to his race. When he found that nothing could turn me from my purpose, he offered me his counsel and assistance in promoting the object of it.

“ A vessel was about to sail for Cairo, near the entrance of the Great River, of which you have heard our wandering tribe speak: my generous benefactor procured me a passage, and having loaded me with testimonies of his bounty, we parted, not without sorrow on my part, nor without regret on his. Nothing occurred on the voyage but the common incidents to that mode of travel; and in a few months, after having visited several cities of other white nations in our track, we arrived at the city of our destination. Once more I trod the ground of my beloved Africa!

“ Little remains to be narrated. At Cairo I was fortunate enough to meet with some English travellers who were anxious to prosecute a journey into the heart of our

nation, and I undertook to be their guide and interpreter. We continued our journey without accident, until we arrived at the city of Berdou, where one of the travellers died. They continued, however, their journey; but when arrived at the capital of Bornou, the sheik refused to permit the travellers to penetrate farther through his kingdom; they were therefore compelled to return, but I continued my journey, and arrived, as you remember, at this my native village."

STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

No part of our laws implies a more becoming consciousness of human judgment's fallibility, than the cautious and deliberate procedure required in ascertaining mental disease, and surrendering a supposed lunatic to the custody of his kindred. A remarkable instance of this kind fell under my own observation.—I was on my way to visit an uncle resident on the remotest coast of Cornwall, and believed myself very near my journey's end, when the stage-coach driver admitted a stranger to fill a seat which had been vacated. The other three passengers were busily engaged in a discussion on lawful and unlawful duels, and referring occasionally to a pamphlet printed in 1632, on occasion of the Battle awarded in the preceding year in the Court of Chivalry, on an Appeal of Treason by Lord Rea against Mr. Ramsay. Then followed an attempt to trace the Writ of Appeal and Wager of Battel from the practice of Turkey, and its prevalence in England till the third year of Henry VII. But our new companion, whose dress was very little superior to a disbanded seaman,

suddenly joined the conversation: "Gentlemen," he began, in a stern voice, "modern philosophers never read, therefore they are always making discoveries.—Did Blackstone see any barbarity in this mode of satisfying justice, or did the Archbishop of Toledo disdain to witness such a combat in the most religious court of Europe?"—This extraordinary combination of authorities made one of the party smile, though his professional petulance was stirred by the implied comparison between our English oracle and an old Spanish bigot. To waive any farther disputes on the wisdom or antiquity of trial by single combat, he began to describe the dresses worn on such occasions in our third Henry's days. "Sir," interposed our legislator in a blue jacket, "the pike, dagger, long sword, and swort-sword, which you speak of, were appointed only for Rea and Ramsey. In Henry's time, such combatants fought with weapons of small length, with heads, hands, and feet bare; or with ebon staves or batoons, having hard sand-bags fastened at the ends. And each might have a four-cornered shield without any iron, and a frock of red cloth reaching to the elbow and knee. But the appellant's head was ever covered, and the defendant's *rayed*, or shaven, thus."—As he spoke, the describer suddenly raised his hat, and discovered a head of most extraordinary character. It reminded us of those fine busts found among the ruins caused by a volcano; scorched and bruised, but not deprived of their noble

symmetry and expression. His skin was darkened, as if burning lava had passed over it, except on the upper part of his head, which appeared to have been lately shaven, and was now bordered by a fringe of the same crisp black hair which formed the thick curl of his eyebrows, and met near his chin. Blackstone and Beccaria were wholly forgotten, while we looked on this formidable countenance, and observed that its possessor had also a strong staff, not unlike the baton of the champions he had been describing. Not another word was hazarded; and when the mail-coach stopped, I mounted the horse provided for me with great readiness, to escape from the sight of our unknown companion. I shall be pardoned, I believe, if I confess, that during my ride through the solitary lane which led to my uncle's old manor-house, I cast several suspicious glances at the shadows which a few shaggy elms threw over my path. The first kind salutations of a hospitable relative were hardly finished, when his porter came to announce a stranger, who desired instant admission on the most urgent business. It was late, the manor-house was lonely, and situated near a coast noted for desperate pirates and contraband adventurers. But my good old uncle, who held that office, "the like of which," as has been merrily said, "is known to no other land," was too proud of his authority, and too conscious that he held it with pure hands, to entertain any fears. Yet he allowed me to accompany him to what he called his

justice-room, where, with much surprise and some apprehension, I saw the dark man. He look at me first as if recognising my features, and endeavouring to examine their import ; then addressing my uncle with more courtesy than his rude apparel promised, he requested a private audience. A glance of intelligence which we had time to exchange, induced my old kinsman to support me when I professed myself his indispensable clerk. After mysteriously closing the door, and advancing so near u as to make me regret that my travelling pistols were out of my reach, he announced, in a low and singularly solemn tone, that he came to lay a capital charge against two seamen of his Majesty's ship the——. " Of felony or murder ?" said my uncle, and I prepared pen and paper to fulfil my assumed office of his clerk. " Of completing one, and conspiring to commit the other," replied the informer in the same low tone, with a mixed expression of fear and horror in his countenance. The justice required him to relate particulars, and they seemed distinctly told. He stated, that the boatswain and another person belonging to an English ship of war, had conveyed him in their boat, after dining with their captain and his officers, to an obscure cove on the coast near Naples, where he had been imprisoned several days, and at last released, or, to speak more properly, abandoned without money, and almost without clothes, on a desolate spot, from whence he was conveyed in a delirious fever by his valet. This

last particular deserved inquiry. How did his valet discover his master's situation, and what induced him to visit a part of the Neapolitan coast so desolate and undistinguished, in quest of him? Our informer answered, that the man himself might be questioned on that subject. To my remark, that only the fact of robbery could be substantiated, as murder did not appear to have been designed, he replied, "Both were committed, but not within the letter of our laws." Being urged to explain this ambiguous sentence, he remained several minutes in a silence which implied such deep and melancholy recollection, that neither our curiosity nor our suspicions emboldened us to interrupt it. My honest uncle spoke first.—"Child," he said, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, with a kindness which almost always created the confidence it expressed, "there is something in this business more than you have communicated, or less than you imagine. If these men proposed an outrage against your life, why did they leave the opportunity and the work unfinished; and if they never attempted it, why is a murderous design imputed to them?" Still he made no reply, and my uncle inquired the extent of the robbery he had suffered. "Only a few pieces of gold," he answered; "and my valet tells me they were restored." We looked at each other with sufficient agreement in our thoughts that the charge was wholly due to a disordered imagination; and hoping to detect its incoherence still more broadly, we

required him to repeat it, while I made minutes. But he made no variation in names or dates ; his descriptions of the secret cove, of the boatswain's figure, and his companion's dress, were singularly precise and forcible. My uncle called for supper, and seating him by the fire-side, with the frank kindness of an old English squire, endeavoured to fix his attention on other subjects. We talked of political occurrences, of the general state of Italy, and the victory then recent at Maida. A slight shivering of his lips and eyelids indicated that this last subject touched some tender nerve, and he suddenly asked me if I had seen Calabria. " My nephew is an idle Templar," said the justice, answering for me, " and has more ambition to be lined with good capon than at a cannon's mouth." Our guest's imagination probably caught some unintended reference in this allusion to Shakspeare, and he replied, with a fierce gesture, " He is right, and I have now no honour to be jealous of. Gentlemen, I understand the purpose of all this. You persuade yourselves that an outrage which did not end in the actual loss of my life and property, is not worth a public and difficult investigation ; you wish to sooth me ~~into~~ forgetfulness and forgiveness, and I thank you for the attempt. You know not what a blessing it would be *to forget*, and I have sought for it in many ways, but these men haunt me still, and I must accuse them. Remember, gentlemen, I did not say how much of my life and property they spared, nor how little." We could make

no answer to a speech which, with all its obscure incoherence, was solemn. Almost convinced that his visitor was insane, my uncle soothed him with an assurance that he would expedite the progress of justice ; and had begun to offer him a chamber under his roof till morning, when another stranger with three attendants claimed admission. They were brought into the room where we still sat with the accuser, who started from his place at their entrance, and held up the formidable baton I have mentioned once before. Sir Frederick Cornwall, as I choose to call our new visitor, presented himself with very engaging politeness, and entreated pardon for his relative's intrusion. I accompanied him into another apartment, and heard his expressions of regret at the notional insanity which seemed to have taken entire hold of his nephew's mind. To my question whether Colonel C. had ever been in Naples, he replied that he had only returned from thence a few days ; "but," he added, "his valet assures me no part of this strange romance, which he persists in repeating, ever had existence, if we except the delirious fever he himself confesses." A request that the unhappy young man might be delivered into his custody followed this speech, which did not appear to me quite satisfactory. He perceived it, and produced several letters dated from Naples, and distinctly giving the Neapolitan physician's opinion of his distemper. One written by the captain of the vessel in which Colonel C. had sailed home, detailed many

touching instances of incurable dejection, and hinted at an attempted suicide. This letter inclosed another from the unfortunate young officer himself, relating the transaction in the bay of Naples exactly as he had described it to us, but with many expressions of the keenest and most desperate resentment. Though these expressions were mingled with others which seemed to imply grateful confidence in his uncle's affection, I thought myself at liberty to doubt it, and ventured to inquire why the valet had not accompanied his unfortunate master to England. Sir Frederick shewed me an Italian letter, containing so natural and so clear a statement of the man's reasons for remaining in his native country, that no objection could be made. But my good uncle, who well deserved the name of Justice, positively detained the Colonel as his guest till the strictest inquiries had been pursued. Nothing resulted that could throw doubt on Sir Frederick, or justify us in withholding the Colonel's person, which he surrendered himself with an air of tranquillity almost amounting to happiness.

I remember in my boyhood a certain piece of mathematical magic in an old Encyclopædia, representing almost innumerable circles most intricately interwoven, but all combining in one. I have since found it a very accurate representation of the manner in which the selfish plans of individuals are rendered parts of one wide and perfect system of equal justice. A few years passed after this incident, and all remembrance of it had

begun to disappear, when my professional duties brought me, on the western circuit, to a town where I received an anonymous letter, inclosing a large bank note to retain me as counsel in the cause of a very young French boy charged with private robbery. The note I deposited in my uncle's hands, to remain untouched as a clue to future discovery ; but the account circulated in the town concerning this young offender was sufficient to interest me. He was accused of stealing the purse and pocket-book of an unfortunate gentleman, who occupied a small mansion not far from the castle appropriated to French prisoners of war. Louis, as this boy called himself, had been found bruised and senseless under the mansion-wall, from which he appeared to have fallen in an attempt to escape from the garden, where the owner had seen him lurking, probably after robbing the lunatic who resided there of the money found upon him. Amongst this money was a gold seal and diamond ring, both bearing the initials of Colonel Cornwall, and recognised by many persons as his property, though his reputed insanity rendered his evidence inadmissible. I questioned the boy with all the severity and adroitness in my power, but could extort no confession from him regarding his business at that mansion, or the means by which the money fell into his hands. He did not deny that he had seen Colonel Cornwall ; he admitted the seal and ring might have been once his property, but would give no account of the gold. My earnest appli-

cation procured a magistrate's order for my admission into Colonel C.'s presence alone. The keeper warned me of his concealed fierceness and malignity, and left us together with evident reluctance. He knew me instantly, and burst into tears. I love human nature, and honour it too much to dwell on the frightful picture he gave me of his sufferings. The clearness, the moderation, and the method of his detail, convinced me they were undeserved ; and my representation gained such attentions from a discerning magistrate, supported by the votes of three physicians, that he obtained admission into court as a capable witness. His narrative was simple and convincing. Louis, he said, had conveyed three letters to him from an unknown person, offering him money and jewels to bribe the keeper employed by his interested relative. This mysterious friend also promised to produce such evidence as would effectually silence those who impeached his intellects. But he solemnly protested that he could not conjecture from whence these offers came, nor by what means Louis had obtained the seal and ring, which he did not remember ever to have seen before. I confess my surprise at this last assertion, but it was useful to the prisoner. As the charge of felony was completely falsified, the court did not deem it a duty to inquire farther ; the young Frenchman was released ; and after a tedious struggle with the forms of another court, our more unfortunate friend Cornwall was freed from his uncle's custody. I accom-

panied him to a retired villa in my own good uncle's neighbourhood, which he chose for the wildness of its scenery and the pastoral simplicity of its inhabitants. We arrived at the pleasantest hour of that sweet spring-season which belongs only to England ; and I congratulated him, as I thought most opportunely, on his restoration to the rights and comforts of an Englishman.

" It is your work," he replied, with a melancholy smile, " and I will not be so ungrateful as to tell you it is useless."

" I would rather be told that it is imperfect, provided you will teach me how to amend it. But I do not perceive anything wanting to your tranquillity, unless you wish to know more of Louis or his employer ; and it is impossible to deny, Cornwall, that your unwillingness to pursue inquiry in that quarter, calls some suspicion upon yourself."

He made no answer to this speech except one of those fixed and haggard looks which accompanied his former state of dejection, till I couched my question in direct terms.

" On your honour as a gentleman, and under the sacred secrecy which I owe you as your counsellor, tell me if you know more of Louis ?"

" My dear friend," he answered, " and those words imply every thing most sacred between man and man, I do know Louis, and therefore I disclaimed all know-

ledge of the seal and ring ; the gold would have burned both my heart and brain if I had accepted it, but I could not confess the truth. Complete your task by staying with me till my death, and you will learn all.” //

“ You have deceived me, then, in the affair of Naples too, perhaps ? ”

“ On the faith of a dying man, you have heard the truth, and nothing but the truth, on that subject. I told you when we first met, that I had enemies who had taken away my honour, and now they have reached my life.”

This terrible hint confirmed suspicions in my mind that had been indistinctly forming since the first period of our acquaintance. Cornwall's uncle had children who might be largely benefited by his death ; the suspected valet was probably their agent, and the strange outrage committed at Naples, might have been a stragem to disorder his imagination, or an attempt to remove him, baffled by some secret means. Mine was not the only judgment biassed against Sir Frederick Cornwall ; and the emaciated state of his nephew, every where ascribed to the cruelties inflicted on him, caused such general indignation and abhorrence, that the darkest suspicions were willingly received. Letters were privately sent to powerful persons at Naples, urging them to trace the Italian valet ; and while we awaited the result, my uncle and myself neglected no means to allure the melancholy man from his solitude. He was our

guest whole days and weeks, and his house on these occasions was left to the care of three trusty servants, who had known and loved him from his youth. They were alarmed one evening, in their master's absence, by the stoppage of a hired postchaise at their gates, from whence, without ceremony or inquiry, a veiled woman came into the hall and seated herself. The servants looked at each other in stupid confusion, for they all recognised their master's divorced wife.

"Be under no embarrassment," said she, with a coolness which completed their astonishment, "Colonel Cornwall is absent, and I neither desire nor expect to see him. Bring me ink and paper, and carry the letter I shall write."

They all obeyed, without understanding her authority; and the whole household gathered round, each indulging his curiosity by holding some article of the writing apparatus. With her veil still over her face, and an unmoved attitude, she wrote and sealed her billet, which the steward, a man of great fidelity and shrewdness, brought instantly to me. His account of this singular visit gave me great hopes of some decisive crisis; and not without many anxious expectations, I gave the paper into her husband's hands. He read it twice; his countenance changed extremely; but merely writing two lines with his pencil on the back of his wife's note, he desired me to deliver it myself. On such a mission there could be no hesitation. I found her still sitting in

the hall, with her veil drawn over her, and the servants stationed in a cluster at some distance to watch her motions. She read her husband's answer, and after a short pause, rose and threw back her veil. "I have recollected myself, sir!" she said, advancing towards me, "these people know me, and I have no right to screen myself from their contempt; it is part of the punishment I am come to meet, and this veil is an indulgence I do not deserve. Colonel Cornwall commands me to quit his house, but something is due to justice and public opinion. His uncle accuses him of inventing the conspiracy at Naples—you suspect his uncle of abetting it for his own purposes. I was the only witness of that transaction, and will give my evidence when and where you please; but I adjure all these persons to attest that their master has spoken the truth, and that his uncle is innocent."

I was confounded by this public declaration, on a subject so unfit for the ears of vulgar and prejudiced hearers. I begged a private audience, and endeavoured to persuade her that her late husband's health was in no state to bear agitating appeals and discoveries; but she persisted in offering a termination of all secrets as the readiest and most certain medicine for his melancholy. She urged me to conduct her into his presence, or to be the medium of her communication. I accepted the last alternative, and she put a large drawing into my hand. "I took an oath," said she, half smiling, "never to

name the principal actor in this affair, but I did not promise to conceal his picture."

The servants of Colonel Cornwall's establishment received my orders to observe her narrowly till my return ; and I set out, charged with a heavy and difficult task, to see him again. His first words were to prohibit the intrusion of the woman once called his wife. Then eying me stedfastly, he added, " She has told you all, I see ; but the disclosure might have been spared till after my decease. You have heard that villains who personated English seamen betrayed me into the hands of Neapolitan traitors. I, who had volunteered my services on an important undertaking, and was entrusted with secret documents—I, while the army was sailing to its destination, was imprisoned in the den of that false woman's paramour, and then released alive with a mockery of mercy."

" But perhaps even that small mercy was shewn at her intercession ?"

" Yes !" he rejoined, with a smile full of bitterness, " and she probably believed I would owe my liberty a second time to her interference, and thank her for it. Tell her I do give her thanks, not for my life, but for making me seem a madman rather than a coward or a traitor, and for hastening my death now by her intrusion."

" Look at this picture, however, and if it resembles the person whose agents imprisoned you, tell me by

what name he is now called." He looked at it an instant, and thrusting it into the fire, replied, "An emperor's brother-in-law—the *King of Naples!*"

These were his last articulate words. Except a look of sorrow, and a long pressure of my hand when I asked forgiveness for his wife, he gave no sign of recollection before he died that night. The unhappy woman fell into the extremest agonies of despair, and resigned herself to the most desolate solitude. Yet the energy of her conduct in her last confession ; her courageous efforts to release her husband from the tortures of a mad-house in the garb of a French boy, and her deep repentance of the frailty which led her step by step into the society of military renegades, proved a mind worthy a better fate. I did not discover till long after, that during three years she had submitted to perform the meanest duties of a menial in the house where her husband suffered confinement as a lunatic, hoping to find some means of expressing her remorse, or of alleviating his misery : but she found neither ; and when her detection and dismissal by the keeper suggested the romantic expedient of boy's attire, his inflexible pride refused all aid from a hand that had disgraced him. He died the victim of feelings too finely wrought ; and if the misery of an unfaithful wife needs aggravation, she feels the utmost in remembering that her guilt caused the overthrow of a noble mind, and the untimely death of its possessor.

European Mag.

ADVENTURE IN MANTUA.

“ I can call spirits from the vasty deep.”

It was one evening in the latter end of October 1810, that I was left about an hour before midnight, almost alone, in one of the public rooms of the principal hotel in Mantua. The apartment was spacious, and its size seemed augmented by the scarcity of inmates. A man of apparently spare habits, habited in somewhat rusty garments, and whose general appearance was much below that of the company accustomed to frequent the house, was my only companion. The fire was low, and the candles glimmered dimly in the extent of the room. I had looked in turns over the Gazettes, which were scattered on the tables, and began to think of retiring. I endeavoured to gaze out of the window, but the night was pitchy-dark, and no object was discernible, except where the lamps, attached to the public edifices in the street, made half visible the ill-defined masses of buildings. I sunk back to my seat by the dying coals, and perplexed myself with weighing the comparative advantages of departing to my lodgings, or remaining at the hotel for the night. The clock struck, and I found it was within a quarter of the witching hour. The stranger

had not yet spoken, nor was I inclined to break the silence ; at length my companion spoke.

“ I think, sir,” said he, “ that in the debate which took place this evening, you inclined to the opinion maintained by the Signor Ripari ?” There was something in his manner and the tone of his voice much superior to what I should have expected from his appearance. I answered him in the affirmative.

“ Your reasonings, then, do not induce you to believe in the possibility of the appearance on earth of a departed spirit, or at least in the power of such a being to make its presence perceptible to human creatures such as ourselves.”

“ I certainly am not guilty,” I replied, “ of presuming to assert that such a revisitation is beyond the limits of possibility ; probability I own the opinion in question appears to be devoid of.”

“ True ; argument is against the hypothesis.”

“ I know but one in favour of it—the general assent of all ages and nations to the re-appearance of the dead.”

“ I do not think,” said he, “ that much strength is to be acquired from that argument, considering the state of the earthly inhabitants of the world ; their confined reasonings and mental investigation—their consequent wonder and astonishment at many of the operations of Nature, which, though now familiar, were to them inexplicable, may account for the use of a notion, which, when once conceived, would be eagerly embraced and

widely disseminated. Argument, therefore, I may repeat, is entirely against the credibility of the opinion."

"In that case," I replied, "the question must be considered as settled, for by what means, except argument, are such inquiries to be prosecuted?"

"You do not, of course, consider arguments, or the conviction arising from them, as the only sources of belief?"

"Certainly not; belief may originate from numerous causes: for instance, from the retention of what has been shewn to us by experience."

"It is upon that very cause that I ground my belief in the re-appearance of the forms of the dead."

"Then you are a believer? But do you thing that the testimony of another's experience can overcome the improbability of the alleged instances; especially since the pretended beholders of apparitions are generally weak and ignorant persons, and likely to be the subjects of delusion?"

"Passing over," answered my opponent, "the incorrectness of your statement, and the sophism of the argument you would insinuate, your observation is founded on an assumption unauthorised by any expression of mine."

"But where; how?"

"When I spoke of experience, I said nothing to confine it to the experience of others, consequently, testimony is out of the question."

“ You do not, surely,” I answered, “ proceed upon your own experience.”

There was a sort of half smile on his features, as he replied to my question, “ Why not ?”

I started with surprise.

“ You have been favoured, then, with a communication with the world of spirits ?”

“ I have.”

“ When—where—how ?”

“ The narration would be tedious,” he replied ; “ if your inclination lead you, you shall yourself know as much as I do.”

“ That is to say, you possess the power of calling these mysterious existences to the sight of yourself and others ?”

“ Come and see,” was his reply ; and leaving his chair, he seemed about to depart. He lingered, as if waiting for me to accompany him.

I feigned a laugh, and said, “ that my faith in his power was not so firm as to induce me to leave the house at so late an hour.”

“ True,” answered the stranger, “ it grows late ; 'tis past midnight—you are doubtless remaining here, and I will therefore bid you farewell ;” and bowing with great politeness, he was gone before I could speak to detain him.

A strange and fretting discontent seized me ; I was vexed that I had let him depart, and lamented that I

had lost such an opportunity of extending my knowledge beyond the limits of the visible world. It may appear singular ; it did so to me afterwards. I knew that I felt no doubt of the truth of what my companion had asserted ; on the contrary, I did not even revolve it as a thing whose reality was to be established, but thought and acted upon it as a settled truth. Yet I had only his bare word for so wonderful, and apparently incredible a tale. He was a stranger to me, and our connexion arose from one of the most common-place casualties of life—the meeting in a coffee-room. So it was, however ; I believed implicitly in what I had heard.

I retired to bed—sleep I had none—and when, after a lapse, as it appeared, of many hours, I caught a glimmering of the sky, I sprung from my restless couch, dressed myself, and rousing the servants to let me out, rushed into the street.

I paced round the city with eager steps, examining every countenance I met, and searching, though in vain, for the stranger of the preceding night. I blamed my own carelessness in not ascertaining his name, and hastened back to the hotel, to inquire from the waiters who he was. Of this, however, they knew as little as myself ; they only remembered having occasionally seen him ; but with his name, or any other particulars which could guide me in my search, they were unacquainted. I hastily dispatched my breakfast, and again commenced my wanderings.

At length, when the eagerness of my researches had wearied and irritated me, as I was crossing, in great haste, one of the squares, I ran against some one, and upon turning round to apologise, found my labours at an end.

"You are not the first," said the stranger, half-laughing, and seeming fully aware that he was the object of my pursuit, "who has looked diligently for a something that lay just before him at the time."

I felt, I know not why, half-ashamed of acknowledging the cause for which I had sought him. I recounted to him the history of my rambles, and we talked on different subjects.

"And so," said he at length, upon a pause occurring in the conversation, "you have risen before day, and run about till noon, to find a man with whom, when found, you have no business but to tell him how diligently you have looked for him."

I blushed and hesitated; he smiled as he spoke, and this increased my confusion.

"Excuse me," I said; "I have other business."

"Indeed! Pardon my freedom; but had we not better dispatch it without delay? You will allow me to inquire the nature of it?"

"To tell the truth," I replied, "I have been thinking since I saw you last, of the subject which then formed the ground of our discourse."

"Oh! I remember it was of the re-appearance of the

dead, of ghosts, 'of those subtle intelligences which accommodate themselves to shapes, unite with sounds, present themselves in odours, infuse themselves in savours, deceive the senses, and the very understanding.' Was it not so? What think you of St. Austin's description? Is not the holy father a strong authority for our side of the question?"

"The fathers of the church were men, and not infallible. But our talk was of the existences you speak of."

"I made an offer to you at the time, which you rejected," said he.

"Is it too late to avail myself of it even now? cannot the error be retrieved?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That when you have seen what I have to exhibit, you will ask no questions concerning my search. I demand this," he added, "more for your own sake, than to gratify any disposition of my own. I wish not to conceal knowledge, where the promulgation of it can benefit the world: that which I peculiarly possess, is a curse rather than a blessing."

The manner in which this was said, disposed me to think favourably of the speaker. I felt convinced he was sincere. I made the promise required of me, and taking his arm, I walked with him to the house where he informed me he lodged.

He led me into a small room, plainly, though not in-

elegantly, furnished. A moderate-sized bookcase, with shelves, well filled with antique-looking volumes, formed the most prominent among its accommodations. There was nothing placed to be seen, no ostentation of science, nothing but what the apartment of any private man would have exhibited.

We so naturally associate the idea of darkness, and seasons of solitude and stillness, with that of the visions of the deceased, that I was astonished, when, after we had been seated a short time, my companion asked if I was prepared to name the person I most wished to see? I communicated my thoughts to him. He answered,

“ All times are alike to me, and a spiritual existent knows not the distinction of light or darkness. We will therefore postpone it ; speak when you wish me to fulfil my promise ; and, in the mean while, we will pass the time by looking over a few of my favourite authors ;” and he unlocked, as he spoke, the glass-doors that sheltered his volumes. He spoke of the authors that we opened, like a scholar and a man of feeling. I was delighted with his remarks, and had almost forgot the object which had led me there, when the deepening tinge of the sunbeams shining through the casement warned me of the approach of evening. I was ashamed of having so long delayed, fearful of the imputation of irresolution. I shut the book I held, and looked at my unknown acquaintance. A look was enough for him.

“ Be it so,” said he ; “ name the individual, and he shall appear.”

We were arrived at a crisis—a fearful one I felt it. The firmness, which a moment before I flattered myself that I possessed, vanished at the near approach of the moment which should place me in contact with a being of another nature; one, too, whom, of all the creatures of the earth, I had known, and loved, and cherished. I felt a fearful oppression of the heart, my limbs were chill and trembling, and the power of speech well nigh deserted me.

My conductor observed my confusion, and begged to defer the experiment, or to abandon it, if I wished, altogether. I refused to postpone it, and summoning all my strength, I loosed the bonds that enchained my tongue, and spoke the name of the dead.

Oh God! I spoke *her* name, and she sat before me as when on earth, as beautiful, and those eyes so deeply dark, shining upon me with all the gentle fire, the fond affection that illumined them in her days of youth and earthly blessedness. I strove in vain to touch her hand---to feel if what I saw was indeed my---I dare not write the word,—or but a dream—a vision; and the face smiled a melancholy smile, and the eyes shone, and the lips moved---she spoke! I felt that voice again; I shrieked her name, my eyes were blind, my limbs were nerveless; but my ears for a moment drank in the heaven of that sound, as I fell, void of sense and consciousness, to the earth.

At length I recovered, and leaving the room, I descended

into a garden by which the house was almost surrounded I leaned against a lime-tree, and looked round on the peacefulness of nature. My thoughts were with other and happier times, my meditations were sad, but not bitter ; there was one image had been painfully recalled to my memory, and a thousand fond associations started up and played around the recollection. I was startled from a reverie like this by the sound of an approaching footstep. It was a servant of the house, who delivered me a letter, which I read as follows :

“ I have performed my undertaking ; do you remember the obligation of my promise ? It is near to impossible that we shall ever meet again. If it should happen otherwise, remember you are to make no inquiries. Speak no word of this to any one, forget what has been, and be content. Your friend ——.”

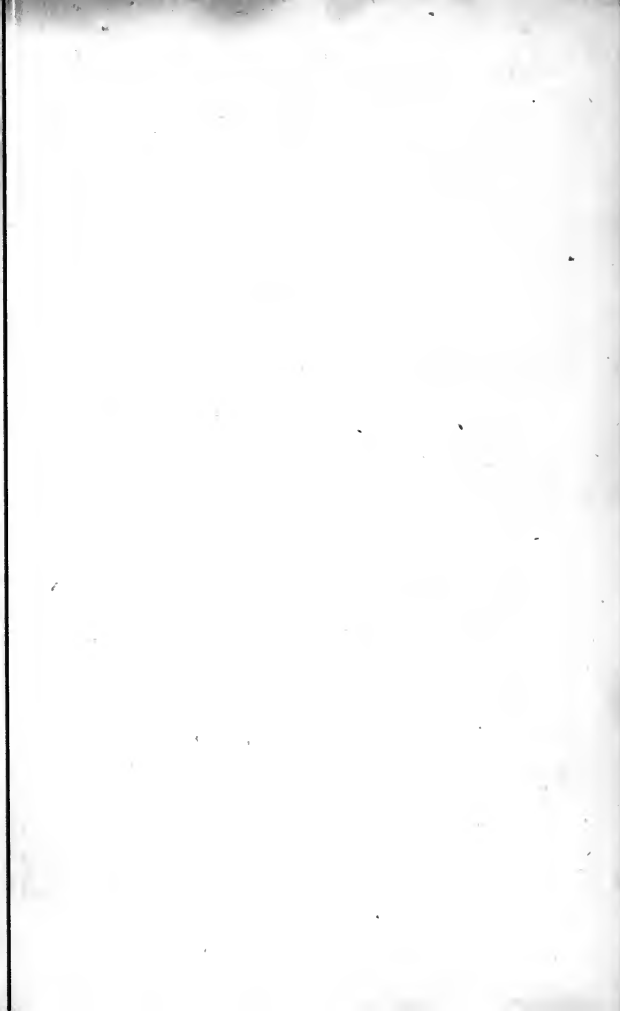
I was dissatisfied and uneasy. I inquired after him, but could obtain no information of his name, occupation, or residence.

I left Mantua the day but one following, and returned to England.

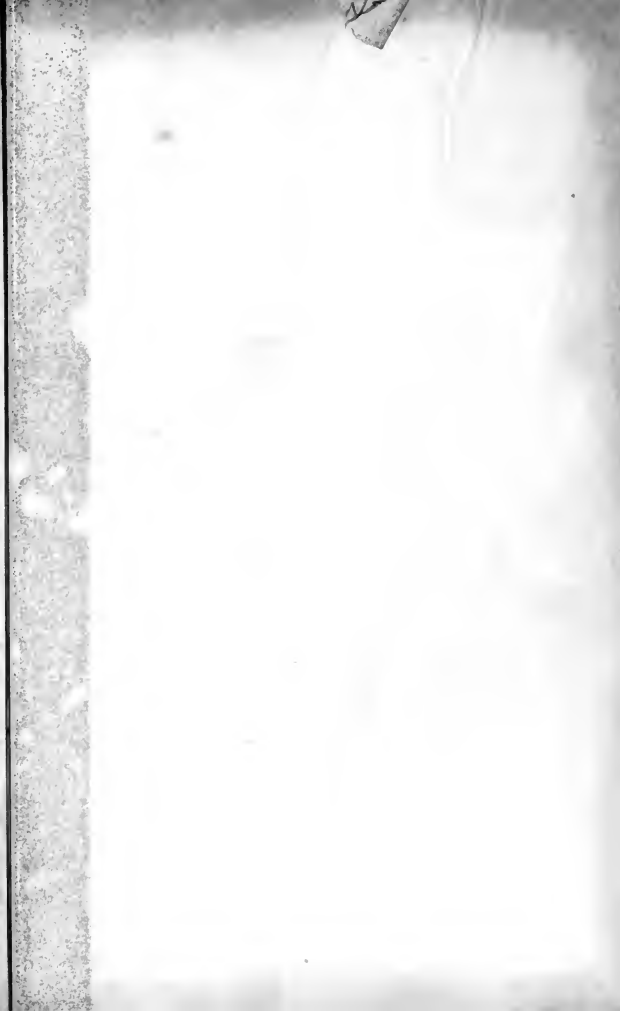
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